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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

GENERAL

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER,

G.C.B.

22117

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. NAPIER, K.C.B., ETC. ETC.

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LIFE

OF

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

THIS shall be the story of a man who never tarnished his reputation by a shameful deed: of one who subdued distant nations by his valour, and then governed them so wisely that English rule was reverenced and loved where before it had been feared and execrated. For thus nobly acting, the virulence of interested faction was loosed to do him wrong: honours were withheld, and efforts made to depreciate his exploits by successive governments: nevertheless his fame has been accepted by the British people as belonging to the glory of the nation.

FIRST EPOCH.

Born at Whitehall, 10th of August, 1782, Charles Napier was eldest son of the Honourable George Napier and Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second duke of Richmond. This nobleman, grandson of Charles the Second, married Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Marlborough's favourite general. Their union was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between the parents, and the young Lord March was brought from college, the lady from the nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was amazed and silent, but the bride-

groom exclaimed—"Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was however, and his tutor instantly carried him off to the continent. Lady Sarah went back to her mother, a daughter of Wilhelm Munter, States Councillor of Holland.

Three years afterwards Lord March returned from his travels, an accomplished gentleman, but having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife that he avoided home, and repaired on the first night of his arrival to the theatre. There he saw a lady of so fine an appearance that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March." He hastened to claim her, and they lived together so affectionately, that one year after his decease, in 1750, she died of grief. Her daughter, also named Sarah, born in 1746, was likewise beautiful, and when scarcely eighteen, George the Third offered her his hand; she refused, he persisted, and was finally accepted, partly because of his apparently sincere passion, partly from the influence of her brother-in-law the first Lord Holland: but then politicians worked on royal pride, hurt by the first refusal, and the monarch fell back.

Charles Napier, sickly as a child from the misconduct of a barbarous nurse, was probably stinted of natural growth, being of low stature and slight, though both his parents were tall and strong, his father gigantic: but rigorous temperance, through life inviolate, gave him an iron constitution, evinced by immense mental labours and the endurance of strange sufferings in every variety of climate. When he was three years old, his father settled at Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, ten miles from Dublin, where he was close to Castletown, the magnificent house of Mr. Conolly, who had married Lady Sarah's sister, Lady Louisa Lennox. Near Carton also, the abode of the Duke of Leinster, who had married Lady Emily, another sister, mother of the high-spirited but unhappy Lord Edward Fitzgerald. A fourth sister was Lady Caroline, the first

Lord Holland's wife, and mother of Charles Fox. These cousins were all sixth in descent from Henry the Fourth of France on one side; but Charles Napier traced his lineage on the other to the great Montrose, and the still greater Napier of Merchiston, inventor of logarithms: hence the blood of the white-plumed Bearnois commingled with that of the heroic highlander in his veins, and his arm was not less strong than theirs in battle.

The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. Lord Napier, grandson to the mathematician, lost his lands fighting for Charles the First; he reclaimed them at the Restoration from Charles the Second, but was offered, it is said, a dukedom without revenue instead: it was refused, total neglect followed, and the faithful man died absolutely destitute—even starved. Now a descendant of the ungrateful dissolute monarch, whose merry life made others so sad, was united to a descendant of the despoiled lord, and they and their children were to struggle with poverty. Had the confiscated lands been restored the Napier inheritance would have been vast; for the lost estate is said to have comprised all the ground covered by the new town of Edinburgh up to the tower of Merchiston.

As a child Charles Napier was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness: thus, when only ten years of age he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because a portrait of Frederick the Great hanging in his father's room had strange eyes; and because Plutarch said, Philip, Sertorius, and Hannibal, were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes of different colours: he even wished to lose one of his own as the token of a great general; unknowing then that none of God's gifts can be lost with satisfaction. But a longing for fame was with him a master passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it, with an intense eagerness: yet nothing savage ever entered his mind, his compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early and continued till death.

When he could but just speak, hearing for the first time the caw of a single crow, probably a melancholy one which infancy could detect, he stretched forth his little hands, and weeping exclaimed with broken infantine accents *What matta poor bird? what matta?* And only by repeated assurances that the bird was not unhappy could he be pacified.

Danger he sought as conducing to reputation, but indifference to it was not, as supposed, any part of his temperament, he was of very sensitive fibre; yet with astonishing force of will he could always call up daring and fortitude to overbear natural timidity. Unlucky as to accidents, they beset him from childhood to latest age, he was never deterred thereby from striving in all perilous feats of youth, in youth, and daring actions becoming age, in age. Once, in leaping, he struck his leg against a roughly-revetted bank with such force as to tear the flesh from the bone in a frightful manner; he was but ten years old and the wound was alarming, yet he sustained the pain and fear with a spirit that excited the admiration of stern men.

His moral resolution was very early shown. A wandering showman, a wild-looking creature, short of stature but huge of limb, half naked, with thick matted red hair and beard, and a thundering voice, was displaying his powers on the Esplanade at Castletown. A crowd of people gathered, and, after some minor displays, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited, or rather, with menacing tones ordered a sweep to mount and sit on the top, but the boy shrunk in fear from the shouting gesticulating ogre. Charles Napier, then six years old, was asked by his father if he would venture? Silent for a moment he seemed to fear, but suddenly looking up said yes, and was borne aloft amidst the cheers of the spectators. Again: at ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which floating down from a tree settled upon his shoulders,

covered him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened he pursued his sport, and on catching another fish held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear end of the rod. Plutarch would have drawn an omen from such an event.

About this time he was taken to the Hot Wells of Bristol, where Mr. Sheridan, being acquainted with his father took much notice of the boy and once offered him a present of money, which was instantly rejected. "Papa told me never to take money, and I will not have yours: but I thank you." Sheridan was surprised, and rather characteristically said to the father "Your boy is a fine fellow but very wonderful."

In 1794 Charles Napier obtained a commission in the Duke of Wellington's regiment, the 33rd, but was soon transferred to the 89th, then forming part of an army assembling at Netley camp under Lord Moira. His father was assistant quarter-master general to that force, and the boy was taken there: thus without joining his regiment he was early initiated in the ways of soldiers, by which his natural genius for war was quickened. When the camp broke up for foreign service he was sent back to Ireland, and exchanged into the 4th Regiment, but instead of joining was placed with his brother as day scholar at a large seminary in Celbridge.

At this school he was noted for a gentle but grave demeanour, as if he felt that he was an officer not a schoolboy, and he was very sensitive to wrong or insult. His master, a passionate ill-judging man, once struck him, and unjustly, whereupon he retired into a dark closet of the school-room used for holding cloaks, and remained there weeping with shame and anger for hours: nor did he recover serenity for a week. This keen sense of wrong was deeply infixed, and was a result not of selfish pride, but love of justice, being as easily excited by wrong to others. He never quarrelled or fought, but soon the quiet reserved boy,

who seemed to shrink from rough fellowship, displayed his commanding character.

Ireland was then seething in the heat of coming insurrection, yeomanry corps were generally being formed, and suddenly Charles Napier proposed to organize his schoolfellows as a volunteer corps. His father hesitated, yet finally assented to the trial, pleased and surprised at the boldness of the proposal; which was indeed no ordinary one, for nearly all the scholars were of Catholic families, neither rich nor zealous in support of a government which reviled their religion, and oppressed them with class legislation. Such a mask of loyalty was however a safeguard, and young Charles, through the sons, persuaded the fathers. Soon, under his organization, were provided by the parents, without an exception, uniforms, colours, drums and wooden fusils having bayonets well hardened, weighty weapons and formidable if well wielded. But then arose a party desirous to give the command to John Judge, a boy destined for the priesthood and in every way a formidable rival. He was older, stronger, more learned than Charles; he was the best fighter, the most accomplished in all games, and moreover a vigilant generous protector of the weak against the strong; but he was also a well-judging generous lad, and instantly suppressing the agitation, avowed his inferior military knowledge and claimed only to carry the colours.

There was in the vicinity, some two miles off, another seminary called St. Wulstans, of higher pretensions as to learning and gentility, and essentially Protestant, as that of Celbridge was Catholic. It was situated in a fine park, bounded on one side by the Liffey, on all others by a high wall under which run the high road. Hither Charles Napier, mounted on a little Arabian mare, which he rode well, led the Celbridge volunteers one evening, meaning no offence, but simply as a common march. The St. Wulstan boys swarmed on the wall, which could be easily scaled from the inside though not from the road: at first they looked

with curiosity, but soon with anger, scoffing and hooting; shouts of defiance were returned, and then the column was pelted, to its great disadvantage: it was the entanglement of regular troops mobbed in a defile by armed peasants. The volunteers called out to storm the wall, but their young captain sternly forbad them to break the ranks, continuing the march amidst volleys of dirt. Soon the road crossed the great gates of the park, which were suddenly thrown open, and a crowd of the irregulars rushed out, seemingly intent to close in fight. The volunteers faced to the right with levelled bayonets, and the contest would have been serious, for on each side were lads of eighteen and nineteen years of age: but then Charles Napier displayed his temper. Riding between the two bodies he told his troops that to charge unarmed boys would be cowardly, and vehemently ordered them to resume the column of march: this was effectual, for the levelled bayonets had made an impression on the others.

At another time, two of the volunteers, one Charles Napier's brother, being insubordinate under arms, were by his orders seized, tried by a drum-head court martial, and sentenced. The brother would not submit to punishment, and the stern commander ordered that he should be drummed out of the corps. This was instantly carried into execution, but in a disorderly manner, with hooting, and when the mob closed on the recusant, he suddenly whirled a large bag of marbles like a sling, cast them into the crowd, and then charging, broke the drum and forced one boy, conspicuous in insult, to a single combat: the fight was not interrupted, but he was overmatched and so badly hurt that the lookers-on withdrew him, and, as he still refused to yield, generously restored him to the ranks. During the fight and restoration Charles Napier maintained the dignity of command unmoved; but at home, in the evening, sought with all imaginable solicitude to assuage his brother's feelings, offering him all his most cherished

possessions. It was an epitome of his whole life: stern in duty, compassionate in feeling, generous in temper, in all unselfish. The control thus exercised over his schoolfellows cannot be regarded as an ordinary matter. Many of them verged on manhood, all were precocious in thought and passion, from the excitement of the times, and inimical to the government, and their real feelings may be judged from an event which happened somewhat later, when he was nearly sixteen.

Thomas Cooley, a murderer, pardoned for turning informer against the disaffected, was naturally abhorred in the place, and one morning the schoolmaster's nephew burst into the schoolroom frantically exclaiming, *Cooley's murdered, boys! Cooley's killed! Hurrah! Hurrah!* This was instantly responded to with shouts of triumph, and dancing on the tables; not because he was himself a murderer, but that he was a government spy. He had been killed in the night, and with him his mother, eighty years of age: the sight of her gray hairs dabbled in blood, had an effect on Charles Napier which he did not cast off for a long time, and it first made him deeply reflect on the consequences of civil war, which he afterwards always held in abhorrence. Amidst terrible scenes he was nurtured: for previous to the outbreak of 1798 the soldiers were let loose to live at free quarters; the yeomanry, animated by a sectarian fanaticism, were exceedingly ferocious; and magistrates, for the most part partisans, acted with great violence and cruelty. Poor men were frequently brought into Celbridge, dead or dying of wounds, having been wantonly shot while labouring in the fields by passing soldiers or yeomen, and there was no redress. On the other hand, houses had for a long time been nightly assailed by the disaffected in search of arms, and on both sides the fiercest passions were in full play: at a later period the government twice ordered the burning of Celbridge, and each time it was saved by the elder Napier's energy.

Here let the heroism of Susan Frost, a Suffolk woman, be recorded. She had saved Charles Napier when he was an infant from a vile murderous nurse, and ever after watched over him with inexpressible affection; instilling lessons however in her broad Doric that would have been applauded at Sparta. During a visit of the family to England, she had been left with some of the youngest children in Celbridge, at the time when gentlemen's mansions were constantly assailed, as before said, for arms. Celbridge House contained many, and one night was surrounded by several hundred *Defenders*—such was the name they went by then. They expected no resistance from a few maid servants and an aged serving man; yet the house was strong, and the old man, Lauchlin Moore, acting under the imperative Susan Frost, defied them.

Gathering the children in one room, she stood at the door outside, armed with pistols, while Lauchlin shouted out refusals to the savage cries for arms, and threats of death if they were withheld. Passing from room to room on the watch, he was constantly fired at when he crossed a window, but was inflexible to their menaces, and a deep stone area served as a protecting ditch to the lower apartments: the Defenders then procured a beam, and began to batter the hall door, whereupon Lauchlin more than once proposed to deliver the arms, but always Susan cried No! no! never! never! Let them take what they can, I will not give. The firing was constant, the windows were all shattered with bullets, the massive door was yielding, and with shouts the assailants were pressing the assault: all seemed lost, when suddenly the tumult ceased, and the Defenders went off. This was owing to Susan's generalship. On the first alarm she had dispatched a maid servant by a back way to Castleton House, about a mile distant; and though Mr. Conolly's family was also in England, the bailiff, Sergeant Crask, a fine resolute clever old soldier, who had served at the siege of Gibraltar and in America, immediately armed a

dozen of servants and came so unexpectedly and skilfully on the flank of the Defenders as to scare them, notwithstanding their numbers.

Susan Frost was a woman of wonderful spirit and strong natural sense, full of noble sentiments, compassionate and charitable, but passionate and vehemently eloquent in a rough way: she was just fitted to fashion a child of high aspirations into a hero. Nor was Lauchlin Moore a bad coadjutor. Warm-hearted and impetuous, he poured forth his feelings with a fervid eloquence, strange tones, and stirring action, that was very impressive, though sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, and interspersed with deep saws, such as, that it was death by the law to stop a cannon ball on its road! with other wise sayings of that nature, ending always like an Eastern with, Glory be to God! however misappropriate to what went before. He knew the ancient legends of Ireland also, was a good horseman, and a brave old fellow with a loving heart, and always sought to nourish magnanimous feelings.

When the insurrection of 1798 broke out, many families took refuge in Dublin. The elder Napier would not do so. In that time of trouble and terror he fortified his house, armed his five sons, and offered an asylum to all who were willing to resist the insurgents. About a dozen came, and with them he long awaited an attack, which was often menaced, yet never made, although an insurgent camp too strong to be meddled with by any military force available at the time, was but a few miles off. Finally he removed to Castletown, where a company of the Derry Militia, of which Mr. Conolly was colonel, soon arrived to reinforce the irregular garrison. The elder Napier was, from his kinship and knowledge of war, virtually accepted as the commander of all, and frequently scoured the country, Charles Napier being always at his side. One very dark night they came suddenly upon an armed body; both sides halted, and a fight seemed impending; but, suspect-

ing the truth, Colonel Napier instantly gave a loud military order as a test, and a cry of recognition was heard: the grenadiers of the Cork Militia were in front! At that moment the moon shone out, and Charles Napier, very diminutive for his age, was seen with his small fusil charging bayonets in opposition to Tim Sullivan, the biggest man of the Cork Militia. Tim looked down in astonishment an instant, and then catching his small foe up in his arms kissed him.

After this adventure the grenadiers garrisoned Celbridge, and Tim Sullivan especially patronised his *inimy* as he called Charles, always swelling out his own gigantic proportions when he pronounced the word. The officers were Captain Rowland and Lieutenant Hewitt, men of steady loyalty but incapable of perpetrating or suffering their men to inflict the slightest wrong on poor people; they were, therefore, well esteemed in the place; but their military position was perilous, having with eighty undisciplined soldiers, themselves inexperienced, to hold and defend a town, small indeed but generally disaffected. Colonel Napier offered his counsel, which was accepted, and he immediately constructed some field works with such skilful adaptation to the locality, that eight thousand insurgents in the vicinity never dared a trial beyond some firing at the out-sentries.

When frequent defeats had abated the insurrection, Lord Camden was replaced as lord-lieutenant by Lord Cornwallis, of whom Napoleon said, that a dozen men so honest would redeem a whole nation. He repressed the ferocity of the domineering Orange faction, and calmed the general commotion; but there remained of course many high-spirited outlaws, and around Celbridge roved one of local celebrity, *Tarrant the Robber*. He was a strong courageous man, and withal a generous fellow in his way, feared indeed, yet not disliked. Several attempts to capture him failed, and Colonel Napier, although not a magistrate

—he would not be one in those days of violence when justice was the last thing thought of on the bench—often sought to encounter him, having Charles Napier as usual by his side. He also failed, but Tarrant was so pressed as to surrender, on condition of voluntary exile, and said, circumstances corroborating his assertion, that he had more than once from different lairs covered both father and son with a blunderbuss, yet would not fire from pity for the boy: he was a rebel, not a villain, a robber only from necessity.

Such were some of the leading events of Charles Napier's early life, recorded to show how the germ of his great character was precociously quickened; but henceforth the gradual expansion of his mind shall be developed by himself; for so constant was his correspondence, so frank, so copious his journals and private notes, that his story can be told almost as an autobiography. His first letter, extant, tells of an amusing village romance, as cleverly managed, if not so poetically told, as that of young Lochinvar. He had been temporarily left in charge of his father's house, and thus wrote.

"February, 1799.—We are all well, and have not been molested: the arms are perfectly clean, and I will send them to Castletown to-morrow, but could not hear of soldiers going before. Val Dunne is married to Nichol's daughter and the particulars are diverting. Lumley the stocking-weaver was to have been the husband, and went according to arrangement to wait at the parson's house for his bride, Val having undertaken to hand her down the street in due form: but at the bridge he had a chaise in waiting, and into it miss and her gallant stepped and drove to Dublin, where by another parson they were married."

Of the people involved in this tale, the father was a gigantic blacksmith, rich, and with burley notions, corresponding to his purse and large proportions of body: he wanted to force his pretty daughter into marriage with the

pale-faced sneaking suitor who was thus baffled. Val Dunne was a bold handsome carpenter, having some right, it was whispered, to be called captain when pikes were numerous: he was the wild flower of a family noted for strength and comeliness, yet more so for the wonderful age and awful appearance of a great grandmother. She by her own reckoning was one hundred and thirty-five years old! but the scenes she had witnessed, if her recollections were as accurate as her descriptions were vivid, would prove her to have been more than one hundred and forty-five! She said the Irish massacre was spoken of as a recent event in her childhood; and that Cromwell's warfare was going on when she was able to speak and understand.

To sit in the sun at her porch was what Molly Dunne loved; and an awful weird-looking woman she was: a Michael-Angelo model for the witch of Endor. Large, gaunt, tall, and with high sharp lineaments, leaning on an antique staff, her head bending beneath a cowled Irish cloak of deep blue, her eyes fixed in their huge orbs, and her tongue discoursing of bloody times, she was wondrous for the young and fearful for the aged. The departure of the Lord Dangan for the battle of the Boyne was her favourite theme. How he, beautiful and brave, rode forth at the head of his tenantry from Celbridge, then called Kildroched; how nobly he was furnished with burnished breast-plate and waving plumes; and how he was brought back a bloody corse, by the few surviving men of his band. She was indeed a woman of awful age and recollections.

Educated amidst such scenes and such people, Charles Napier's mind had been early and sternly awakened to questions of war and government, not by books but realities, when in 1799 he entered public life as aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff, commanding the Limerick district. His military ardour was then high and strong, he looked forward to battle and fame, and his entrance into public life was without alloy; for Sir James transferred an old friendship for the

father to the son, and Lady Duff became a second mother to him; both being attracted by the combination of simplicity and gentleness with humour and enthusiasm in his temperament. He was soon joined by his brother George, a lieutenant in the 46th Regiment; and for some time all went on agreeably; but, always unlucky as to accidents, Charles, when out shooting broke his leg, and so badly that for some time life as well as limb were in peril: yet he would not let his state be made known to his family until the danger was passed; and the following account, written in aftertimes, displays the vigour of his character.

"When seventeen I broke my right leg. At the instant there was no pain, but looking down I saw my foot under my knee, and the bones protruding; that turned me sick, and the pain became violent. My gun, a gift from my dear father, was in a ditch, leaping over which had caused the accident; I scrambled near enough to get it out, but this lacerated the flesh and produced much extravasated blood. George came to me; he was greatly alarmed, for I was very pale, and we were both young, he but fifteen. Then came Captain Crawford of the Irish artillery, and I made him hold my foot while I pulled up my knee, and in that manner set my leg myself. The quantity of extravasated blood led the doctors to tell me my leg must come off, but they gave me another day for a chance. Being young, and vain of good legs, the idea of *hop and go one*, with a *timber toe*, made me resolve to put myself to death rather than submit to amputation, and I sent the maid out for laudanum, which I hid under my pillow: luckily the doctors found me better, and so saved me from a contemptible action. Perhaps if it had come to the point I might have had more sense and less courage than I gave myself credit for in the horror of my first thoughts; indeed my agony was great, and strong doses of the laudanum were necessary to keep down the terrible spasms which fractures of large bones produce.

"The doctors set my leg crooked, and at the end of a

month, when standing up, my feet would not go together: one leg went in pleasant harmony with the other half way between knee and ankle, but then flew off in a huff, at a tangent. This made me very unhappy, and the doctors said, if I could bear the pain they would break it again, or bend it straight. My answer was I will bear anything but a crooked leg. Here then was I, at seventeen, desperately in love with a Miss Massey, having a game leg in prospective, and in love with my leg also: so I said to the leg carpenter, Let me have one night for consideration.

"All that day and night were Miss Massey's pretty eyes before mine, but not soft and tale-telling; not saying *Pig will you marry me,* but scornfully squinting at my game leg. There was Miss Massey, and there was I unable to do anything but hop. The per contra were two ill-looking doctors torturing me, and the reflection that they might again make a crooked job after the second fracture, as they had done after the first! However, my dear Miss Massey's eyes carried the day, and just as I had decided, she and her friend, Miss Vandeleur, came in the dusk, wrapped up in men's great coats to call on me: this was just like the pluck of a pretty Irish girl, and quite repaid my courageous resolve: I would have broken all my bones for her. So after letting me kiss their hands, off my fair incognitas went, leaving me the happiest of lame dogs. The night passed with many a queer feel, about the doctors coming like devil imps to torture me. Be quick, quoth I as they entered, make the most of my courage while it lasts. It took all that day, and part of next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar, and tightened every hour day and night; I fainted several times; and when the two tormentors arrived next day, after breakfast, struck my flag, saying Take away your bandages for I can bear no more. They were taken off and I felt in heaven. Not the less so that the leg was straight! and it i

now as straight a one, I flatter myself, as ever bore up the body of a gentleman or kicked a blackguard.

"There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. ——. When she heard of my misfortune she said Poor boy I suppose a fly kicked his spindle shanks. Being a little fellow then, though now, be it known, five feet seven inches and a-half high, this offended me greatly; and as the Lord would have it, she broke her own leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. —— and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me."

Soon after his cure, Charles rode from Limerick to Dublin, a hundred and ten miles, on one horse, between sunrise and sunset. This animal, called from his symmetry *Model*, was the counterpart of his rider; for he also had broken his leg in training, and though a very little fellow, was brimful of spirit and endurance: neither horse nor horseman complained of fatigue. Such he was even then, and his letters from Limerick shall now display the strange customs of the day, the freedom of intercourse between him and his father, and the sentiments of justice and honour which governed his ambition, even at that age.

"I dine with Sir J. Duff to-day, so you see I must be very well. The doctors tell me, that if the blood collected at the place where the bone was broken had not dispersed, my leg must have been cut off; or if it had been saved I should not have been able to walk for several years, and never as well as before. You need not dear father tell this to mama or anybody, but my escape was miraculous: the smaller bone was broken much lower than the shin bone. There was a duel fought here to-day, between a Clare man, whom I know very well, and an officer of the 89th Regiment. There were certainly three or four thousand people looking on, and the officer told me, that if the word had

not been given too quick, he would have shot the other dead.

"I am exceedingly obliged to Colonel Clavering, and to you, for the compliments at the end of my mother's letter. Certainly I should like very much to get a company in Colonel Clavering's Fencibles, if it neither stopped my promotion in the line, nor took me from Sir J. Duff, except to go abroad; nor put a stop to the promotion of the lieutenants of the regiment, which would be unfair. I have just heard that a new expedition is talked of in England, I must contrive to go."

His brother William obtained a commission this year, and in the latter end of it he was himself appointed to a lieutenancy in the 95th or Rifle Corps, which was being formed by a selection of men and officers throughout the army: for this he willingly resigned his staff situation, to which his brother George succeeded. When preparing to join he discovered a kind, but to him offensive solicitude on the part of his general, which he thus fiercely repelled.

"December, 1800.—Douglas, my brother aide-de-camp, told me yesterday evening, that he heard Sir James read to Lady Duff the letter he wrote to you, advising you to get me leave of absence from the Duke of York, on the plea that I was not fit for duty. I am sure you will never consent to do anything of the sort, which you must think, and which you may be certain I think, would be disgraceful and unbecoming the character of a British soldier. Sir James would not have done such a thing for himself, and could not have considered much when he proposed it for me."

His departure from Limerick terminated what may be called the first epoch of his life, for his entrance into Sir James Duff's family was but a change of home, so kind and considerate was the reception he met with there.

SECOND EPOCH.

THE rifle corps was organized at Blatchington by Colonel Maningham. Under him were the Hon. Wm. Stewart, and Major Callendar, the latter a distant cousin of Charles Napier, who now found that the greatest secret of war is discipline, and never forgot it: he discovered also that to know soldiers requires experience, and that it is a most important part of war. His captain, Cameron, scarcely older than himself, became his friend, for accordance of opinions soon opens the heart of youth, and his new life was agreeable, but his letters for the first six months are lost. Those which followed indicate a mind uneasy under a monotonous discipline, after the stirring scenes of his childhood. Here be it noted also, that the manners of the time were coarse, especially in Ireland, where the LOYAL, such was the phrase, like the cavaliers of old, adopted obscenity, drinking, oaths and long hair as badges of their politics. Now Charles Napier was abstemious in the extreme, proud to his last days that he had never fought a duel, gambled, or been intoxicated; but to avoid a habit of swearing when more oaths than other words were used in society was difficult, and at times his letters shew this more than good taste will approve.

In September the rifle corps marched to Weymouth, and he commenced a correspondence with his mother, which never slackened until ended by her death.

"Weymouth.—Colonel Stewart employs me as an engineer, and we are going to have a sham fight for the king. Callendar is to get a lieutenant-colonelcy out of the regiment: he is on leave now, and has ordered his horse to be sold. Much as I admire Colonel Stewart, if service was in question it would please me more to be under Geordie Callendar

than him; for I see he has not Callendar's abilities, though more of a dashing, showy man. If they drew together we should probably be the best regiment in the service; but unless Callendar were senior, that cannot be, for he will not bear controul from any one he has not a high opinion of, and Stewart makes it a rule to strike at the heads. With him the field officers must first be steady, and then he goes downwards: hence the privates say, We had better look sharp if he is so strict with the officers."

This view of Stewart's abilities was afterwards justified in Egypt, at Albuera, and at Maya, for at all three, he, though one of the most gallant soldiers that ever wore the British uniform, failed from fiery zeal overlaying judgment.

"Southampton, Oct.—After a march of 25 miles I came on here, in my way to Goodwood, to see my dear sister Emily, and have only to tell you I am just out of a very foolish quarrel, having been obliged to send a challenge, which was accepted, but the king's being at Weymouth prevented an immediate meeting. We were irritated, and never thought of that, but the other officers stopped us, to avoid ruin for principals and seconds. We then agreed to be quiet until his departure, which happened yesterday, and our arrangements were then made: but again the officers interfered, saying we were both passionate and wrong, and must shake hands. We were uneasy, thinking it might appear shyness, yet thinking likewise it would be foolish to oppose the opinions of all our brother officers; and still more foolish to knock one another over: this last, between you and I was of weight, and we shook hands."

"Blatchington, Oct.—Your letter, dearest mother, surprised me by supposing a wish to keep the foolish quarrel a secret from my father: by no means. But no more of this; it is hateful to think how near foolish passion was involving me in a desperate duel."

The peace of Amiens, now being negociated, alarmed him for his future destiny.

"About this peace! As charming for England as it is ruinous for her soldiers. What can one do? My plan is to wait for a few months, and see what powers continue at war; then exchange with George to half-pay, and get into some foreign service. As to remaining an English full-pay lieutenant for ten or twelve years! not for the universe! Sometimes my thought is to sell my commission and purchase one in Germany or elsewhere: but my secret wish cannot be fulfilled, which is to have high command with British soldiers. Rather let me command Esquimauxs than be a subaltern of Rifles forty years old!

"October.—A pretty message the Comptroller"—his father was Comptroller of Army Accounts Ireland—"sends me, he was a subaltern at twenty-seven. He must be content with my being one nine years before nineteen, instead of after. Had he been in Germany he would probably have been something better than a brevet colonel: it would be a good thing to get on half-pay, and go to Germany for six months, where I could learn more than by mounting guard here. Colonel Stewart wants me to go to General Jarry's school; saying he would get me leave, though only granted to captains and field officers. I would rather get six months' leave, as the only way of learning our profession is to have French and drawing masters; and a good officer to ask questions of in explanation of difficulties. Now masters are to be got in Dublin as good as at Wycombe: and the Comptroller can give me as good, probably a great deal better instruction than an old foreign lieutenant-general, who would not have been here, if he is such an excellent officer."—This judgment was sound: the High Wycombe teaching at that time, more than verged on the ridiculous. One of the students, being invited by Sir John Moore at Shorn Cliff to move his brigade as a test of his acquirements, coolly answered

that he had not been taught to direct less than one hundred thousand men!

"November.—What gives you the least hope, dearest mother, that Cameron can be a major, or I a captain, for 30 years if there is peace, or for six if war? Poor Cameron! he has had some news which makes him very low indeed, and vexes me: he will not own that he is grieved but it is too plain.——Joy dearest mother! A secret you must not tell to any, the Comptroller excepted, for none of my secrets are ever to be kept from him. Cameron will purchase; and no captain above him can: he is going to persuade his guardians to advance the money. His spirits are rising; so are mine, at seeing him going to Scotland for money to purchase, instead of wandering here in grief. I am just now, myself, absolutely dressing for a third ball since being here! Do you think of sending me a strait waistcoat? My leave of absence will come in two months. Shall it be spent in Dublin? or three months in France, and then getting it renewed for four months in Germany? It will be easy to live abroad on my pay. Sometimes I think of going to Dieppe for three months, and then to Sackville Street to see you, come *home* to Blatchington, marry, and tell my father-in-law and children, forty years hence, confounding lies of my doings, as a full-pay Rifle lieutenant. How the 'Old lieutenant' sticks in my gizzard! Colonel Stewart says I ought to insist on the Prince of Wales giving me a company, or fighting me for taking the liberty of calling me Charles! Marry come up, my dirty cousin!

At present I have so little amusement as to be tempted to buy a horse! Reading all day long tires me. I quit the mess at five o'clock, and from thence to ten o'clock gives five hours more reading. You will say, walk! There are no walks but on the Downs, and I have had six months of them, which is worse than doing nothing. There is a billiard table, but feeling a growing fondness for it, and

fearing to be drawn into play for money, I have not touched a cue lately. In short, I have no reasonable amusement. Shooting was near getting me into a scrape. Lord Gage thought we had trespassed on his manor, and wrote a letter to me and another officer which we would have resented, if, on finding himself wrong, he had not written a second and very civil one. Having government stables, the keep of a horse will not cost a great deal, and my wish is to buy Cameron's, because he can't now sell him at Lewes for his worth on account of the Dragoons' auction. When that is over I can easily sell him, and Cameron would certainly like to have fifteen guineas: to lend him that sum would be a pleasure, but he is such a fellow that, unless sadly pushed, he would not borrow even from me."

His next letter, addressed to his sister Louisa, indicates a remarkable change in his mind. What soldiers call *the mother sickness* or longing for home, now first seized him, and it will be found clinging to him during life, with a tenacity requiring all his energy to resist: the warlike man, while bearing arms in every quarter of the world never ceased to sigh for home and a mother's tenderness!

"December.—I am a determined rake, in love with four misses at once! I rode across the Downs, twelve miles after dark, to dance with one of them, and then came back at day-break. Yet would to Heaven I could get home. My prayer at night is that Buonaparte may send some thousands to Ireland, for then our regiment would go there. Make George and William say how tall they are, I am only five feet five inches and a half! However that is taller than five or six of our officers. You write very seldom. I would give the world to see you, and shall go mad if you don't come to England, or I go to Ireland. Nobody but myself ever had such a feel for home; my heart jumps when thinking of you all together, merry in the old way. This wishing for home makes me gad about in a wild way, for melan-

choly seizes me when alone in a cold barrack-room, and I cannot read with thoughts busy in Kildare Street. I should like to go to London for a fortnight and stay with Emily, but am too poor. I have no coloured clothes, and they are expensive to buy; my horse also is costly and must be sold: very sorry, for he is the dearest little wicked black devil you ever saw, and so pretty!

"Will the Duke of York send us to Ireland? It would set me wild, yet I am as happy with my regiment as can well be, and there are pleasant people here. Lord Gage's family are really delightful; a Mr. and Mrs. Round also are both very agreeable people, and have been very civil.

"January 1st.—Happy new year and many of them to my dearest mother. Now to ask a favour *not* to be told to dad, unless you think there will be no inconvenience to him. Cameron has been in a very disagreeable situation for some time about family affairs. Several things have happened to put him to enormous expense, and he intends borrowing money from the Jews, which must do him much mischief in the end, though he will have a very good property when of age. His guardians are angry, and used him ill because he kicked against their wishes, and they will not, it is to be feared, even advance money to purchase his majority. Now if my father has not drawn the £100 of forage money belonging to me, which Armitt has had these eight months,—to repay the money you advanced; can he spare it for Cameron? I am sure he would soon repay it. If you think the Comptroller can do it conveniently I would be rejoiced; but if the contrary say nothing about it, as Cameron has not the least idea of the matter; and it is only to save him from having to do with those Jews, who may ruin him. You know the Comptroller as well as I do, and if you shewed him the letter at once, he would do the thing at once to oblige me, when perhaps it was troublesome. Pray give me your opinion, as things will soon

happen to Cameron which fix his happiness or misery for the rest of his life, poor fellow!

"January. — So sorry dearest Louisa was I for poor 1801, as not to be able to eat my dinner. I do so hate new years, and love old ones. It is not so for new faces, for I am most wickedly in love, and have been at another Lewes ball to dance with the Miss Gages again. It is one of them, the second, that I am in love with. She is not a famous beauty, but one of the handsomest women ever seen. Beautiful figure, and that majestic appearance Lady Duff has, only with more of it to those she don't like: she takes fancies to some people and dislikes to others, and gives such repulses to forward gentry they don't know which way to stare, while she looks so wicked and haughty. Her eyes are beautiful. She is to me the most charming creature ever beheld. If she was not going to London my longing after leave of absence would be almost forgotten. I am more in love with Miss Gage even than *Giuli;* for I think of nothing else, and hate any kind of company where she is not. Pray ask me five hundred questions about her, or you will get no answers to your letters. I am devilish cunning, having persuaded Callendar to ride to Lord Gage's to wait on him, with me, by which she will be seen. This visit is my only thought; and my hope is that Lord Gage will persuade Callendar to dine. At any rate they are going to another ball, and Lord Gage asked me to sleep at Firle Place as it is close to Lewes; so I shall see her twice before the 12th and then we must of course call on them afterwards, which will be three times!

"January.—To see you all would make me quite mad, being now half so, at being disappointed of my leave; but I dare not trust myself to think; the thought of not seeing you all makes me really sick, and it will not go out of my head that I shall never see you again. Tell mother not to be disturbed at my yesterday's letter, having really worked myself to madness I knew not what I said. In short I am

miserable, and nothing can make me happy but seeing you all: less unhappy though, since falling so in love with that beautiful Miss Gage. Don't laugh: this is not joking but wretchedness. I read at least twenty books, and write three or four letters in five minutes; that is, the books are opened and then shut, and the letters begun and then burned: then I begin thinking of you all, sometimes of Miss Gage though, with my head in the grate, until I entirely stupefy myself."

Notwithstanding this childlike simplicity of feeling and expression, he was able to meet and repel with the austerity of a philosopher the temptations of London, where he now went to see his sister Emily and Lady Louisa Conolly.

"March.—My father being so well makes me very happy. I went to a few parties with Emily, but have gone to none since, being unwell; nor have I danced, lest it should make me ill again. Once only have I been at the Opera, never at the play, and I do not mean to go, not being able to afford it. No sights either, except the Shakespeare Gallery, the Historical Gallery, and a picture of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's death, the whole at a cost of only five shillings, which is not any vast expense. London is for me very disagreeable. Lady Galloway told me she had a letter from Lady Charlotte Crofton, who said she had seen you, with some fine speech, to be forgotten. Colonel Stewart has been kind beyond measure, and introduced me to his mother: your saying how much obliged I am will please him. I really do like him exceedingly, and if he was properly trained he would be a very good officer; but he is flattered instead of being taught, and does foolish things in command. To do him justice he has none of the haughtiness which other Colonel Stewarts have, and to me is like a brother, except when commanding officer! He has begged me to breakfast with him every morning, and stay all the forenoon, saying, You know it is the devil to be made a fag for our sisters. As to seeing the Duffs, consider, one cannot here go to them

at their breakfast, or after dinner, as at their own house: Lord Fife would be discomposed; my one invitation came from him, to meet Sir James Duff. Lord Fife talked a great deal of you, and my father of whom he thus speaks, *Poor dear Napier, blast him! he liked dried cod fish, I'll send him some in a frank!* As to my old acquaintances: D—— is as friendly as possible and very pleasant, sensible, and perhaps clever; but illness prevents my seeing enough of him to judge. C—— is a very fine gentleman, and not at all handsome, having lost all his blooming complexion and fine hair; he is now a *minikin pale doll*, with his hair powdered, and a cocked hat, &c. F—— is a conceited fine gentleman, a great beau, good-natured, stupid, pert enough, and with very bad manners; wears boots with heels six inches high to make himself look tall!

"The military college is worth going to, but not without being a good draughtsman, and speaking French perfectly, as the lectures are in that language. My hope is to master both in three months at Dublin, and then go, as it gives one a name, and makes people think a stupid dog a great officer. Colonel Stewart asked me to-day if that old uncle the duke would not purchase me a company? my reply was—could not tell, because I never asked him.

"So dear, dearest mother, you think your letters bore me! Never half so happy as when pacquets of them come to read, instead of stupid books! I hate paying visits, am not fond of parties, never liked the Opera, can't afford the play, and could not stand London a week longer, if aunt and Emily were not here. The Duffs, Johnstones, Lady Castlereagh, and the Gages, are the only people to regret in leaving London. I dined with Lord Galloway, and liked them all: the girls are very pleasant, and Lady Sophia very pretty. My journey to Ireland is settled for Monday. At Lady Derby's party last night."

His mastery over his passions was shewn in these letters, for beneath the austerity displayed were impulses for plea-

sure strong as those which afterwards urged him to battle; his temperament was indeed vehement for all things, and he was a passionate admirer of women: but every feeling save love for his mother, was suppressed when not conducive to honest fame. The times were however favourable for the formation of stern character. Napoleon's terrible genius, menacing England with destruction, made young men think very differently from what they do in these pleasure-seeking literary times.*

His leave of absence was soon changed to a recruiting mission in Ireland, and that brought down on him the first of a series of unjust reprimands which he was fated through life to receive and to resist—never from any man of genius however. On this occasion his resistance was very bold, as being by a subaltern, under twenty, to a favourite court general, Maningham, immediately about the Sovereign's person, at a time when the Duke of York's imperious, and not always discriminating despotism, made the boldest tremble even in defence. Nothing disagreeable followed, and soon afterwards he rejoined his regiment at Shorn Cliff, but found it no longer an agreeable home. The best officers were away, and as happens in most newly-organized societies, some men of offensive habits and manners had taken a lead. General Maningham was seldom with the regiment, and William Stewart was become so inflated with false notions of command, as entirely to change Charles Napier's feelings towards him. In the British army the regimental mind is subject to perturbations, and disposed to exaggeration both in praise and blame of commanding officers; but Stewart's uncalculating zeal may be measured thus. He ordered that all the martello towers on the beach should be visited a certain number of times, day and night, by the subaltern on duty. Napier was the first to report. "How is this, Sir? not a quarter of the duty performed!" "It was impossible." "That word is not in the military dic-

* Written before the Crimean Campaign.

tionary." "But in arithmetic, colonel it is, to walk forty-five miles along a beach mid-leg deep with shingle!"

"Shorn Cliff, December.—Very anxious dear mother to get away from here. I am reading Sir Robert Wilson's Egyptian Expedition. It is not well written, and seems incorrect as to names: the style is altogether bad, the plans very bad, and on too small a scale. Major Birch's are superior to any others; Captain Boordwyne showed them to me, and Birch explained them. Wilson abuses Buonaparte in the most unmitigated manner; and if what he says be true, Buonaparte must be the greatest ruffian on earth: but I can hardly credit all he says."—Sir Robert in after life admitted that he had been misled.—"Ask my father if he thinks this book of Wilson's well written? there might have been better plans at least: and there was no great occasion to puff Sir Sydney Smith so violently. He harps on General Regnier abusing the English, yet in the same page scolds the French, like Susan Frost with the maids, when they call forth her delicate phrases in anger.

"We are going on here as badly as need be. Two or three men desert almost every night, and not recruits either: the hospital is full of rheumatic patients, and men with colds, and coughs, caught from standing long on damp ground, and being kept in mizzling rains for hours without moving. Stewart is however killing himself as well as us, and the toss up is who will go first. I am trying my luck in the lottery—a Napier seeking luck! I begin to have a sane idea that I am mad.

"Stewart and I have had a *rumpus* this morning. He came from head-quarters to the fort of Moncrief, to inspect the arms; all the rifles had been reckoned by me, but as he seldom reckons the swords they were trusted to the sergeant; with a knowledge however that they were all complete. This was a very foolish thing to do with such a commander, and when one or two swords were not forthcoming, Stewart, without giving me or the sergeant an in-

stant to recollect or inquire, got into a furious passion, bolted from the room and went straight out of the fort. I took no notice of him, neither following him, nor speaking a word to appease him; but we found immediately afterwards, that two men had gone from the room with their swords on, which accounted for the deficiency. Then the quarter-master followed Stewart and told him the fact. I would not. The pay-sergeant also followed him, but Stewart said:—Get home sir, and tell Mr. Napier that I 'll make him march with his arms to head-quarters, and will give out an order directly about it. I knew he would be quite savage at me for not following him to explain, and for that very reason I would not do so. He got the worst of it however, for it began snowing very hard, and if he had been *asy* he would have got a dinner, as he expected; but I did not even ask him into my room, and he had a pleasant walk of ten miles in a snow-storm. He will probably give out a flourishing order to-morrow for which I care about as much as for this exhibition.

"Write often to me, for though living alone is to my taste, want of society is apt to make me low-spirited. Stewart was here yesterday, and seems to think I shall be able to hold a staff situation and remain in the regiment. We are quite gracious at present to see: you would think we were brothers! What hypocrisy there is in the behaviour of men. However, now that I am not furious, let me confess his faults to arise from having much passion, much zeal, and not the least judgment. He is open-hearted and honourable in the greatest degree; but those qualities are nothing to those who serve under him, and therefore the sooner I get out of his hands the better.

"March 3rd.—My letter has been delayed because a swelled jaw and mouth kept me awake for three nights, and stopped my writing, reading, eating, talking: everything but cursing and swearing. This I should not have been guilty of if married; for you know what Job's wife

said to Job, and his answer: all owing to the spirit of contradiction, not to patience: had he been a bachelor he would have sworn like a trooper. Adieu."

He had now a promise from his cousin, General Fox, then going as commander in chief to Ireland, to take him on his staff; and as the hollow truce, called the peace of Amiens, was evidently approaching its termination, the plans for continental service and study vanished: meanwhile sickness again assailed him.

"April 3rd.—Been confined to bed for four or five days with a fever, but pretty well again, though weak and with a violent headache, the remains of the illness. Twenty of my men are down with it in this fort alone: our surgeon cures me with James' powders and oranges, and I shall be well to-morrow they say: if so, well and good, but giddiness and headache remain.

"4th.—Quite well to-day dearest mother, but weak: however Colonel Beckwith has some excellent madeira, and promises me a bottle. Lord Mark Kerr tells George, that the Duke of Leinster says I am on General Fox's staff, yet it is in my head that it will not be: this would be immaterial if it was not so near you; but that would make it a vexation not to succeed.

"April 7th.—Your queries were put out of memory by illness, and my head aches now so violently that a blister is to be put behind my ear. You talk of magazines of clothes! Why I have no clothes but those on my back. I have indeed too many books, above thirty volumes: but my whole magazine, books, clothes, all go in two trunks, except my tent bed. When once out of this regiment it will not be to return, be you certain: Stewart renders it odious. As to William coming in, that can only be done through His Royal Highness; but I would not put a dog under Colonel Stewart. High Wycombe would be William's ruination; all the tricks played there have been made known to me by Niel Campbell: there are a set who keep horses, race,

bet, play, everything that is bad, and learn nothing, though others do study and learn. This has taken place lately, it was not so formerly. Some of my books are in my way certainly, but cannot easily be replaced again, and parting with books is hateful to me.

"London, June.—My uniform is expensive: the dress coat costs twenty guineas, exclusive of epaulettes. Nothing of mine except linen will do for an A. D. C. My pantaloons are green, and I have only one pair; my jacket twice turned! a green waistcoat—useless; one pair of boots without soles or heels; a green feather and a helmet not worth sixpence. This is the state of my *Rifling kit:* luckily I have credit with my tailor."

With this equipment, which was not much augmented when, in after times, he went forth to command the armies of India, he joined General Fox in Dublin, and there witnessed the rash insurrection of the generous-minded heroic Emmett. No letters exist to display Charles Napier's feelings on that occasion, for he was at home: but the murders which accompanied the outbreak, and the executions which followed, augmented his already deep abhorrence of civil strife. The vengeance of power on that occasion shocked him: it was accounted moderate, even mild at the time, yet the following extract from Mrs. Fox's journal will give another meaning to the words. "We passed the gibbet in Thomas Street, which is now fixed there, with a rope suspended, and two sentries to guard it; for so many of the rebels are now executed it is in daily use. What a horrible state for a country to be in!"

Soon arose disputes between General Fox and the Irish government, and, following the invariable rule where military men and civilians differ, the general was misrepresented, ill used, and recalled. He was however appointed to the London district, being too powerful in parliamentary friends, and the personal favour of the king, to be crushed: his staff accompanied him.

Here the second epoch of Charles Napier's life must terminate. Hitherto he had been making acquaintance with the world, rather than acting in it: henceforth he will be found experiencing its enmities and iniquities, and his correspondence takes another character as his original views of life become shaken.

THIRD EPOCH.

THE London staff baulked Charles Napier's desire for service; efforts were therefore made to obtain a company in the royal staff corps of Artificers, a hybrid body, just then being organized to combine engineering with the quartermaster general's duties; and good service it did, at home and abroad, until extinguished by a silly economy. While awaiting this promotion, his London service furnished the following correspondence with his mother.

"December.—The Duke of Richmond not in town; Sir J. Duff not in town; Charles Fox not in town: there my enquiries stopped until my own concern was settled and a fine one it is. My lodgings cost a guinea and a half per week and my allowance is but a guinea! We are to have dragoons and horse artillery out on Saturday, for the inspection of his Excellency Mahomet Elphi Bey, and his Mamelukes: I will describe them and the reception of myself. Pichegru and Dumouriez will be there, and will satisfy my optics, my admiration of them being great. My reception by the duke to be noted.

"Sunday.—Saw Elphi Bey and the Dukes of York and Clarence, but was not introduced to him of York. Some of Elphi's attendants are well-looking, others the contrary: he is a tall man with a ferocious countenance, good eyes, and a hooked nose. The devil thank these Mamelukes for riding restive steeds well; and God help the poor horse! His under jaw is put through an iron ring, like a solid curb fastened to that part of the bit which touches the roof of the mouth; and from the junction there runs an iron spike into the palate, towards the teeth, when the reins are pulled, while the ring is drawn up behind against the under jaw: the poor beast's jaw may thus be broke, and his mouth cut

to pieces. Their stirrups are broad knives; and as to their saddle: can they fall out of one that comes nearly up to the armpits? We slept at St. Anne's Hill, and I like Charles Fox and his wife very much.

"December.—Was with aunt Johnston to-day. She looks so young and well, she might really be taken for thirty! She has a very small house at Brompton on a lease, and though a long way off, my hope is to see her every day. Nothing yet about my company. If it is to be in the staff corps and forces me to quit General Fox I will make a push for High Wycombe. The understanding is that a captain of artificers may be allowed to make himself a good general in spite of God's teeth, although he must not be an aide-de-camp in spite of the Duke of York: this is fair enough, for most of our generals are more obliged to the duke than the Deity for their military talents."

Aunt Johnston was his father's only sister, a woman of extraordinary beauty, talent and energy. She had passed great part of her life in India, was a widow, and had claims on the directors for more than three hundred thousand pounds. They refused payment and, following up the wrong, endeavoured to support dishonesty by slandering the character of her husband, who had saved their army from starvation in the field. Payment would have been an acknowledgment of misgovernment, and they were afraid to be grateful or honourable. Hence with every legal chicane, dishonest artifice, and unscrupulous use of influence, they sought to wear out the widow's courage and resources: but they had to deal with an indomitable spirit, such a one as their successors found afterwards in her nephew. Aided gratuitously with the counsel and advocacy of Lord Erskine, she, from her poor lodging of Brompton, fought her remorseless enemies for more than twenty years, gaining decree after decree, and finally forcing them to acknowledge her husband's integrity and pay her claims: but the expences had swallowed up nearly all the money, and, exhausted

by her long struggle, she died almost immediately after victory.

A singularly interesting story would be her life, and two short anecdotes will indicate her character. Going out to India, the ship, an Indiaman, was attacked by one of Suffrien's frigates; her husband took his post at a gun, and Hester Johnston, wearing round her neck a gold case containing the heart of the great Montrose, her own heart as firm as his, kept the quarter-deck, holding the hand of her son, then five years old. To those who urged her to go below she said aloud No wife should quit her husband in danger, here will I stay and take his chance. Soon fate vindicated the declaration: a shot splintering the deck, struck down husband, wife, and child, the two latter with severe wounds, and the gold case containing Montrose's heart was broken on her bosom: yet she would not go below!

At another time, having to take her husband, when in a fever, across the desart, she was pursued by an English enemy, not a private one, but a tool furnished with a writ of caption on a false debt, and employed to kill Mr. Johnston by taking him from the covered litter and exposing him to the sun. Hester had a guard of twelve peons, rajapoots, and when the miserable villain came up they drew round her in defence, though he had two hundred. Sitting on the top of the litter, armed with pistols, she menaced whoever approached with death; and when the pretended creditor advanced, fired at him with so close an aim that he turned and fled: whereupon his peons, also rajapoots, made salaam with smiles, and retired. Well she knew the Eastern people, and deeply into her nephew's mind worked the stories she told of cruelty and fraud perpetrated by the Company's government in India.

Charles Napier's brothers who had been placed on half-pay at the peace were now restored to active service, George in the 52nd, William in the Blues, from which he soon exchanged into the 52nd.

"December.—I told General Fox, that General Moore had got William into the 52nd, and he seemed to think the Blues would have ruined him. I would like to see my brothers, but visiting employs all my time; that however shall not continue whether it loses friends or makes enemies: rather would I be laid in the Red Sea. The expence of London is dreadful, it absorbs all my pay, and here I cannot go such a blackguard figure as in Dublin. This is exclusive of casual expences and travelling, of which there will be a great deal; six months will destroy me; and to live in dread of tradesmen, and abominate the sight of a bill is a life not to be borne: even Stewart's despotism would be better than a tailor's! We are going to Guilford, where there is, I hear, a fine new gaol: that is to me significant. Last night I sat up till two o'clock, writing on the old subject of grievances, and lashing myself into a fury with everything. Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and putting out the candle all in a minute, I jumped into bed and lay there blaspheming, praying and perspiring for two hours, when sleep came. What I wrote is not worth sending however, being full of jokes, politics and blue devils. I live in fear of my creditors: but that shall not last. I will not be a tailor's slave.

"December 26th.—William has recovered from his fever, and is gazetted in the 52nd; would I were in the same regiment: but no more of what you call my madness. What a curse to have a turn of mind similar to mine! Misery to oneself, and teazing to others, unless disguised, which can only be with those not really loved. Great exertion or perfect tranquillity is necessary to me, who have not that superior intellect which can regulate itself: there is more of Cassius than Brutus in me."

Three days after this letter he was gazetted, in the staff corps, and his feelings on the occasion, feelings which remained steadfast through life, shew how entirely events govern men against their inclinations, and will surprise

those who have accepted him from his enemies, as *a man of blood, delighting in carnage!*

"December 29th.—Green has offered me a thousand guineas and his company in the 67th for mine in the staff corps. I could get a troop of light dragoons for that sum, but would sooner go into the militia than the cavalry, light or heavy. Getting this company is like receiving an obligation from a man one wishes hanged. I was before attached to the army by five shillings and eightpence; now by fourteen and sevenpence, and the felicity of being called captain. It is not my meaning that General Fox should be hanged, but the army. My comfort is the chance of peace, when I shall be Captain N. on half-pay, with 100*l.* per annum, and a much happier man than Captain N., with 600*l.* or 800*l.* on full-pay. At one time my hope was that a company would cure me of my aversion to the army, though nothing could make me like it; but the first feeling is not to be conquered, or surely being a captain at twenty-one would create in a warm imagination ideas of future honours, of hopes, and wishes to rise to the head of my profession, and all the deuce knows what, which such reveries lead to. But not one thought of pleasure or happiness from promotion could be forced up. No! not one would come at my call. How different are George's feelings! he will be in Paradise though up to his ears in mud at Hythe. How happy he is to be thus contented with present pleasures, and sanguine as to the future! To me military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end, against which we cut our faces, and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily men follow their *trade of blood* thinking it glitters, but to me it appears without brightness or reflection: a dirty red! And for the future! aye! the future! What is it? Under a long feather and cocked hat, trembling, though supported by stiff hessian boots, gold-headed cane and long sword, I see the wizened face of a general grinning over the parapet of a fine frill, and telling extra-

ordinary lies, while his claret, if he can afford claret, is going down the throats of his wondering or quizzing aides-de-camp. Such is the difference between a hero of the present time, and the idea formed of one from reading Plutarch! Yet people wonder I don't like the army!"

While on the London staff he had been frequently thrown into the society of Charles Fox, and the young soldier used to describe with vivid humour the manifestations of the orator's natural and earnest disposition. How at cricket he would strike at the ball and recklessly run for a score, bat on shoulder, his Sancho Panza figure fully displayed and his head thrown back, laughing in childish delight amidst reproachful cries while his opponents struck down the wickets behind him. How also, when walking in the beautiful garden of St. Anne's Hill, amidst rare flowers, discoursing gravely, he would at sight of a snail suddenly stop, plant his heel on it, spin round like a *teetotum*, and then resume his walk and his wisdom, with all possible gravity. Mr. Fox often expressed his disapproval of Mr. Windham's military notions, calling them his fancies, and predicting failure, as indeed happened. Of other prominent men he also spoke freely, and his dislike of Mr. Canning was not disguised. His young cousin often pressed him on military policy, especially on the defects of the Mutiny Act, its vagueness where precision was essential for enabling officers to act with decision and legality. To this Mr. Fox answered drily, whether in condemnation or approval was not ascertained, *That it was purposely so framed, to retain unlimited power over military men.*

Sir John Moore was then the most honoured military character of the day, and of his opinions and actions Mr. Fox liked to hear: he knew him not, even by sight, but took such an interest in his character, that one evening hearing some person relate an advantageous anecdote, as what other could ever be justly told of Moore, he threw down his cards and called out Tell that again! I hear a great deal

of General Moore, and everything good: tell me that again.

Here, in connection with Mr. Fox, shall be noticed an error touching the heroic Moore's attachment to Mr. Pitt's niece, the Lady Hester Stanhope: the real facts presenting, curiously enough, another phase of opposition between the rival orators, although both were ignorant of them. Sir John Moore was not, as generally believed, affianced to Lady Hester; his attachment to her was strong, his admiration great: but the first was only a sentiment of friendship, enhanced by her relationship to Mr. Pitt, whose personal esteem he enjoyed in a singular degree. Admiration was a necessary concomitant of acquaintance; it was for such a man, impossible not to admire the lofty genius of a woman created to command as well as to attract, but love in the passionate sense was not there. General Anderson, his bosom friend, assured the writer of this biography, that the only person Sir John Moore thought of marrying was Mr. Fox's niece, Miss Caroline Fox; a lady who has since displayed a power of mind, and enduring fortitude in terrible trials that surpass even the creations of fiction. To her, when in Sicily with her father, Sir John Moore did at one time design to offer marriage: but she was then not eighteen, and after a hard struggle he suppressed his passion with a nobility of sentiment few men can attain to. She is, he said to General Anderson, so young that her judgment may be overpowered: the disparity of age is not at present very apparent, and my high position here, my reputation as a soldier of service, and my intimacy with her father—he might have added his great comeliness and winning manners—may influence her to an irretrievable error for her own future contentment: my present feelings must therefore be suppressed, that she may not have to suppress hers hereafter with loss of happiness. Coruña would have ended that union in blood and misery: and here also in connection with that fatal field, a fact of historical interest

shall be related on the direct authority of the late Lady Castlereagh. Lord Castlereagh's duel with Mr. Canning was not, she said, in revenge for the intrigue which ousted the former from office. He was content to leave that for public judgment; but Mr. Canning offered to reinstate him, if he would consent to sacrifice the reputation of Sir John Moore: an insult well answered with a shot.

Returning now to Charles Napier, it will be found that his father's advice, and the practice of engineering, for which he had a predilection, in some measure reconciled him to his profession.

"Chelmsford, February 1804.—Resolution has worked a miracle: my low spirits are thrown off in a great degree, not quite, but I am now as eager to carry all by storm, as I was ready to desert five days ago. Not that my opinion, or dislike, is changed, but that no man can make a figure in anything who does not go hand and heart to work—except in taking physic: there a want of earnestness may be useful. In for a penny, in for a pound, shall be my maxim, in spite of my aversion to old proverbs. I am now anxious to return to Chatham, having no uniform here, and coloured clothes with soldiers smell so militia like, it makes me ashamed to look a Coldstreamer in the face.

"An infamous newspaper paragraph against General Fox has appeared. His passiveness puts me out of patience: he deserves all that is said, and that *will be* said, and need not flatter himself that things can sink into oblivion. The *White Roses*—the York family—will have a blow at him whenever matters are so arranged as to make him think they have no such intention. This paragraph is the commencement of attacks through the papers in support of the previous ill usage of General Fox; and the giving Lord Hardwick a blue ribbon, will be no small help in fixing blame on the general, which is all they want. It is provoking to see an honest old soldier so assailed by those who were saved by his pacific disposition in the first instance, not

by their own wit. One of my ears should go to see his thin little brother, the Chertsey private, let loose: how he would fling at them! The general's statement ought, certainly, to be published."

It must be here remarked that General Fox's passiveness sprung from no weakness in his cause; nor from timidity, for he was a very bold man; but from an inexhaustible goodness of nature: he was totally devoid of the fire which kindles into wrath; no personal ill usage could arouse him to fierceness, and he was forgiving to an incredible degree. Astute measures had been early taken to mollify him about the Irish affair, and he could not be stung again to anger: moreover he blamed Mr. Wickham, the Irish Secretary, far more than Lord Hardwick, who was certainly not an intriguing, nor a dishonest politician, nor a vindictive man.

"Chatham, February.—Being, dear mother, in all the horrors of a new coat and *cocked-up-hat* I cannot write much. I fag at French, eager to learn, as most of the officers speak it, and it is hateful to be a dunce. None of them however know anything of interior regimental duty, which woeful experience has taught me; nor can there be worse hands at drill: even the major is unlearned, the adjutant superbly so. The reason is that the first comes from the Engineers, who know nothing of field exercises; and though the latter was sergeant-major of the Guards, those who rise from the ranks seldom figure in exercising a battalion. My own regimental knowledge is small enough, yet greater than that of the captain's here, and I know as much of field engineering: the *Swish* man appears to me the cleverest man amongst them, but it is said Sturgeon and Dundas, not here, are the best engineers."—This clever *Swish* man, was Wilhermein, a native of Switzerland, a fine draughtsman, military and artistic: the picture of Abercrombie at the battle of the 21st in Egypt, painted by him and Captain Pierpont, is well known from the engraving.

"March.—I have sold *Cooper* for £70 because my London creditors want money: my mare proved unsound and went for £25. This was unfortunate, but the money procured me another horse worth a great deal, he being sold for running away with a guardsman who could not ride. Neither master nor groom dare ride him, and both told such stories of the poor horse that nobody would buy, and he came to me for half his value. He is about Model's size, but more of an Arabian than a racer, with a beautiful curved neck, and fiery as the devil, yet without vice; he run away because he knew his riders: he has found me his master. Expecting him to be worse than *Ça ira*, I put the bridle upon him, which astonished the gentleman a little; but he has a good mouth, and it is gentleness, not violence, he wants. *Ça ira* was to him as the great devil is to a little one: he was so large and powerful that when angry he was tremendous, and would, and could easily, have broken his own neck and mine. This little devil is like a feather to me after the great one, and is as much under my thumb as a Mameluke's horse: I hate a vicious horse, but delight in a fiery one, and have named this one Hotspur, it suits his temper."

At this time a great sorrow fell on Charles Napier, his youthful friend Cameron died of fever, and the blow was heavy: the reaction discloses an original train of thought.

"April.—The shock is passed mother, and, having a conviction that he is happier than we are, grief is less. To think of him is a pleasure, and my curiosity is great to know where he is gone, and what happens to us. I should not like to die, but the idea is less unpleasant coupled with the thought of seeing him again. Life is an unpleasant dream, and to get rid of it would please me if it were not for that mechanical feel called fear, which is not to be accounted for were we sure of being happier after death. Whenever expecting to be sent into the other world, my feelings have been the same as when expecting

any great pleasure; or when doubting, if what was going to be told would make me happy or unhappy: the feeling is strange. The idea of a future state never enters my head when danger is near; yet when in no danger, my wish is to know what that state is; not from doubt of its being a happy one, but to know what that happiness is. Does Cameron know what we are about, what I think of him? Is the little he saw of us here forgotten? Perhaps he has not a conception that there is for us a world which he has quitted. My nerves do not like the idea of dying, but my mind is delighted at the thought of being dead. It would please me to lose fifty years and take my chance at the end: yet were a man to come into my room to destroy me, fighting him would be my only thought, and eternity forgotten. How odd that we should be so attached to life. My feelings are incomprehensible. I cannot pity Cameron, being sure he is in regions of bliss, far beyond what we can conceive; but my own dislike to die puzzles me. Run away in the beginning of an action I would not; the feeling within does not make me wish to do that; it is more the fear of being mangled that would affect me: dislike to being maimed is greater than to being killed, and my internal conviction is, that *I shall be wounded very slightly, but never killed or seriously hurt in action!*"

How terribly one-half of this presentiment was falsified, and how strangely the other half was fulfilled, remains to be told.

"April 20th.—I am an unaccountable creature and do not understand my own character. Ten days ago Cameron died, and this day I have been talking and laughing at the mess like a happy being. The next moment a dose of laudanum, that would make me forget everything, tempts me to rest my brain, which is often confused in a way difficult to describe, thinking of five hundred things at once. I go to bed wishing for sleep, or anything to lose that feeling, and next morning rise merry! I cannot comprehend my-

self. The unpleasant feeling is not grief, I do not feel grief; I am a table, a stone, there is no feeling. Yet I cannot read or study, my mind will not rest on anything which keeps me in-doors. The major, Nicholay, has desired me to drill the regiment for him; that I like, and we are throwing up field works also, and that I like: but in-doors the sight of a book is hateful, writing a letter is hateful. To write to you dear mother every day is my wish, yet I cannot force myself to do so. Company is my want, yet I don't like my company at mess, although in great spirits all the time. Would I were with you! I am just in a plight to fall in love, merely from wanting the company of somebody who can be loved.

"April 24th. — Your fears for me dearest mother are groundless, I am astonished to find myself without feeling; and not pleased at discovering that fault of character. Determined to resist grief, I am disappointed to find there is no grief to resist. He is happier than any of us, and if it were possible to restore him to life I would not do it. To lose those we love by death is not half so bad as living separate from them while living. The death of my friend has not hurt me so much as parting from him for General Fox's staff. If General Fox had been going to any place but Ireland I would not have joined him; but to go there was to go home. Knowing then what the separation of military friends is, my mind was made up for not seeing him, except by chance: now he is entirely taken away by the will of God, and it does not affect me so much as the will of man. Good Heavens! Can one feel so much grief for separation by death as for separation during life? For the first days my unhappiness was indeed great, because his death astonished me, and there was vexation that he had died before being on service: sorrow also that he had not lived until the invasion took place, to be then killed in battle, and not die in such a miserable way of a putrid fever; but a little thought taught me that God was the

best judge. When a thing cannot be helped my mind becomes strong to bear it, and it does not make me unhappy for long; but if the unhappiness can be helped it becomes unbearable.

"I am constantly unhappy, being away from you. God has taken him, and my resolution was previously formed to bear that: but it did not appear possible that I should shake off grief so completely. Would that this were the effect of resolution and reason. It is not. The event does not depress my spirits. I could go to a ball this night and dance as if nothing had happened: it is most strange to be thus destitute of feeling, and that separation in life should be to me worse than death. Every day, every hour of separation from those I love gives me pain, and his death only makes me melancholy for a few days: it is incomprehensible! All the letters from the officers of the regiment, Callendar and others, to console me, annoy me. I tell you this, dearest mother, but could not tell it to others; they would think me a monster. So great is my dislike to anything that puts me in mind of him, that to have his picture copied hurts me. His aunt lent it to me, and it lies in my box without being looked at. Why is this? Why is grief not called forth? If I feel joy at the death of an enemy, why not feel grief at losing those I love? Your letters have upset me, it is unbearable to think of your all being so grieved by me: yet you like to indulge grief, while I fly from it. Do not write any more on this subject, pity is hateful!

"May 1st.—Dearest father, I am reduced by pain to such weakness as only to lie on a couch, and am absolutely like a skeleton. My long nose, pale face, and black beard, forced a yard in length by hot baths, makes me worse-looking than Lord Ruthven when he murdered Rizzio; and all this is owing to maltreatment by a gallipot limb of Satan, and designedly I have strong reason to suspect. However two of our companies go to Dover in a week, to work under

engineers; so we are to be overseers not engineers! Nicholay swears he will resign; but when the quartermaster general hears of his pets being so scurvily treated we shall be righted. I remain here sick; take no alarm, there is no danger, but baths of 120° have made me a poor scalded devil.

"May 6th.—Dearest father. What a strange thing the new ministry will be! Mr. Addington resigned yesterday, and everybody talks of a regency. If Charles Fox comes in under Mr. Pitt he will deserve the accusation of being interested, and his enemies will have an excuse for saying his principles have been sacrificed to his ambition: which will, however, be but poorly satisfied under Mr. Pitt. Again, if Mr. Fox comes in as prime minister, Mr. Pitt will deserve the same abuse, and will get it. They cannot both be at the head; therefore one should remain out and support the other, or oppose him as he sees fit. Mr. Fox should not be an underling; he should raise himself by turning out a weak ministry, and refusing office, or emolument, supply the government with clever men having the confidence of the country. Then like an honest Englishman he should watch that the power he thus gives is not misused by men whom he alone can controul. This he should do or become premier, there is no medium."

The tendency towards melancholy evidenced in the foregoing correspondence, was not a result of youthful perturbation at finding the world different from his childish conceptions, it was of his nature, and adhered to him through life; but always he will be found discarding morbid feelings with a wonderful power of will, in obedience to reason. The profession of arms, first adopted in his father's conscientious views, was to him a patriotic object at the time, and moreover was his only means of existence; hence with this double stimulant he set the strength of his brain against the softness of his heart, and bravely accepted a fate which doomed him to a life-long struggle. His resolution to meet

and sustain all evils was now however severely tried, for in October 1804 his father died.

The Honourable George Napier was educated by the celebrated David Hume. He possessed uncommon powers, mental and corporeal: his capacity for war, for science, and for civil affairs was great, and always in emergencies he displayed a master spirit. He served with distinction in the American war, especially at the siege of Charleston, and being temporarily on the staff of Sir Henry Clinton when André was captured, instantly offered to complete his task, yet in uniform: he thought that accomplished, unfortunate officer, had failed in presence of mind, and that the game was not lost; but Sir Henry, too deeply affected by André's danger to risk another favourite, refused. Soon afterwards George Napier lost his wife and several children, by a fever, from which he miraculously recovered himself. He was put on board ship for England insensible, and his general, thinking death certain, actually sold his commission to save the money for an infant daughter—the only surviving child. The sick man recovered on the voyage, and so found himself on landing compelled to begin the world again. Entering the Guards then, he soon became adjutant, and was, from his great comeliness and talent as an officer, much noticed by George the Third. He had also assurances of friendship from the Prince of Wales, sincere at the time no doubt, for he afterwards proposed to take the writer of this work as a page: an offer wisely and happily declined.

While in the Guards, Colonel Napier married Lady Sarah, and was by her brother, the Duke of Richmond, then master general, appointed comptroller of the Woolwich laboratory, where his ability was immediately manifested. He placed contracts on a better footing, introduced carronades generally into the navy, and after a variety of pyrotechnic experiments, conducted in person, altered and improved the manufacture of English gunpowder, fixing the proportions of the ingredients differently from those of other nations,

and it is supposed advantageously. His experimental processes were briefly described in a memoir for an early volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and were translated into several languages. From this office he retired with a marked indication of character. For the Duke of Richmond, assuming that his own resignation of office should involve that of his brother-in-law, was offended to find it was not so, and haughtily remonstrated; he was however, told with still more haughtiness, that the office was military, had been accepted as such, and should not be degraded to a party holding. He kept it therefore until some curious researches were completed, which enabled him to hand over to his successor, Colonel Congreve, whose abilities he appreciated, many valuable hints and embryo experiments, especially in the composition of rockets. When he had thus asserted his dignity, to vindicate his motives from the imputation of self-interest he resigned, and settled at Celbridge, as noticed in the commencement of this work.

In Ireland the wildness of the times and manners often compelled him to exert his great bodily strength in repression of ill-behaved men, and he thus created great awe of his prowess; but for his justice and benevolence he was so revered, that any temporary absence produced on his return bonfires and illuminations: demonstrations of attachment and respect not accorded to rich and powerful neighbours. His person and countenance were very commanding, resembling so much the mourning grenadier in West's picture of Wolfe's death, that it was thought to be a portrait, yet was not so: the general resemblance is striking, but his figure was larger, grander in form, his eye still more falcon-like, his forehead less fleshy, showing finer blood, and his jaw more square and determined. Such he was to view, such to act, and one instance of his terrible strength, and fierceness when aroused, will indicate the turbulence of the scenes amidst which Charles Napier was nurtured.

Long before the insurrection of 1798, soldiers designated

by Sir R. Abercrombie as formidable to everybody but the enemy, were allowed to perpetrate horrible outrages with impunity, and one evening Colonel Napier's five sons were in great danger from their brutality. Being with some haymakers in a field, which was separated from the high road by a walled bank, they were asked a question by two passing soldiers, who were idly answered by young George Napier: instantly the soldiers climbed the wall, and one of them drawing his bayonet announced his intention to kill the child who had offended. The haymakers, terrified by the military licence of the day, retreated, and the boys drew together in fear; but at that moment their father entered the field, his eye rapidly caught the scene, and leaping like a panther rather than a man he was quickly upon the soldiers, swaying a six-foot quarter staff which he generally carried and used in surveying. Back the two men jumped into the deep road and stood with drawn bayonets in self-defence; his leap was simultaneous, a clash of weapons followed, and Charles Napier, calling upon his brothers to help their father, jumped after him: there was no need of aid, one soldier was rolling on the ground, and the most ferocious of them was writhing in the grasp of the avenger, who had torn his weapon away. In vain he cried out for mercy and struggled; his terrible opponent, holding him up with one hand, dragged him towards the village, striding like a giant as he was, and striking the cowering wretch at times over the head with his own bayonet, the blood starting at every stroke. A burly sergeant came up and seemed at first inclined to aid his fellow, but soon, shrinking before the wrathful athletic man's voice and gestures, accepted charge of the prisoner.

In 1793 he was invited to become deputy quartermaster general to a force under Lord Moira assembled in Guernsey to aid the Vendeans. There, thinking the spies and royalists gave coloured, or false accounts of the state of affairs in France, he proposed, after deep consideration, to

penetrate himself into La Vendée and confer with the royalist chiefs. Lord Moira was much moved with this proof of zeal and resolution, as Clinton had before been by a like offer in America; but like Clinton he would not risk a friend, and refused: saying, D'Hervilly and Rochefoucault had each made a like offer, and he had declined, though their danger would have been much less. He was at that time but a captain, and with difficulty could Lord Moira force the virtual commander in chief, Lord Amherst, to fulfil a previous promise of promotion: for then, and afterwards, a blight from the highest quarters chilled Colonel Napier's fortunes, and was extended to his son.

Returning from Guernsey, Lord Moira encamped at Netley, but after a time was despatched to succour the Duke of York in Flanders, where landing at Ostend with seven thousand young soldiers he found that they must re-embark, or risk an attack from Pichegru's victorious army of sixty thousand: he chose the latter, and by a march deserving of more notice than military writers have bestowed joined the duke. Moving for nearly a month across the front of the French, sometimes even forcing his way through their scouting troops, Lord Moira was constantly in danger of being overwhelmed, but with fine skill turned what seemed an element of destruction into one of success. For the people of the country being all in the French interest, duly gave them notice of each day's march, and this being expected was thus turned to account. Officers of the staff each day preceded the columns to order rations for seven thousand men, saying they were the advanced guard of forty thousand, for whom provisions must be collected the next day. In a few hours the troops would arrive, in number tallying with the order for rations; the coming of the main column was therefore credited, and conformable intelligence was conveyed to the French, who dared not attack such a force without previous dispositions. In this way a march was gained day by day in safety, though with some skirmishes, and some loss.

Finally the deceit was discovered and an accelerated forced movement became the only resource. But one night the soldiers, beaten by fatigue, lay down and refused to rise; ruin seemed inevitable, when suddenly an Irishman, starting up, cried out with a rich brogue, richer humour, and richest honour, Boys! didn't the lord give us bottled porter when we were sick at Netley, and hasn't he the right to take it out of us now in sweat? This was in allusion to a dreadful fever which had assailed the camp, arising entirely from the brutal indifference to suffering with which they had been crowded for weeks in transports unnecessarily: the medical men prescribed porter but the government heartlessly refused, and Lord Moira supplied 7000 bottles a day from his own purse! Now he was repaid. With shouts of laughter the column rose and a junction with the duke's army was effected.

After this expedition, Colonel Napier, at the latter end of 1794, was appointed to the Londonderry regiment, of which Lord Conyngham was colonel. He had only to discipline it, and did so, with a rare ability, but had nothing to do with the mode of recruiting, which he abhorred; for the men had been raised by the usual infamous mode of the times, that is to say, false promises, the officers obtaining rank according to the number of recruits they brought. The men were told their embodiment was to be permanent, that they were only to serve in Ireland, and be discharged in seven years. Yet they were almost immediately sent to Macclesfield, and from thence to Exeter, to be drafted into the 43rd Regiment: they resisted, but were cruelly enforced to obey and cruelly punished. Colonel Napier had quitted the regiment at Macclesfield, in disgust, and regretting that he was not in Lord Conyngham's place, thinking that a vigorous resistance would have prevented the foul play.

In Ireland his life again became private, but *his capacity* was so known, that when Hoche menaced war in 1796, a

new military appointment, that of chief field engineer, was created, to enable him to be the directing military adviser of the commander in chief, Lord Carhampton, whose warlike genius was not esteemed: and it is not a little singular, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, misjudging Colonel Napier's principles, afterwards looked to gain him as chief leader of the insurgents of 1798, meaning to resign in his favour. His mental ascendancy was indeed remarkable, and his sagacity also. When young he was an intimate friend of Lord Erskine, who was a distant relation, and being in the same regiment with Napier, was often exhorted, and finally persuaded by him to quit the army for the bar. But a more noticeable example was his early perception of the Duke of Wellington's genius. Castletown society was then prominent in fashion and politics; Ensign Wellesley frequented it, and was generally considered a shallow, saucy stripling. Colonel Napier thought otherwise, and after many conversations thus predicted his greatness. *Those who think lightly of that lad are unwise in their generation: he has in him the makings of a great general.* Whether this reached the duke's ears at the time, or that Lady Sarah Napier's attention to him, in adopting her husband's opinion, gratified him, or both, is uncertain; but though the acquaintance soon entirely ceased, whenever her sons were wounded in the Peninsula, the duke invariably wrote with his despatches a consoling letter to her.

In early life, Lord St. Vincent had earnestly, though vainly, urged George Napier to quit the army for the navy, promising rapid promotion. Lord Cornwallis also, under whom he had served in America, on coming to Ireland as lord lieutenant, pressed on him the comptrollership of army accounts with this notable speech, I want an honest man; and this is the only thing I have been able to wrest from the harpies around me. It was however an Augean stable he offered for cleansing: the military accounts were

four years in arrears, including the broken insurrectionary period of 1798; foul abuses prevailed, and while the fees were enormous, the work was neglected, and the retiring comptroller received six thousand a year compensation! Such was the enormous jobbing of the time. It was therefore with reluctance Colonel Napier accepted the place, and only on condition of its being made patent, which released him from party politics and Castle intriguers whom he regarded with disgust. His official labours were remarkable, and are thus faithfully recorded on his monumental slab, in Redland Chapel near Clifton.

"He restored the military accounts of Ireland to exact order, when years of neglect and corruption had plunged them into a confusion productive of great loss to the country and great injustice to individuals. He recovered several millions of money for the public treasury, and by his probity and disinterestedness made his office a model for patriotic public servants: his first act was to abolish all fees, thus voluntarily reducing his own salary from twenty thousand, to six hundred pounds per annum!"

In the troubles of 1798, although but a private gentleman, and embarrassed with a large family, he had stepped between the violence of the government and the fury of the insurgents, keeping a large body of the latter in check, and by resolute interposition saved Celbridge from fire and military execution, to which it had been twice doomed by the authorities. His ambition was lofty, but so chastened by honour that he would not enter the temple of fame save through the great portals, and as opportunity came not, the master spirit passed away unknown: Epaminondas would have lived obscurely if Agesilaus had not been vindictive. More than once Colonel Napier was offered, secretly, the representation of the county, but he refused, because factions were so violent and so corrupt, that he could not hope, without the influence of wealth, to steer a proud and earnest course between oppressive power and rebellious

democracy, dashing both aside. He was called impracticable by ephemeral politicians, and was so to them, but while impassive to crooked ambition, every fibre vibrated to true glory.

Although a soldier, always ready for service on the principle of protecting his country, he regarded war as a dire evil: what he yearned for was power to establish a new people on his own views of legislation; and often he longed to govern Australia, then a mere receptacle for thieves, foreseeing that it might become a great state. When the vileness of the population was objected, he answered that Rome sprung from such a source, and it was an advantage, because benevolent despotism could be exercised without imputation of tyranny. His view was to raise a great community, founded on sound monarchic principles, as a counterpoise in the world to the great advancing American republic. His principles were indeed immoveably monarchical; yet he was so vehement against the cruel oppressions of the times, that many persons supposed him to be at heart a democrat, Lord Edward amongst others:—whereas he held democracy to be an ever-seething cauldron in which the scum continually rose to the surface; and he rejected with abhorrence the republican creed which presents assassination as the greatest of virtues. What he opposed and denounced was oppression, coming from any quarter. Gentle as the dews of spring he was to the poor and helpless, but rough and dangerous as the storms of winter to the dishonourable and unjust: and with overpowering force of body and of mind he could impose his will: God had made him for command.

Kingly rule he judged the best, but he was no king worshipper; he never undervalued men's right of freedom in thought and action, consistent with the public welfare: nor did the headlong progress of republics towards greatness escape his observation. But restricted sovereignty he thought absolutely necessary for keeping the foaming turbulence of democracy within just bounds, while leaving unimpeded the

natural flow of energy and genius towards prosperity. His son Charles adopted his views, and both of them, with a practical paradox, while rejecting as a golden dream the notion that nations can ever become great and yet remain simple and virtuous, strove with all imaginable energy in their vocations to make that dream a reality!

FOURTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

COLONEL GEORGE NAPIER died at the age of fifty-one, of consumption, brought on by incessant writing after a life of country exercises and pursuits. His death placed Lady Sarah in very straitened circumstances. His principal income had come from his office, and though her three eldest sons were captains, and her youngest, Henry, a midshipman, another son, Richard, and four girls were unprovided for. The future appeared gloomy, but Mr. Pitt, when made acquainted with the dead man's services in war, in science, and finance, and the great savings he had effected for the public, gave pensions to his widow and daughters. Charles Napier's anxiety was thus relieved, and after passing a few weeks at Cirencester with his mother, Lord Bathurst having kindly lent his house there to her, he rejoined the staff corps.

Before Mr. Pitt's intentions were known, Lord Moira wrote on the first impulse of sorrow, offering money to Charles, and promising future patronage, whenever power should be his. This, the only proof of friendship received from his Lordship, was noticed in the following letters, with a sagacity, not blunted by the rather overstrained tone of Lord Moira's communication.

"My Lord.—The being obliged to join my regiment prevented me from receiving your lordship's kind letter until now. I acknowledge it with sincere thanks. Your friendly intentions towards our family I am as perfectly aware of, as of the impossibility of your fulfilling them at this moment, I should be sorry, were that to give you the slightest uneasiness, for I am more anxious we should merit your friend-

ship than profit by it. I will not further intrude on your time, but trust you are convinced how sensible we all are of your extreme kindness. Your obliging offer to lend me money, if necessary, I thank you for, but am no in need of it." Enclosing a copy to his mother he continued thus to her. "My hope is dear mother that you will approve of my answer to Lord Moira. His letter does not please me so much as it seems to do you. Certainly it is very affectionate, but all great men are so used to dependants, that they think friendship from them must be interested. I have tried to show him that this is not the case with me, at the same time expressing gratitude for his declaration, that he looked on us as his children. I am glad the Duke of Richmond has refused a loan to you. I do not like borrowing at all; it is much better to sell Celbridge than to be obliged to any human being. It displeased me your asking him, but seeing you wished it so much I would not say so. My beautiful horse is gone to be sold for what he will fetch: the money will clear me of all debt. I cannot exist while owing money, it makes me more melancholy than anything that can happen.

"Bodien Bridge, November.—I do not write at night, my spirits always sink of an evening. Good spirits never come to me at night, except when with you, and then they come madly. However no one here knows of my lowness, being apparently merry as possible. It pleases me that William has made acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, it may be of use to him. I am glad you see Lord Moira and General Moore, and that people say government should help *his* family; for thus your memorial becomes less of a favour asked, and hardly a petition. We soon go back to Chatham. *Devil* is not yet sold. Your disposal of the grey mare pleases me. She comes often into my thoughts and puts me in mind of happier times."—This was the little Arab he rode at school.

"December.—Dearest mother don't let my whims prevent

your asking or doing anything you wish. You will not go further than is right in asking favours of anybody, and you must not talk of infringing! There can be no bounds or rules between us. Do all you like and think best. Be mistress! The greatest happiness possible for me is to compass everything you desire."

About the middle of 1805 his quarters were removed to Hythe, where he was employed with his brother officers in excavating a military canal, and constructing works of defence, during that perilous period when Napoleon's legions swarmed on the heights of Boulogne, expectant, until the fires at Trafalgar, scorching their ocean wings, sent them to other conquests. He was thus placed under Sir John Moore, that model soldier of England, whose spirit and character exacted admiration and devotion from all sincere lovers of honour. His was the fire that warmed the coldest nature, and urged all who came in contact with him, onward in the path of glory along which he strode so mightily himself. No man with a spark of enthusiasm could resist the influence of Moore's great aspirings, his fine presence, his ardent penetrating genius: but when did faction ever respect virtue or genius? its life-blood is the rejection of honourable emotions! Moore, like Charles Napier, had to leave his actions to the care of history, and would perhaps have left them in vain, if his heroic fall in battle and his unsurpassable fortitude in dying, had not set a seal upon his fame which even faction could not deface.

To awaken the faculties of those under him, inspiring and teaching, was one of Sir John Moore's qualifications for command. At Shorn Cliff camp he devised such improvements in drill, discipline, dress, arms, formations, and movements, as would have placed him for military reforms beside the Athenian Iphicrates, if he had not the greater glory of dying like the Spartan Brasidas. His materials were the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifle Regiments, and he so fashioned them, that afterwards, as the Light Division under

Wellington they were found to be soldiers unsurpassable, perhaps never equalled. The separate successful careers of the officers, strikingly attest the merit of the school: so long a list of notable men could not be presented by three regiments of any service in the world. In it will be found above ninety who attained the rank of field officer, or higher grades, and amongst them four who commanded armies, three being celebrated as conquerors; two adjutant-generals of the British army, three military secretaries; sixteen governors of colonies, and the two organizers of the metropolitan and Irish constabulary; many generals who have commanded districts; one who commanded a foreign army, and several persons noted in science and literature, or by peculiar missions and organizations belong to the roll: and nearly all were of some fame in battle, though unequal in merit and reputation.

From three infantry regiments, obscure until Moore took them in hand, went forth this crowd of men, skilled to gain authority and public notice without political or family interest, save in a very few cases. Certainly it was a great school, and Moore's teaching is thus well described by one of his scholars, and one not amongst the least capable of great actions, if fortune had not been adverse. "It pleases me that you design to notice that *real* camp of instruction—Shorn Cliff. There officers were formed for command, and soldiers acquired such discipline, as to become an example to the army and proud of their profession. The details of Moore's system, from the setting up of a recruit to the movement of a brigade you are well acquainted with: but though drill was an important part of the instruction, it was not, as you also know, by that alone the soldier was there formed. It was the internal and moral system, the constant superintendence of the officers, the real government and responsibility of the captains, which carried the discipline to such perfection.

"My opinion of discipline is so strong, that I must

speak of it. I rank it higher for the well-being of an army than any other consideration; very far above that of being present at many battles, for battles with respect to the soldiers can only be the test of discipline. When the Light Division joined the army at Talavera it had not been engaged with the enemy, while the army it joined had been engaged on the Douro and the Tagus, yet was inferior in discipline for war, seeing that its picquets were often in scrapes, and at Talavera a brigade had been surprised. But the men of the Light Division, though new to war, were looked up to from the day of junction as the *veterans of the army!* and by their discipline they sustained that character throughout the war, committing no blunders, and shewing themselves the same orderly soldiers on the breach as in the line."—*J. P. Hopkins.*

To this may be added that the Light Division, though always on the outposts, in most difficult situations, never lost any baggage, except on the retreat from Salamanca, when some French horsemen, pressing the British cavalry in a wood, got into the rear of the division and cut off *two mules!*

Amidst these men Charles Napier's strong character was soon noticed. Nothing drew him from study, he never gambled, drank no wine, had but few intimates, was mostly absorbed in thought, and though ready for good fellowship in all manly games, eschewed it in the mess room: to his mother only his secret feelings were confided. His first letters touch on an expedition to Russia then talked of but which finally went to Germany under Lord Cathcart.

"Hythe, September.—Talking of accounts to your ladyship without laughing, would be as easy as to fly. I have lent you no money. What puts that into your head? there, the note of interrogation is erased, fearing an answer. Me lend money! Job is not poorer, and our nice government has just made me pay nearly ten pounds income tax: however being out of debt I am rich. Poor Ireland is entrusted to

strange generals. Would that you were in England! Women have no business with danger when it can be avoided. If any invasion happens come away dearest mother; recollect that women should not be alone amidst carnage, and if a French army lands terrible things will happen.

"As to your book 'Mason on Self Knowledge.'—A promise to like it you won't get, although it was given to you by Mrs. Staples, whose excellent sense has my unbounded admiration.* In my opinion the mind must be weak for which that book can be of service. No man of common understanding is ignorant of his own failings, and strong minds conquer them more thoroughly than a weak one; but reading how to do so is not the way to do so, you lose a hundred opportunities of doing while thinking of the means; it is like settling what books to read beforehand, and tracing progress instead of reading. Every instant has its duty, and thought should not be wasted on how that duty should be done. However these opinions are founded on my own failings, and may not suit those who have not the same defects: still procrastination when duty demands action is mental ruin. Hang this moralizing. Mason is a clever fellow to teach that conscience is our greatest enemy: it is our greatest friend! You say we need not trouble ourselves when, or where the mercy we hope for will be dealt to us: methinks we should have trouble to discover where and when it is not dealt to us! but my letter is becoming *holey* as my shirts, and with them no bishop can compare: they are not however so many as the bishops, and therefore your directions to get new ones shall be borne in mind; yet to take more than two would be unwise, seeing that number can be made good out of the old ones, with help of a pocket handkerchief, which is of no use in Russia, if we

* Now Mrs. Richard Napier, a lady whose own work—"*Woman's Rights and Duties*," abounding in knowledge, fine composition, powerful reasoning, and original thoughts, would do honour to any writer however eminent.

go there, as 'tis said, for they are not more nice than in Ireland. However the shirt-tails must be completed, or the cold may make me like Munchausen's horse: the English ladies should give their muffs to government for lining the breeches of soldiers destined for Russia. But you will not, it is to be feared have to direct letters to Captain Napier, Czar's Head Petrowitz Street Petersburgh for some time.

"October.—Cannot admire Mason, gave it to George. William is of my opinion, viz. that it is stupid as need be, and not useful; for there is no necessity to take two ways of doing a thing when one is sufficient; and as conscience is better than Mason for a teacher, we will stick to conscience. His style is dull, very dull. You say that my aunt Connolly having recovered her spirits is proof that prayers are of use: it is only proof that reason and resolution made her comprehend that low spirits were weak and foolish when indulged. How can we suppose the decrees of Providence are to be altered by the whims of mortals? Thanksgivings should be our prayers, and they should be silent ones, for there can be no good in telling aloud to mortals how thankful we are for the gifts of the Creator: our enjoyment of them is the way to be thankful. The 'Spectator' gives far more pleasing ideas of futurity than old Mason, without making us believe we are the greatest sinners, as he does; and Addison was a good Christian. When I first read the 'Spectator,' a very long time ago, it appeared stupid to me, very stupid; now it appears admirable. How careful we should be of giving books to a child, the best way is to let children choose for themselves; nature makes a child like what it understands. The expedition is certainly not put off, for the German legion marches through here to-day, to-morrow, and next day. They are fine men, and Baron Ompteda, the oldest German baron, is seven feet high, and has a brother six feet eleven inches and a quarter. Lineally descended from Goliah, or Polyphemus, I forget which, they

have, if from the last, allowed the other eye to grow, avoiding singularity.

"Hythe, January.—Your pretending to know what military and what medical books are obsolete is excellent, and being in a temper to abuse you I will do so. Send me a list of the military works and you shall know what to bring over: there are some invaluable to me, particularly the one of plans which Mr. Henry gave my father, take care he does not get it back; it would be to him little more than curious, to me most useful, and cannot be got now: do not trust it to the hands of an engineer, or indeed any military man, or you will lose it. You must not sell any books on military subjects, you know not how valuable they are; the old French ones particularly, as no English, or at least very few, are worth reading, although there are none which are not of some use to military men: it will set me mad if you sell even the cover of an old Army List. Those that you cannot bring with you, pack for me, to get at if we go to Ireland. I would pay double their value to have them, and any with *his* notes on the margin are worth their weight in gold.

"Your alarm about our country is in my opinion groundless, but as everybody says we are still in great danger, it may be a mistake of mine: yet if all England told me so it would not change my conviction. Not that I put faith in the Volunteers, but that the French cannot swim the Straits of Dover; they have not ships to transport an army, and the few they have dare not encounter our fleets: in fine we are safe since the victory of Trafalgar. Suppose it possible to land forty thousand French in England, or Scotland; much mischief would be done, much blood flow, but our country is not to be conquered by Frenchmen. You would see London puppies and shopkeepers run, and London might be plundered; but the peasants and militia would soon become soldiers able to assist the regular troops, the whole island would be in arms and the French be destroyed.

"People say, if London was taken England would be lost. So it would be, if they who say so were our only defenders; and that a London tailor and a pastry-cook were to command officers of the line as colonels of volunteers, which is the case now. Oh! wise government! The minute a Frenchman sets foot in England, these gentlemen will find that laws are easily cut by the edge of the sword, and regular officers will laugh at their pretending to command. However we are all thoroughly alarmed, and it cannot be said much to our credit. The people of England afraid of the threats of Frenchmen! What shall we be if they come? It would however do us some good in correcting the luxurious effeminacy of the higher orders. For, take away Lord Huntly and a few other young men, and what a set of nobles we have: they should be all sailors or soldiers now. In truth our princes are the only great people who set a good example; and though one cannot say much for their talent, they fight, and bestir themselves, instead of staying in London. As to our sins, God forgive us them, they are much about the same now as formerly, and do not much interfere with the fate of the nation in my opinion: except by making us rich and lazy. The times are not harder than formerly, and the Emperor Napoleon does not appear to me at all in the light of a scourge to Europe; the same numbers of men would die whether there were war or not. No! our sins are not in fault, and you mistake my religious principles, if you think I bother myself trying to see beyond the grave. My meaning was confused with writing about it so much. I never trouble myself seeking to penetrate beyond the grave, and am sorry you thought me so foolish. Many sensible people do so, you say: that may be denied, they must be weak people. Instinct, or something, makes us believe there is a futurity, but were God to descend and say to me No! though my idea of mankind would be lowered, I should be equally happy.

"January 22nd.—A whole year has passed since you

went to Ireland, and I long to see you again, but I have no low spirits now, that is all given up: no melancholy thought is allowed to enter my mind or, if one presses to enter, reading or some other occupation drives it away. If there is no occupation at hand, reflection points out the folly of letting anything make us unhappy in this life; and the unthankfulness of not enjoying present pleasures sent, because of one or two things we choose to call misfortunes. We are not indeed monks of *La Trappe*, and need not repeat *Memento mori*, or think of it with horror, yet it should be always in our minds.

"It grieves me that Mr. Pitt is in a way to follow his forefathers: poor man! George is just come in, and says he is reported to be no more. God knows if it is true, I hope not, his loss just now would be great as a minister, and everything will be thrown into confusion. As to our troops in Hanover, my fear is they will fall into the hands of the French. Everybody says they will get off, yet the French are very active. Our troops, few in numbers and requiring able commanders, have their wings under * * * * and * * * * *!! Why do we laugh at the Trojans admitting a wooden horse? The government seems even to fear the activity of Lord Cathcart, who is sent to act with his army before he knows it; yet his abilities are not so wonderful as to need impediments, like the man who had his legs tied for fear of outrunning a hare. It is madness to expect success from a small army equipped, and its movements arranged by ministers who do not know what the operations of war are, and will not ask advice from those who do. England will always fail in her expeditions, unless the minister is military and a good soldier; or, what is the same, leaves the arrangements to a good one after the thing has been fixed upon. The Duke of York should have appointed Lord Cathcart in time, and have let him know what he was to command, instead of hurrying him after his army—altogether it is absurd.

"If there is a peace, my intent is to visit the continent, finish French, and learn German, which could be done in six months; this makes me eager to see you, because, if done it must be done like lightning for fear of war again: moreover, see Buonaparte before he dies I will. My idea is to go to the Hague, or Holstein, where both languages could be learned together, quicker than in France. It is in such acquirements my great deficiency as a soldier touches me: languages are absolutely necessary, and labouring at them at home is time lost. My knowledge of engineering is now more than is necessary for officers of the line, and as much as is required for my duty as an engineer on service; but not near what it should be generally: my want is greater practice, which Brown is bent on not giving us. Never saw an old bachelor worth a farthing.

"April.—What a taking you are in! old lady! de childers is not going to the *Ingies*. Keep up dearest mother. You will be very low leaving Castletown; who would not in your place? But discard all reflection, it will be your greatest help. Put away every melancholy thought, employ every minute in arrangements, and think only of meeting your sons in England. You are not bidding adieu to Ireland, why should you not return? Aunt Louisa will often go back and forwards, why not accompany her? She is older than you, and you are equally able for these journeys, which are useful to health and spirits: inaction is the bane of both. All melancholy on such occasions may be overcome. Enough of preaching, and as Napoleon says to the pope, God have you in his holy keeping, and blow you over with a westerly wind."

Important public events, opening new prospects for Charles Napier, now gave a spur to his ambition. The battle of Austerlitz had terminated the war on the continent, William Pitt had gone to his fathers, and Charles Fox's advent to power was marked by negociations for peace. Meanwhile Sicily had been occupied by British troops, and the

Mediterranean command was given to General Fox. Sir John Moore went as second in command, taking with him the 52nd Regiment, and soon afterwards appointed George Napier to be his aide-de-camp. And now also Mr. Fox, at the solicitation of Lady Sarah, had given a majority to Charles; but in a Cape colonial corps, and that only by a firm expression of his will: for his failing health was so notorious, and his political enemies so exultant, that Sir Walter Scott gave public vent to their anticipations with indecent triumph at a political dinner, by a song offensive alike to good taste and feeling. But promotion anywhere gave Charles Napier unbounded satisfaction; it was an approach to power, which he panted for as a means of promoting good. At first he tried to exchange from his regiment to one which would again place him under Sir John Moore, but failing in that he was going to embark for the Cape, when a remarkable incident gave a new turn to his fortunes. Contrary winds had detained him at Portsmouth, and being there thrown into the society of the 50th Regiment, he so won on the officers that they proposed to him an exchange at small cost. He refused to pay money, as contrary to the regulations; but they would not be so baffled, and contrived to have him gazetted without payment; how he never knew, but it was a signal proof of regard. Bognor soon became the quarters of the regiment, and he renewed his intimacy with Sir James and Lady Duff, who lived in that neighbourhood. He was often also at Goodwood, where the Duke of Richmond frequently employed him to make military sketches, imparting at the same time his own views for the defence of Sussex against the threatened invasion. These were not perhaps of the highest order, yet the result of much reflection and information, and calculated to awaken his nephew's greater faculties for war: soon however, this mental aid, and worldly support, was cut off, the duke died at the end of the year.

FOURTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

In 1807 a vehement desire for service pervaded the British army. Officers and soldiers dreaded the coming of peace before their prowess could be displayed; and there was much irritation at the court preference for foreign troops, and the courtly cant about their superiority. Austrians, Prussians, and Russians had fled before the tricolour of France; the white, blue, and green uniforms had been trodden down in heaps, while the red was undishonoured; yet the wearers of it were told to learn from the beaten armies! What could they learn but defeat? They felt their own value, and their martial fury, continually fermenting, was augmented by daily insults; for in most parts of England, the southern counties especially, the military were treated as enemies if they were not called so. The glory of the navy was another stinging incentive, and it was fortunate the peninsular war came to give a vent for the fierce-gathering discontent. Yet it is remarkable that Indian triumphs excited little interest. Men's minds were so occupied with Napoleon's stupendous exploits, that Eastern generals were regarded only as a better sort of militia; even the great victor of Assaye, then commanding the Sussex district, was only a noble captain for those immediately about him: his Indian fame was almost ignored. It was, however, no slight proof of the indomitable fierceness of the troops that they recked little of reputations, boasting that they would fight any general through any blunders: bravely has that boast been vindicated.

Like all others, Charles Napier was grieved and impatient under this forced inactivity, but bent his mind to actual

duty with a severe philosophy, preparing for fame or obscurity as fate might determine. His correspondence will show the gradual development of his uncommon character; and it is remarkable how constant his antipathy was to service in the East, as if prescient of the ingratitude he was there to earn.

"Bognor, February 6th.—Buonaparte's defeat at Pultusk is dwindling to a kind of drawn battle, which is probably drawing and quartering for the poor Russians. As to the story you mention it is true, and was told me by the beautiful Miss Trowbridge's own charming pair of vermilions. She is like the king, and can do no wrong: in fact, she is an angel! General Fox is coming home from Sicily, leaving Moore in command. This is pleasant and unpleasant. It is disagreeable to have General Fox recalled, but shameful that Sir John Moore should have been so long only second. We hear he drilled and rattled the heroes of Maida, when he got first to Sicily, in a way they did not relish, but he has done them a world of good. The beautiful Mrs. Barwell has asked me to her house; she is most delightful, and her manners are very captivating. Between her and Miss Trowbridge, who is a surprising mixture of beauty, good nature, and fun, the devil himself is not more flaming than myself: I go about all fire. Don't you admire the Cossack mode of tying French prisoners by the hair to their saddle-bows? It is so delicate, and careful, so just and Christian like.

"March 6th.—Withermein writes from Sicily that there is no chance of service there. The second battalion of the 81st is not there; to be an Indian major is not my want.

"12th.—If the report of Lord Moira going on service be true, procure a strait-waistcoat, and teach my servant how to use it. But I fear there is not sense to employ a man equal to lead the British army as it deserves; a man who will not let it be run down, or told to look at the Austrians! The Duke of York might by this time have found out that Englishmen unite German strength and persevering courage

with French enthusiasm; and that our army is at present the finest material, though generally given to bad workmen. For ten years past Lord Moira should have had every opportunity of maturing his genius, and studying his enemy's: my belief is that he would have shewn himself a master: Buonaparte's marshals are clever, but with all admiration for them, they owe half their fame, at least, to fourteen years' hard fighting: that would make us good too. Lord Moira and Moore are the only generals the army confide in; with others they trust to their own courage, which is not a weak staff, though more suitable to a small than large body. Small bodies see their enemies, and beating them think all right; but large armies have no idea of the operations beyond their sight: each division trusts to the commander in chief for support, and if their opinion of his talent is not high, fancy a momentary success may lead to destruction. My brother William will not go mad, make yourself easy, on that score: I know him better than you. His scheme of going to Russia is good, if he is not obliged to borrow money, as that would be wrong. If he can get a majority by any plan, he should take it; or go as aide-de-camp anywhere if it does compel him to quit the 43rd Regiment. If Lord Moira command, my trust is that he will take us both: if not I also will try to join the Russians. I have never gone to sleep for six months without thinking this over. It will be easily managed; if not, the more difficulty the better, adventures are to my taste.

"20th.—Have no fear of my quitting England for twenty-five years at least! no fear either of the ministers, they are on sure ground, as no others are ready to take their places. If the Sicilian army wait till the Russians gain ground, George will have grandchildren first, unless Buonaparte kicks the bucket. There is no prospect for us soldiers. Nothing more about expeditions, and I am again in love with a Miss Home: a dear little Scotch thing with a beautiful face and beautiful figure, a beautiful dancer and

beautiful genius. My heart is a cinder, and as heat is said to cure heat, I stand by the fire all day to draw out my flame. Meanwhile I think of trying the Duke of York as to joining the Russians: one campaign got out of him would make me *asy*, and suit my notions, viz. Go! fight. Run away! But no East Indies for me; it would be unpleasant to be hanged by a Brahmin on the top of a pagoda and to deserve it: the West Indies there is no objection to. You may tell Richard that Xenophon has become a great favourite with me, though, at first, a slight flirtation with Clearchus was begun, it ended when his head was cut off: between friends, the Ten Thousand were great *raps*, though that should not be said amongst barbarians.

"I make daily strides towards becoming real commanding officer; for Stewart—not W. Stewart—though very pleasant in command, and very decided, has no objection to the bore of drill being taken off his hands. However I do not encroach, but only strive to teach the *major*, not the men, and so learn to be a lieutenant-colonel. There is a vacancy in the 78th, and it would please me to be in Sicily, and in a Scotch regiment; but their first battalion is in the East Indies and my ambition is not for nabobism: anywhere better than the East. The distance and the service are both disagreeable. Yet my conscience is very pliable, and if it were nearer to England I would flog the natives like others do: mind however, only in hopes of giving the devil a better hold of the directors, for all will fall on their souls of course"—it is strange that his after life should take him to the East; that he should have this very regiment, the 78th, under him there, and be by the directors' tools foully and shamefully accused of being its destroyer.

"Monte Video has proved the great bravery of our troops. It was a bloody attack, and though one cannot judge fairly from a dispatch, the general and his engineers seem to have made a bad job: their missing of the breach, and that breach a bad one when found, &c. were sad things. I knew

Vassal, Brownrigg and Dickenson of the Rifles: Brownrigg's brother died a short time since, a captain in the navy.

"May, Portsmouth.—*Quo fata vocant,* is the 50th's motto, and at present fata sends us to Guernsey, while the first battalion will form part of the expedition now fitting out,"—Copenhagen expedition. "My single chance now is, the first battalion being cut off and the two eldest majors *skivered:* a great comfort that would be, and is my brightest prospect."

His intense love of horses, which never abated even on his death-bed, and of which some touches have been already given, now breaks out: the *Molly* of the following letters was the little Arabian he rode when at school.

"Tichfield.—A sagacious farrier has given a decided opinion that Molly has been pricked, farriers are of a species, apt, if offended by doubt of their skill, to revenge on the quadruped: so we have agreed on the disease and cure. We embark to-morrow for Guernsey, shall be much crowded, and probably taken by a French privateer. Molly cannot move, she must be left sick: now I do not like leaving the little thing behind, nor yet risking her on a voyage, but a horse I must have, so she follows, and the chance of her being hurt worries me.

"Guernsey.—We sailed, and never was wretch more sick than I was, when at night the cry of Privateer! arose on deck with, Officers! Officers! I was up in a minute and a ludicrous scene opened. I, the major, shouting for the men to come up, the other officers rolling about in the dark, for there was a storm and none could keep steady; the soldiers tumbling up, some sick, some loading their muskets, others doing both, and all rolling about, and falling in such heaps, as to make me think they would shoot each other before monsieur arrived. However in a few minutes we got some forty into the forecastle and side next the privateer, which was bearing down and not a hundred yards off, looking

very black. She would not answer or fight, but came almost athwart our bows, when our captain called to me, Sir she is a privateer and trying to get to windward to board, we had better fire a shot. No sooner said than done: a man fired by my order, but only into her rigging, as she might not be a privateer. Still she bore down so close as to menace boarding before half my men were on deck and loaded, the latter not easy to effect, from sickness and the holding on to prevent being washed overboard. However thirty fired, just to say we did not mean to be taken, and the argument was found good: she sailed round us and went off, answering our hail with Guernsey smuggler. Our seamen said smugglers avoid other ships: yet she did not return our fire, and probably, seeing so many troops, expected more kicks than halfpence.

"May.—Low spirits, having only one short letter from you since leaving London: and my lovely Molly is away. Everything else going on smooth. Being oldest major here I hope to get command of a brigade of light troops; but all commands are a bore while the expedition is going on. Oh! my luck! Shall I ever go abroad?

"We soldiers give a ball the 1st of June, which will cost two or three pounds: would that ball and island were at the devil. I am too poor for dashing, and the Guernsey lasses are little, which I hate; ugly, which I abhor; and can't dance, which I abominate. I have been introduced however to some of the *sixties!*—descendants of old Norman robbers, who keep up the profession by smuggling and privateering for the honour of their ancestors. The shopkeepers are called *forties*—at the head of whom is Mr. ——, draper, banker, shoemaker, thief-taker and tailor, who has already coaxed me into a new pair of breeches for the ball; which causes sincere prayer for Mick Reilly for stealing my old pair.

"The prettiest little terrier ever seen has taken such a fancy to me, it is not possible to get rid of her: nor do I

wish it, for she has placed herself under my protection. She has the sharpest little face you ever saw, except my own, colour about the same, with japan eyebrows, large eyes like diamonds, and a jet black nose: her head is a little ball, and her legs japan.

"I fear the light companies will not be assembled, but I will make something of the 50th, for never was ground better adapted for light troops: two thousand would keep it without the expensive walls they are raising. Ophthalmia is amongst us, but slight. My rounds as field officer are sixteen miles on foot, which with a rocky road and dark night is no joke: one man broke his neck.

"June.—Molly is safe in my stables, fat and mischievous: her first effort was gnawing my poor little dog when put into the manger for introduction: Moll took her by the ear, and was frightened because doggie squalled. She was delighted to touch firm ground and danced for joy. I made her call on Mrs. —— and Miss ——, who have not returned the visit and she won't speak to them; wherefore they will not ask her to the ball, and that is hard, as she has not her match for legs in the island."

In Guernsey he became a freemason, left the island in June, and reached Deal in July.

"Deal.—Once more in barracks and with little duty, luckily, for Guernsey duty was too much. My poor friend McLeod 78th, has been killed in Egypt, and Wm. Stewart wounded. Our first battalion is coming here, and we are to form a brigade under General Spencer, who is a very gentlemanlike and peaceable kind of man: I thought he had been famous as a dasher both in dress and talent."

At this time the Copenhagen expedition was being embarked and with it his brothers William and Henry, the last in the navy.

"July.—William marched into this place on Monday, and on Tuesday to Ramsgate, and is now on board a transport in the Downs. He is on board a small transport and quite

well. You told me our destination depends on which militia regiment we recruit from; therefore I did not work, disliking to have any concern with fixing my own fate in the dark. Meanwhile my orders are to superintend the volunteering from the militia at one of the stations. It will be a troublesome appointment, but the most troublesome of all troubles to me is having nothing to do—*a too easy chair* is the rack for me. As to your remark dear mother, my answer is—in the army we learn, that the oldest people are first to be trusted, unless they have shewn inability for the trust! I like Lord Castlereagh's new plan of volunteering from the militia: Wyndham's plan is good for keeping up the army, and placing it ultimately on a right footing, but will not give a powerful effective force for the present emergency, which the other will do. The two plans will in time make a fine army, but Wyndham's might have been better. His general principle is good; that is, what has been adopted by him from others is sensible, his own part not so: yet what was his, and what not, we only know from conversation and newspapers, and both are bad sources to judge from.

"Brabourne Lees, August.—For two or three years, dear mother, my plan has been, not to write at night, yet that must be broken now for you. I am no longer a low-spirited wretch, and am worked to my heart's content with inspections of volunteers. Sixty officers and some two thousand men are expected, with their pockets full of bounty money; morality will probably depart from these barracks for about two months, but it is a pretty command for a major. Molly's corns have lamed her again."—This is the last notice of the Arabian mare. She was consigned to grass at Castletown, where she and two companions attained the ages of fifty-six, forty, and thirty-five years, Molly the youngest. The horrible ill-usage of the horse, designed by nature to live so long, is a crying sin: in Arabia only are they treated as they deserve.

"September.—The 50th second battalion will not go to Ireland: some regiments are not permitted to take Irish volunteers, which appears as if they were especially appropriated for half hanging, and flogging, and cutting of throats; for burnings and robberies, and other little government details. What an intolerable system of ruling. I have not made much havoc here with petticoat acquaintances yet, but have been invited to *catlap*, by the amiable and accomplished Misses Carter, nieces to the mighty old maid of that name: they are excessively entertaining. Whitelock, that miserable coward, well deserves to be shot: he can hardly escape a court-martial, which will not be swayed by party it is to be hoped, and if he gets off with life he must be broke, or the army is disgraced! Nearly two thousand men have been killed, besides the dishonour; and no good done; and all owing to the personal fear of one man! This was one of your gentry who damned officers in the ranks.

"Sept.—Thank you dear mother for my two brothers' letters from Copenhagen: they are worth reading. One is from a man who reflects on the scenes before him in a moral point of view; the other, with not less humanity, notes only what relates to the progress of the action. It might be thought the younger mind would feel most the horror of war; but the one has seen dead bodies, and perhaps some burning and pillage; the other has only seen the noise and spirited part of a battle, which he expected and would have been disappointed not to have seen. A dying man in pain, a bad wound, the cries of the hurt, are things he does not expect to affect him, as they will when he sees them, and as they have his brother; he is therefore all eagerness to fight and only thinks how things favour or retard success: all this is quite natural, and the other probably felt the same, but when writing his thoughts were chiefly occupied by a higher consideration. He saw the injustice of the action; he saw brave men dead in defence

of their homes; he saw a people ill-used by another nation in the first instance, and in the second ill-used by individuals; his ideas are therefore raised above the considerations of success. Why are they so raised when he is not accountable for the event beyond his own duty? Why should his mind dwell on what he thinks unjust when he cannot help it? Because his wish to succeed is not so great as his wish to save!

"How closely every turn of the head and mind follow religion in spite of worldly concerns in an uncorrupted heart! To overcome those feelings is generally the means of making a warrior; but it is hard for a soldier to judge when they should be indulged, and when suppressed for the good of numbers! This Copenhagen expedition. Is it an unjust action for the general good? Who can say that such a precedent is pardonable? When once the line of justice is passed there is no shame left. England has been unjust! What power will now blush to be so also? Was not our high honour worth the danger we might perhaps have risked in maintaining that honour inviolate? It is a bad policy as well as a bad action. For by this measure we countenance every action of Buonaparte; and with a single action to banish justice from amongst nations is a crime too great for excuse. It would have been more honourable, and more politic, to have hazarded an invasion, and lost armies in Ireland, than to have stamped power as a right. England has lost her honour in the history of nations. Mr. Fox would not have allowed it in his administration. Fear and weakness are the origin of the act. My view may be wrong, but it would be hard to make me believe so. I cease to regret staying behind, the sword of invasion is not pleasant to draw. Would to God thirty thousand fighting men were shut up in Copenhagen, it would be pleasanter; there would be no remorse or sorrow: now every one says—*Poor Danes!* A soldier cannot fight an enemy he pities with proper spirit.

"Volunteers pour in and business accumulates: the rascals rob all the country. I chased two fellows a few nights ago, and cut one of them down. Thank God he is not hurt to signify, but the affair was uncomfortable for an hour or two, until a surgeon and a light shewed that his hat had saved his head, and his ribs had preserved his inwards. It could not be helped. It was very dark, and following them into a lane I could not trust to taking two men prisoners, both grenadiers, and neither drunk. He is now well, and it has had a good effect. I am bothered with Sir Neddy Knatchbull, and other squires here, who object hugely to their game being shot. I, hypocrite that I am, inwardly rejoice at it, while with the face of a Quaker when a trooper swears in his presence, I condole with them on the *impropriety* of shooting their birds, and the *impossibility* of preventing it—the last always tacked to my pity for their grievances, as consolation. I do not shoot, but the officers who do send my friends game: so honour and profit combine. In good faith, however, though some of the squires behave very ill and are very sulky, which is of no use for it only amuses the mess, good Sir Neddy really behaves very well. My friends at Hythe tell me I am going to fall in love with a most beautiful girl just arrived there. Her name is Rob, of all things! Well Miss Rob is middle-sized, very finely shaped, has the sweetest countenance ever seen, perfectly easy of manners, but withal quite unassuming; her features are without a fault, and she has an ocean of countenance: in fine no defect can be discovered in her person, and her mind is equally admirable. It is said I must fall in love with her! so with God's help I will: she may refuse though!"

He now rejoined his regiment.

"October.—This Copenhagen affair is a villanous job, but not being a minister what is it to me? I am glad Lady Hester Stanhope is near you: she is a warm-hearted woman. Is it true that Whitelock is to be shot? He ought to be, but

it is a shocking thing for his family: however, the blood of hundreds is on his head! The following epigram has been written on him by a lady at Bath.

"To know the true dunghills this maxim prevails—
The cocks a white feather have set in their tails:
Should a general turn they in future will scout him
And swear that a Whitelock is somewhere about him.

"There is a very pretty widow, niece to the paymaster, come amongst the 50th. She is only twenty-two. Now never to marry any but a widow, has been a vow of mine: and here is one to my hand! She is a pretty thing as a man could wish to see, and a widow I am bent on.

"Nov.—There is a report that Capt. William Napier has taken sixty prisoners! But it is said also that the poor 43rd had twelve men hanged; and Lord Cathcart said twenty successful campaigns cannot wipe off their disgrace! He praises the Germans highly. Now if the 43rd has behaved so ill, it is the fault of General Richard Stewart, their late lieutenant-colonel. Nevertheless if they have behaved so ill, Lord Cathcart is right to stigmatize them; but he talks nonsense if he thinks those Hanoverians are equal to Englishmen. I wish the fate of England lay on the issue between five thousand of them and the 43rd alone!"

This story of the 43rd, was a curious illustration of the manner in which characters of regiments, as well as of individuals, are at times blasted in England by lying envious men, playing on the credulity of story-mongers. That Lord Cathcart ever spoke thus of the 43rd, or in any way injuriously of that regiment, is probably as false as the assertion of twelve men having been hanged: not one man was executed! The story was founded on an isolated fact. Two soldiers of the regiment, one a black musician, a deserter from the French; the other a deserter, as he afterwards acknowledged, from a ship of war, outraged a woman, and were instantly discovered and tried by a general court-martial. They were condemned, but the proceedings went home, for confirma-

tion, and were declared by the judges illegal: the men thus escaped, but the matter was mentioned in the House of Commons, with the usual errors of would-be orators, to the detriment of the regiment. The truth shall therefore be here recorded, with the peremptory tone due to the fame of as noble a regiment as ever bore arms: a regiment that *has* the glory of twenty successful campaigns playing around its colours, and no stigma to wipe away. Its conduct in Denmark was immaculate. Many regiments of many nations the writer of this work has seen in the field, and witnessed many instances of exemplary conduct; but never, not even with the 43rd itself, singularly steady as its career afterwards always was in all situations, did he ever see such entire and perfect negation of wrong-doing as the men and officers of that regiment exhibited in the Copenhagen campaign. All the ground immediately around that capital was rendered a waste by the besieging corps, under the eyes of the general commanding; but where the 43rd was quartered, a little beyond the actual circle of attack, was an oasis. Not the most trifling article was there disturbed, and so strictly was discipline enforced, that one soldier, though a good man, received twenty-five lashes, for plucking a few cherries off a tree standing in front of his quarters!

As to the sixty prisoners, noticed in the correspondence above, there is also a new but true tale to be told about them. A company of the 43rd, under the writer of this, being separated from the rest of the regiment, acted on the right, at what was called the battle of Kioge. General Leinsingen, a name well known to the readers of the celebrated William Cobbett's works, commanded, and the following atrocities were perpetrated under the name of fighting. Advancing through a thick wood, the Hanoverian red skirmishers, not their green, were in front, and a heavy fire was heard although no enemy was perceived; dead men were however soon come upon, one or two having swords; none had musquets, and it was evident that a butchery of

poor peasants was taking place. At the foot of one tree lay six unhappy creatures; they had climbed it to hide and were shot down. Five were dead, the sixth still alive, but mortally wounded, and the upper part of his arm being broken, the bone was driven half a foot out through the flesh, from the fall! Every British soldier shuddered at the cruelty.

Next day a large village was occupied, and there General Leinsingen set some soldiers to dabble in a common sewer for money, said to be hidden; and he excited others with ladders to enter a church by the roof, the doors being too strong to break open: the writer of this work saw him in the streets without his hat, stimulating the men. All this time the 43rd remained immovably abstinent, with exception of one man, who obeyed the general's call to search the sewer: he was instantly recalled by his captain, who expressed to General Leinsingen, in terms scarcely reconcileable with discipline, his disgust and determination to rejoin his regiment. He was not opposed, and all the prisoners were then put under his charge, with orders to take them to head-quarters: not sixty, but four hundred were given over. But what prisoners? More than three hundred were women and decrepit men! Few were able to bear arms! With this column a march of three days was made, across the country, directed by the churches, which in Zealand are all on rising knolls, and seen from afar. Hourly the poor prisoners cried out, There is my village—my house, and when they did so, the women and old men were released; the column was thus reduced to sixty young men who, perhaps, bore arms, but did not appear to have done so.

In 1808 Portugal and Spain rose against Napoleon, an event which excited the martial ardour of the British army almost to madness, but at first brought no relief for the monotonous life under which Charles Napier was pining. Sir John Moore was then recalled from Sicily with a large force, which had been there raised by him to the highest state of discipline for service: yet the ministers' design was

to have made them escort the royal family of Portugal to the Brazils! Contrary winds and other accidents baffled that miserable scheme, projected to prevent Moore having the command of the army they were preparing for the Peninsula: nevertheless the pitiful object was pursued by sending him to Sweden without plan or instructions, on which he could act, thus placing him at the disposal of a mad monarch, and risking the destruction of the fine army he commanded. And so intent were they on this intrigue, that when he, having saved his army by a rare sagacity and firmness, came back before their scheme was ripe, they insulted him and placed two men, unknown as generals, over his head. Nevertheless this expedition was supposed by the public to be designed for real service, and when the 1st battalion of the 50th was ordered to join the troops going to Portugal, Charles Napier's feelings became almost unendurable. However, a vent was now opened for the raging fierceness of the army, and it was full time, inaction had become intolerable. The soldiers, maddened by the monotony of drill, and the ferocity of a discipline disgracing civilization, sought by a variety of devices, evincing extraordinary resolution and subtlety, to escape from their unhappiness. Amongst other modes they created a bastard ophthalmia, which ruined many hundreds of the finest men, and for a long time baffled the medical officers, both as to cause and cure. Finally it was discovered, that a soldier of the 28th was the originator; that he had taught the patient to hold his eyelids open, while a comrade scraped lime from the barrack ceiling into his eyes! Inflammation was then kept up by other means, the disease became contagious, and the result was terrible: thousands of the finest men were lost to the service.

"Ashford, February.—As to Moore's putting me on the quartermaster-general's staff, dearest mother, he cannot; his interest would of course be great, but I have no right to ask for it: nor would that be a proper way. As to being

placed as my father was, it is as impossible as to be made commander in chief. The system of the department is now different, and so many are fit, and so many more think themselves fit, and so many are employed, that the situation is in fact become a very extensive command, and is generally given to lieutenant-colonels who are favourites at the Horse Guards. All I want is the name, and leave of absence, with permission to go anywhere. That favour would not be great, and General Fox is the right person to get it granted : but I don't want to go to India.

"March.—Our men have got the ophthalmia very badly, and are dying fast also from inflammation of the lungs, caused by the coldness of the weather and *bad barracks;* in some cases typhus supervenes, but is not contagious. There is no raging fever, cold alone is the cause, yet the men go off three or four a day: no officer suffers, they are warmer. You have, of course dear mother, by this time got my lungs into a high state of inflammation, and put out both my eyes: you shall be duly informed when the typhus begins, or if I am to go off with a good pulse. The people are very disagreeable to us soldiers; but we are taking John Bull in his own way. Some people attacked the 14th Dragoons for keeping hounds, and prevented their hunting. In return they indicted the roads, put their enemies to an expense of fifteen hundred pounds, pulled down two mills, built too near the highway, and thus taught the *gents* that if they push law to extremity for trifles we can do so likewise.

"Ashford, April.—I have been reading the *Life of the Great Condé* by the present prince. It is entertaining, and the writing prince seems to be a sensible, virtuous man; religious but not bigoted: this is shewn by his caution in speaking of Condé's religious principles. His natural admiration makes him bestow more praise on his ancestor's actions than they would extract from others: he is nevertheless impartial, and finds fault. But his extravagant pride

is very diverting. He thinks a prince of the blood must be above all things on God's earth, except the king; further, that this invaluable qualification and Condé's support of his dignity, are two of the hero's greatest perfections. He indeed concludes that these exalted mortals must also feel bound to deserve their rank; but the great attachment to birth which his book evinces is new to me in a living man; and considering his situation now is certainly remarkable. It is impossible not to feel contempt for a person who in this age retains the barbarous and ridiculous pride of former times: yet our own laws still assist in supporting it by their restrictions as to the marriages of the princes and princesses. The great Condé was a bad politician enough, and though certainly a good general, and a great man, was very inferior to Turenne. His character is very interesting, but my desire is to read some account with less of panegyric, suspecting his genius is made more of than it will bear. The barrack office have at last sent down fresh bedding for the soldiers, now that so many are dead, and that the mild weather makes it of little consequence to the living! They are very kind and humane!

"April.—I began a letter to congratulate Colonel Dorien on the acquisition of a wife, in Miss Le Clerc, who has an excellent head which is common, and an excellent heart which is uncommon. I have made no progress, and, suspecting he has found out those things himself, must leave the matter to the Bishop of Chichester's sister; who, if she has any regard for me, will write a treatise on congratulations, condolences, tea visitings, thumb twirlings and monosyllables. She should give it the title of *Compendious Propriety* dedicating it to Aunt Conolly, one of the few who, with a perfect contempt for decorum has the courage to practise it. What can I write about but propriety, and decorum? George will be soon off on an expedition and perhaps William; but I, miserable militia-man that I am, shall never move till the 1st battalion is in some detestable island or

garrison. A letter says they expect to go to the West Indies, or the Brazils: would that old Nick had America from Cape Horn to Baffin's Bay. Odds devilments I want to go to Sweden! Why may not I be mad as well as Charles the Twelfth?"

At this period Charles Stanhope, Mr. Pitt's nephew, became youngest major of the 50th, and a friendship quickly sprung up between these near relations of the great rival orators: side by side in war the young men were placed, but destined, too soon, to be divided again by the sword.

"Hythe, May.—I rode here, dear mother, this morning, to see poor Sturgeon, who has lost his little wife at last, the betrothed of Emmet, but on coming thought it better not. Young Curran is here, his sister was gone before he arrived. They are going to take the body to Ireland. Mrs. Sturgeon was past hope when she first came; she seemed a perfect ghost, and could not speak without stopping to get breath at every word. Much do I wish poor Sturgeon could get on an expedition, poor fellow! He bears his sorrow too well to forget it easily: but service would employ his mind, and he would then have a chance of being set free from misery, or at least the hope of it, for the chance would be the same. The endeavour to get killed, even if not successful, would save him much anguish, and by the end of a campaign the bitterness of grief might subside. Yet he would be better pleased to fall, the world to him is void: had his child lived he would have some interest in life. He is to be pitied, and if they should let him go to Sweden one year's active employment might make life worth keeping. His feelings may however be different, and that indolence of grief which can bear retirement and quiet may be his turn, though to me incomprehensible. My disposition is to like retirement at all times, except when in sorrow; then I long for interesting pursuits, duty or danger, or the care of others whom I love, something equal to rousing me. Trifles are not to be borne in grief, and something of in-

terest can always be found. Therefore I shall always be able to bear grief, and rejoice in a disposition which prepares for that pain we are all destined to bear in life, and which it is weakness to be terrified at, although requiring a full exertion of strength to meet."

The following extract touching the surgery of the day redeems the character of Sangrado.

"May.—The soldiers have got pneumonia at Hythe, and are dying as fast as we folks at Ashford. Only think of the surgeon taking from one man in twenty-four hours, *one hundred and sixty ounces of blood*, and he is recovering! They say bleeding to death is the best way of *saving them!*

"June.—Moore will hardly be able to attack Cronstadt, but a sudden thing often succeeds with little bloodshed, and you must be quiet and await the event; and dear mother, as thinking will do no good, let us say no more, but hope to see George back with his bellyful of fighting. We are going to send arms to Spain, we had better send legs; however it is but fair to help them to be killed as they like. The papers say Moore is still at Gottenburg, methinks he will soon return."

Being now at the head of a battalion, he accepted the duties with a deep sense of responsibility, as the following terrible letter will shew. The disgusting ferocity of discipline then common, has, thanks to public opinion, enlightened and stirred up to the holy work by Sir Francis Burdett's generous indignation, been abolished: soldiers cannot now be scourged until their bladebones are laid bare and white as those of a skeleton! The punishment noticed in this letter was not then accounted cruel, it was a medium infliction; and his anxiety, if known, was more likely to have excited contempt than sympathy; to such a depth of ferocity will habit, enforced by brutal powe sink the noblest minds. Yet there was even then a secret sense of shame and horror amongst the thinking portion of the army:

low voices were at times heard, like distant echoes to Burdett's trumpet-tongued denunciations, lamenting that such things were.

"June 1808.—You know my antipathy to flogging; you know that it is unconquerable. It began from hatred of the sight, and a disgust, not yet gone, though habit reconciles one to horrible sights. This antipathy gains strength from principle and reason, as I am convinced it could be dispensed with. Still, as other severe punishments do not exist in our army, we must use torture in some cases, until a substitute is given by our government. Mark this narrative. A robbery was committed in the regiment and the thief was discovered in a few hours, for men seldom suffer an outrage on their own society: no soldier can rob another without discovery. I resolved to make a severe example. 1°. Because we are chiefly composed of boys, and if the punishment of robbery were not made terrible, the temptation of gold and impunity might have a great effect on their minds. 2°. Because it was only justice. The man is a pardoned deserter and a hardened villain, very little deserving of pity; and the soldier he robbed was a comrade who put entire confidence in him. It was altogether a villanous affair, and I made a great stir when the matter was reported, giving the men to believe I would drink the very blood of the offender, and flog the whole regiment unless the robber and his accomplices were discovered. Officers and men were thus worked up, and the grenadiers, he was one of them, soon cleared their honour by producing him. He was sentenced to nine hundred lashes. Yet there was not one positive proof of the robbery, all was presumptive evidence: but I charged him with breaches of discipline, which could be proved, and my resolve was to punish, or not, according to my own judgment, a commanding officer being in truth despotic.

"Two days I took to consider every circumstance, thinking if he should be afterwards proved innocent, it would be

disagreeable to have bestowed nine hundred lashes wrongfully. However the thing appeared so clear my mind was finally made up, but entirely for the good of others and against my feelings. If mistaken in my judgment there was nothing to tax conscience with, for decision is absolutely necessary amongst troops. The man thought me his deadly foe, whereas he had not such a powerful advocate in the garrison, for every one was outrageous against him, while in my mind there was not an atom of anger.

"Yesterday he was flogged in the square, where, no longer appearing angry, I said part of the punishment should be remitted if he would tell of his accomplices; that torture would make him speak, and the money would prove his truth; it would therefore be better for his accomplices to confess and be produced. No one spoke. When he had received two hundred lashes he was promised pardon, if he told where the money was. No! God in heaven was his witness he was innocent; many a man prayed for my honour who was guilty of many bad things, spare him in God's name who was innocent! In this manner he went on. I was inexorable: and it is hardly credible that he received six hundred lashes, given in the most severe manner, and which he showed he felt with that acute sense of pain that some men have not, the whole time calling God and the saints to witness his innocence, praying for death to relieve him. It required great resolution to remain inflexible, but it was necessary. Was I right in thinking him guilty, then it was right to do what was done. Was I wrong, then my misfortune could not be greater merely from giving more pain; and unless I went to the full extent it must be wrong, because it would evince doubt, and with doubt not a lash should have been given. Feeling right I was firm, but at six hundred lashes he was taken down, with the seemingly brutal intention of flogging him again on a half-healed back, which is in a commanding officer's power to do, and the greatest torture possible. He was told it should be

so unless he confessed in the interim, and directions were given that he should be kept solitary to lower his spirits. My troubles were soon over: pain, lowness, and the people employed to frighten him succeeded, he confessed all, and told where the money was hid.

"July.—They say Lord Moira is to command the expedition to Spain, Anstruther is going, everybody is going but me: with my untoward luck I ought not to serve. Will you let me know if you hear of any majority of militia vacant, for it is better to be one thing or t'other at once. I see no prospect of adversity to try Napoleon's genius, but a great prospect of fresh laurels, and as much patriots' blood as will make rich land and good crops in Spain, where all is noise and bubble: the slaughter of the patriots is the only substantial thing, and that will continue to be so. Still we are bound to help them, poor people. We have not indeed ruined them by our intrigues, we are guiltless of their blood, but I would rather see England sink with them than refuse her aid in so noble a cause. Let her trust home to my brother militia-men, and send her soldiers to the last man into Spain, we may succeed: God only knows, and He is beyond our ken. That we shall make some blunder is my opinion, we always do; but the fate of Spain and Europe is settled beforehand and we shall do as fate ordains. Those fine Spaniards are to be liked, and it is fitting we should fall with them rather than leave them without help. I have heard no military man's opinion yet, but it appears madness to make diversions as they call them: if they intend to fight, let fifty thousand men be sent, and all the officers who speak the language to form their men. We have but one chance, which is to annihilate the French army in Spain before succours can cross the Pyrenees; but this requires a rapidity of action which we never exert, although we have the power.

"Why should we attempt Italy? if we succeed in Spain it will be the best diversion in favour of Italy; for Napoleon

will draw troops from there and the north to restore his power: then will be the time for attacking him nearer home. If he leaves Brest defenceless, as he has often done, we could strike a blow, which *you* have often heard of, before he could help himself. In this mode we might help ourselves, but his arms will crush everything in Spain that they can reach. Nevertheless a hostile population is a powerful weapon and no man can say what it will effect."

It is remarkable that these objections to an Italian diversion, were precisely those advanced by Wellington in 1813, when the project was renewed by Lord William Bentinck and the ministers. The stroke at Brest was a favourite project with his father, and according to the Buckingham Memoirs, General Simcoe also proposed that enterprise, but Lord Grenville at once pronounced it to be impracticable. The arrogant ignorance, as to military affairs, which then marked the government, would be almost incredible if it had not descended with full darkness upon the Newcastles, Sydney Herberts, and Panmures. Formerly it excited the disgust of Simcoe, Lord Moira, Abercrombie, Sir Charles Stuart, Moore and Wellington; in the present time the disgust of the whole world. At both periods War! War! has been shouted with the ferocity and violence of savages; and yet conducted with more than the ignorance of barbarians, so far as the governments have been concerned.

Here, as connected with the subject, it may be permitted to observe, that the noble editor of the Memoirs in question has assailed the authenticity of a passage in the present writer's History of the Peninsular War which imputes to the Grey and Grenville administration the collecting of troops at Cork for conquest in South America. He says their ministry had terminated six months before, and there was no proof of such design. The authority was the Duke of Wellington, who positively and emphatically, and with decision pressed the fact, knowing the use that would be made of his communication.

The fourth epoch of Charles Napier's life shall now be terminated with a letter, not addressed to his mother but designed for her support under severe mental depression: for she was in uneasy worldly circumstances, menaced with total blindness, and had recently lost her husband, her brother, and her youngest child, a beautiful girl, recalled to heaven when just entering on womanhood. All this had befallen her also, when four of her sons were exposed to the dangers of a war, become so inveterate that to speak of peace without extermination of enemies, was to raise a suspicion of treason: certainly she needed support, and if he gave it roughly it was because he could not console.

"September.—I am glad you are with mother, my dear William. Tell her there is no reason, when she calls life a journey, why the traveller should be, or appear to be indifferent to the objects around, or neglect the welfare of other travellers. Why should we give up all duties, and the feeling and enjoying the good given is a great duty, because God takes away one gift? Such reasoning would, if several should be taken away, lead to her becoming entirely miserable: it would lead to despair! Often do I hear her, and others, say, people are resigned! What in God's name do they call resignation? It is not in their power to save, so they must bear: but if giving way to grief, or giving up a single duty, or altering in any respect, save for improvement, is adopted, then I know not what their resignation means, for to let misfortune turn us into automatons is not real resignation. I am glad they are all to be together, for women are generally frighted when alone: when there are not men in their circle, they should herd together, for numbers will supply the place of men. It requires the resolution of Aunt Conolly to overcome their natural feeling of dependence on men; and for that reason my feelings are more comfortable when she is with those I love: she is like a pillar that we know will not break—may God leave her long amongst us! If my mother would occupy

herself by making Caroline read one hour every evening, and not allow of any interruption, she would feel much happier every night; and so would Caroline who, being young, would also have many other occupations."

This Caroline was another sister, a little older than the deceased Cecilia but destined to follow her in less than two years to the grave.

FIFTH EPOCH.

FROM the visions of childhood to the aspirations of manhood, Charles Napier's progress has been presented in the preceding pages without reserve; and it has been seen that his spirit bent very gently to all social feelings: it was not the bending of weakness though, and he shall now be shewn as fierce in danger, and as strong in suffering, as he was before tender and affectionate.

After the battle of Vimiera he was suddenly called to Lisbon with his friend Stanhope. His colonel, Walker, then obtained leave of absence, the regiment fell to Napier, and with a marked indication of personal esteem, Sir J. Moore incorporated it in the army going to Spain, having previously rejected it while under Walker, whose harsh discipline had excited his anger. It is well known how the truly great and ill-used Moore was sent into the heart of Spain by incapable ministers, to find not armies, nor enthusiasm, nor energetic government, nor military aid, all of which he had been promised; but in their stead the greatest military genius of the world before him, with troops so numerous that their cavalry alone doubled his whole force. It is known also with what a mastery of war he extricated himself from that raging storm of war; with what firmness he conducted his retreat; and how, turning at Coruña, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory.

During the retreat Charles Napier, serving in Lord William Bentinck's brigade, so justified the favour of Moore, that the 50th's ranks were full at the battle of Coruña, and puissant was the shock with which they met the greatest assailing French column on that fatal field, driving it back with fire and steel beneath the eyes of the general, who with exultant applause gave instant orders to support the impetuous

counter stroke. Had those orders been obeyed Soult's army would have been lost, but just then the heroic Moore fell, and error followed when the presiding spirit was gone. The 50th was not supported, and fighting amongst lanes, houses and vineyards, was scattered in small bands, when fresh enemies came down to overwhelm the broken ranks. Stanhope was killed, and Charles Napier, covered with wounds, was carried off a prisoner: far in advance, and hidden by inequalities of ground, his desperate contention was unobserved, and was in the dispatches unnoticed; but the following narrative of his conduct and sufferings, will supply the deficiency: it was written afterwards and by him marked, as

"MY PART IN THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA, AND THAT OF JOHN HENNESSY."

"On the 16th of January, 1809, the British army was opposed to the French at Coruña. The Imperial troops, on higher ground, hung over us like threatening clouds, and about one o'clock the storm burst. Our line was under arms, silent, motionless, yet all were anxious for the appearance of Sir John Moore. There was a feeling that under him we could not be beaten, and this was so strong at all times as to be a great cause of discontent during the retreat wherever he was not. Where is the general? was now heard along that part of the line where I was, for only of what my eyes saw, and my ears heard, do I speak. This agitation augmented as the cries of men stricken by cannon-shot arose. I stood in front of my left wing, on a knoll, from whence the greatest part of the field could be seen, and my picquets were fifty yards below, disputing the ground with the French skirmishers: but a heavy French column, which had descended the mountain at a run, was coming on behind with great rapidity, and shouting En avant, tue, tue, en avant tue! their cannon at the same time, plunging from above, ploughed the ground and tore our ranks. Suddenly

I heard the gallop of horses, and turning saw Moore. He came at speed, and pulled up so sharp and close he seemed to have alighted from the air; man and horse looking at the approaching foe with an intenseness that seemed to concentrate all feeling in their eyes. The sudden stop of the animal, a cream-coloured one with black tail and mane, had cast the latter streaming forward, its ears were pushed out like horns, while its eyes flashed fire, and it snorted loudly with expanded nostrils, expressing terror, astonishment and muscular exertion. My first thought was, it will be away like the wind! but then I looked at the rider and the horse was forgotten. Thrown on its haunches the animal came, sliding and dashing the dirt up with its fore feet, thus bending the general forward almost to its neck; but his head was thrown back and his look more keenly piercing than I ever before saw it. He glanced to the right and left, and then fixed his eyes intently on the enemy's advancing column, at the same time grasping the reins with both his hands, and pressing the horse firmly with his knees: his body thus seemed to deal with the animal while his mind was intent on the enemy, and his aspect was one of searching intenseness beyond the power of words to describe: for a while he looked, and then galloped to the left, without uttering a word. I walked to the right of my regiment, where the French fire from the village of Elvina was now very sharp, and our picquets were being driven in by the attacking column; but I soon returned to the left, for the enemy's guns were striking heavily there, and his musquetry also swept down many men. Meeting Stanhope, I ordered him to the rear of the right wing, because the ground was lower, it was his place, he was tall, the shot flew high, and I thought he would be safer. Moore now returned, and I asked him to let me throw our grenadiers, who were losing men fast, into the enclosures in front. No, he said, they will fire on our own picquets in the village. Sir our picquets, and those of the 4th Regiment,

also, were driven from thence when you went to the left. Were they, then you are right, send out your grenadiers: and again he galloped away. Turning round I saw Captain Clunes of the 50th, just arrived from Coruña, and said to him, Clunes take your grenadiers and open the ball. He stalked forward alone, like Goliah before the Philistines, for six feet five he was in height, and of proportionate bulk and strength, his grenadiers followed, and thus the battle began on our side.

"Again Sir John Moore returned, and was talking to me when a round shot struck the ground between his horse's feet and mine. The horse leaped round, and I also turned mechanically, but Moore forced the animal back and asked me if I was hurt? No sir! Meanwhile a second shot had torn off the leg of a 42nd man, who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm with others. The general said, This is nothing my lads, keep your ranks, take that man away: my good fellow don't make such a noise, we must bear these things better. He spoke sharply, but it had a good effect; for this man's cries had made an opening in the ranks, and the men shrunk from the spot, although they had not done so when others had been hit who did not cry out. But again Moore went off, and I saw him no more! It was a little in front of this spot that he was killed. The French pointed out the place to me two months afterwards. There it was he refused to let them take off his sword when it hurt his wound! that dreadful wound! poor fellow! Yet, why poor fellow? Is death to be regretted when accompanied by victory, glory, admiration! Rather let those sigh who live and rot, doing nothing, and having nothing to do, until, poor miserable drivellers, they sink under a tombstone!

"Lord William Bentinck now came up on his quiet mule, and though the fire was heavy began talking to me as if we were going to breakfast; his manner was his ordinary one, with perhaps an increase of good-humour and placidity. He

conversed for some time, but no recollection of what he said remains, for the fire was sharp and my eyes were more busy than my ears: I only remember saying to myself this chap takes it coolly or the devil 's in it.

"Lord William and his mule, which seemed to care as little for the fire as its rider, sheltered me from shot, which I liked well enough; but having heard officers and soldiers jeer at Colonel Walker for thus sheltering himself behind General Fane's horse at Vimiera, I went to the exposed side: yet it gave me the most uncomfortable feel experienced that day. Lord William borrowed my spy-glass, it had been Lord Edward FitzGerald's, and was a very fine one, I never saw it more. He went to the 4th Regiment and was not seen by me again during the fight; nor did I receive an order from him or anybody, unless Sir John Moore's permission to move my grenadiers forward can be called one: neither did I see a single staff officer during the battle, except Sir John and Lord William.

"When Lord William went away I walked up and down before the regiment, and made the men shoulder and order arms twice to occupy their attention, for they were falling fast and seemed uneasy at standing under fire. The colours also were lowered, because they were a mark for the enemy's great guns: this was by the advice of old John Montgomery, a brave soldier who had risen from the ranks. Soon the 42nd advanced in line, but no orders came for me. Good God! Montgomery, I said, are we not to advance? I think we ought he answered. But said I, no orders have come. I would not wait he said. The 4th did not move, the 42nd seemed likely to want our aid, it was not a moment for hesitation, and John Montgomery, a Scotchman, said laughingly You cannot be wrong to follow the 42nd. I gave the word but forbad any firing, and to prevent it and occupy the men's attention, made them slope and carry arms by word of command. Many of them cried out, Major let us fire! Not yet was my answer, for having

advanced without orders, I thought to have them more under command if we were wrong, whereas, firing once begun, we could not change. At that moment the 42nd checked a short distance from a wall and commenced firing, and though a loud cry arose of Forward! forward! no man, as I afterwards heard, passed the wall. This check seemed to prove that my advance was right, and we passed the 42nd. Then I said to my men, Do you see your enemies plain enough to hit them? Many voices shouted By Jasus we do! Then blaze away! and such a rolling fire broke out as I have hardly ever heard since.

"After passing the 42nd we came to the wall, which was breast high and my line checked, but several officers, Stanhope one, leaped over, calling on the men to follow. At first about a hundred did at a low part, no more, and therefore, leaping back, I took a halberd and holding it horizontally pushed many over the low part; and again getting over myself, run along, followed by my orderly sergeant, Keene, with his pike. As we passed, four or five soldiers levelled together from the other side, but Keene threw up their muskets with a force and quickness which saved me from being blown to atoms, as it was my face was much burned: then all got over, yet it required the example of officers and the bravest men to get all over.

"Now the line was formed beyond the wall, and I, recollecting Voltaire's story of the guards' officers laying their swords over the men's firelocks to keep their level low, did so with the halberd to show coolness, and being cool, though the check at the wall had excited me and made me swear horribly. We then got to marshy ground close to a village, where the fire from the houses was terrible, the howitzers from the hills pelting us also. Still I led the men on, followed closely by Ensigns Moore and Stewart with the colours until both fell, and the colours were caught up by Sergeant Magee and another sergeant. My sword-belt was shot off, scabbard and all, but not being hit I pushed rapidly into the

street, exactly at the spot where, soon after, I was taken prisoner. Many Frenchmen lay there, apparently dead, but the soldiers cried out bayonet them, they are pretending. The idea was to me terrible, and made me call out No! no! leave those cowards, there are plenty who bear arms to kill, come on!

"At this place stood the church, and towards the enemy a rocky mound, behind which, and on it, were the grenadiers; but no officer met my sight, except Captain Harrison, Lieutenant Patterson, and Lieutenant Turner, and my efforts were vain to form a strong body; the men would not leave the rocks, from which they kept up a heavy fire. No time was to be lost, we could not see what passed on our flanks, we had been broken in carrying the village of Elviña, and as a lane went up straight towards the enemy, I run forward calling out to follow: about thirty privates and the above-named officers did so, but the fire was then terrible, many shells burst among us, and the crack of these things deafened me, making my ears ring. Half way up the lane I fell, without knowing why, but was much hurt, though at the moment unconscious of it; a soldier cried out the major is killed. Not yet, come on.

"We reached the end of this murderous lane, but a dozen of those who entered it with me fell ere we got through it. However some shelter was found beyond the lane; for Brooks of the 4th had occupied the spot with his picquet the day before, and had made a breastwork of loose stones, which was known to me, having been there, and nearly killed the evening before, when visiting the picquet as officer of the day. The heap remained, and about a dozen of us lodged ourselves behind this breastwork, and then it appeared to me that by a rush forward we could carry the battery above; and it was evident we must go on or go back, we could not last long where we were. Three or four men were killed at my side, for the breastwork was but a slender protection, and two were killed by the fire

of our own men from the village behind. The poor fellows kept crying out as they died, Oh God! Major, our own men are killing us! Oh Christ God I'm shot in the back of the head! The last man was so, for he fell against me, and the ball had entered just above the poll. Remembering then that my father had told me he saved a man's life, at the siege of Charleston, by pulling a ball out with his finger before inflammation swelled the parts, I thought to do the same, but could not find it, and feared to do harm by putting my finger far in. It made me feel sick, and the poor fellow being laid down, continued crying out that our men had killed him, and there he soon died.

"This misery shook us all a good deal, and made me so wild as to cry and stamp with rage, feeling a sort of despair at seeing the soldiers did not come on. I sent Turner, Harrison and Patterson, the three officers with me, to bring them on, and they found Stanhope animating the men, but not knowing what to do, and calling out Good God where is Napier? When Turner told him I was in front and raging for them to come on for an attack on the battery, he gave a shout and called on the men to follow him, but ere taking a dozen strides cried out Oh my God! and fell dead, shot through the heart. Turner, and a sergeant who had been also sent back, then returned to me, saying they could not get a man to follow them up the lane. Hearing this, I got on the wall, waving my sword and my hat at the same time, and calling out to the men behind among the rocks; but the fire was so loud none heard me, though the lane was scarcely a hundred yards long. No fire was drawn upon me by this, for a French captain afterwards told me he, and others, prevented their men firing at me; he did not know, nor was he told by me, who it was, but he said, instead of firing at him I longed to run forwards and embrace that brave officer. My own companions called out to jump down or I should be killed: I thought so too, but was so mad as to care little what happened to me.

"Looking then along the field, from the height of the wall, our smoke appeared to be everywhere retiring; but the French smoke was not advancing, which gave me comfort. However it was useless to stay there, and jumping down I said to Harrison, Stay here as long as you can, I will go to the left and try to make out how the 42nd get on. No one was to be seen near our left from my standing place near the wall; but there was some brushwood, and a ridge with a hedge on the top, which debarred further sight, and the thought came to me that instead of being foremost, we might be in line with some of the 42nd—and though the 4th had not advanced, if fifty men of the 42nd and 50th could be gathered, we might still charge the battery above us: if we failed there was a house near, into which we could force our way, and as it was conspicuous from the English position Moore would send me support.

"Telling this to Captain Harrison, I went off along a lane running at right angles from the one we were in, and parallel to our position; this exposed me to the English, not to the French fire, but being armed with only a short sabre, useless against a musket and bayonet, and being quite alone, shortsighted, and without spectacles, I felt very cowardly and anxious. Pursuing my course however for about a hundred yards, I came near a French officer lying on his back wounded, and being myself covered with blood and my face smeared, for two of the killed men had fallen in my arms, my look was no doubt fierce; and though I approached him out of pity, he thought it was to kill him: his feet were towards me and as he raised his head he cried out to some comrades above him, pointing with a quick convulsive motion towards me. Those whom he addressed could not be seen, for the ridge was about six feet high, nearly perpendicular, with the thick hedge at top; but my danger was soon announced through the roots of the hedge by a blaze of fire poured so close as to fill the lane with smoke. All went over my head, being evidently fired

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without seeing me, or my body must have been blown to pieces.

"Giving myself up for lost, the temptation to run back was great, but the thought that our own line might see me, made me walk leisurely, in more danger indeed yet less alarmed than when going forward without knowing what would happen. The whole excursion along the lane was the most nervous affair I ever experienced in battle; nor was my alarm lessened on getting back, for Harrison and the others were gone! They could not stand the fire. I felt very miserable then, thinking the 50th had behaved ill; that my not getting the battery had been a cause of the battle being lost, and that Moore would attribute all to me. The English smoke had gone back, and my only comfort was that the French smoke had not gone forward. The battle seemed nearly over, I thought myself the last man alive belonging to our side who had got so far in front, and felt certain of death, and that my general would think I had hidden myself, and would not believe me to have done my best. I thought also my little party had been taken. Lord William Bentinck afterwards told me that he had ordered my regiment back, in direct contradiction of Moore's design, who had, he admitted, told him not to recall me, but send men to my assistance!!!

"In this state of distraction, and still under a heavy fire, I turned down the lane to rejoin the regiment and soon came on a wounded man, who shrieked out, Oh praised be God major! my dear major! God help you my darling, one of your own 50th. I cannot carry you, was my reply; can you walk with my help? Oh no major I am too badly wounded. You must lie there then till help can be found. Oh Christ God, my jewel, my own dear major sure you won't leave me! The agony with which he screamed was great, it roused all my feelings, and strange to say alarmed me about my own danger, which had been forgot in my misery at finding Harrison was gone

from the corner, and thinking the battle lost. Stooping down, I raised the poor fellow, but a musket-ball just then broke the small bone of my leg some inches above the ankle; the pain was acute, and though the flesh was not torn, the dent made in my flesh remains to this day and is tender to the touch! Telling the man of my own wound, my course was resumed; his piteous cries were then terrible, and fell bitterly as reproaches for my want of fortitude and courage. Yet what could be done by a man hardly able to walk, and in great pain, with other duties to perform? I felt it horrible to leave him, but selfishness and pain got the better, and with the help of my sword, limping and with much suffering, I arrived at a spot where two other lanes met at the corner of a church: there were three privates of the 50th, and one of the 42nd, an Irishman, there, who said we were cut off, and indeed Frenchmen were then coming up both lanes, one party from the position of the 50th the other from that of the 4th. The last appeared the least numerous and the nearest, they were not thirty yards from us, and forgetting my leg then, though I had not pluck to do so for the poor wounded man left behind, I said to the four soldiers, follow me and we 'll cut through them: then with a shout I rushed forward.

"The Frenchmen had halted, but now run on to us, and just as my spring and shout was made the wounded leg failed and I felt a stab in the back: it gave me no pain, but felt cold and threw me on my face. Turning to rise I saw the man who had stabbed me making a second thrust; whereupon letting go my sabre I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion grasped his firelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my feet. His companions had now come up and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. We had been attacked from behind by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs

to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed in an instant, before the two parties coming up the road reached us: they did so however just as my struggle with the man who had wounded me was begun. That was a contest for life, and being the strongest, I forced him between myself and his comrades, who appeared to be the men whose lives I had saved when they pretended to be dead on our advance through the village. They struck me with their muskets clubbed, and bruised me much; whereupon, seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out *Je me rend*, remembering the expression correctly from an old story of a fat officer, whose name being James, called out *Jemmy round*. Finding they had no disposition to spare me, I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me, but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment a tall dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-hilted sabre round and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare, for my cocked hat had fallen off.

"Expecting the blow would finish me, I had stooped my head in hopes it might fall on my back, or at least on the thickest part of the head and not on the left temple; so far I succeeded, for it fell exactly on the top, cutting into the bone but not through it. Fire sparkled from my eyes, I fell on my knees, blinded, yet without quite losing my senses and holding still on to the musket. Recovering in a moment, I regained my legs, and saw a florid handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating his blow. Quarter was then given, but they tore my pantaloons in tearing my watch and purse from my pocket, and a little locket of hair which hung round my neck; they snatched at everything; but while this went on two of them were wounded, and the

drummer, Guibert, ordered the dark man who had sabred me to take me to the rear. When we begun to move, I resting on him, because hardly able to walk, I saw him look back over his shoulder to see if Guibert was gone; and so did I, for his rascally face made me suspect him. Guibert's back was towards us, he was walking off, and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer, this rascal is going to kill me! brave Frenchmen don't kill prisoners. Guibert run back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, almost down, and putting his arms round my waist supported me himself: thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying.

"We had not proceeded far up the old lane, when we met a soldier of the 50th walking down at a rapid pace; he instantly halted, recovered his arms and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to make out what it was. My recollection is that he levelled at Guibert and I threw up his musket, calling out, For God's sake don't fire, I am a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you. Surrender. For why would I surrender he cried aloud, with the deepest of all Irish brogues. Because there are at least 20 men upon you. There were five or six with us at the time. Well if I must surrender, there, said he, dashing down his firelock across their legs and making them jump. There's my firelock for yez. Then coming close up he threw his arm round me, and giving Guibert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against the wall, shouted out, Stand away ye bloody spalpeens, I'll carry him myself, bad luck to the whole of yez.

"My expectation was to see them fall upon him, but John Hennessy was a strong and fierce man, and moreover looked bigger than he was, for he stood upon the higher ground. Apparently they thought him an awkward fellow to deal with, he seemed willing to go with me and they let him have his own way. In this manner we proceeded about

a hundred yards beyond the corner where Harrison and the rest had left me, and found a large force under General Renaud—afterwards Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo and captured by Don Julian. He asked me my rank, and how I was taken? My reply was, taken because my regiment would not come on! I was in great anger, and altogether ignorant of Lord William Bentinck having ordered them back; for the staff officer sent by him had not chosen to come up to me. My thought was that the regiment had given way, which made me very unjust in abuse of the glorious old 50th, for they had gone further than any other corps in the army. Had Moore's orders, for the 42nd and 4th to support us, been obeyed by Lord William, we should have carried the hill in a few minutes: that this was the cause of their going back is true, for Lord William Bentinck afterwards told me so himself. General Renaud ordered a surgeon to dress me, and he put a plaister on my head; but my leg was so swollen he could not get off my boot without cutting, which I would not allow, hoping to escape, in which case the loss of a boot would be irreparable. They took me up the hill to where the Spanish magazine on the top had been exploded.

"Soon after leaving Renaud, being supported by one of his officers and Hennessy, with a guard, we passed a large gap in a wall, on which the English fire was still very heavy. The French soldiers cried out, Don't cross there except on your knees, or you will be shot, whereupon the French officer desired Hennessy and me to do so, but we refused, and Hennessy said low, Be Jasus they're afraid. My desire was to be seen by our own people, and therefore my walk with Hennessy and the officer was erect, and slow; but seeing the French guard crawl on their hands and knees, I said to the captain, Crawl you too, or you will be hit—I can't run away. This anxiety for an enemy greatly amused the Frenchmen, and it was afterwards told to the marshals, Soult and Ney; Renaud also mentioned

it when a prisoner in London: however the officer would only stoop, and none of us were hit.

"On the summit of the position my bodily agony was so great, that Hennessy and the French captain, seeing some straw near a fire laid me on it; my leg and side were giving me excruciating pain, it was dark, and Hennessy went away for a while with the captain: then a French officer came and stood over me, a tall handsome man; he looked at me for some time and said, *War! war! war! My God will this horrid work never cease! poor young man, I fear you are badly wounded.* He gave me some drink, and tears rolled down his cheeks; but then he turned away and several others sat down round the fire without noticing me. Soon however came the man whose straw I had been laid upon; he gave me two kicks and dragged me by the neck off his bundle, hurting me much. I said nothing, except God damn you, and two or three Frenchmen starting up took my part. Then the tall officer returned, and was very angry, but the beast who kicked me would not let me be put back on the straw, which he claimed. The officer told them to take me into the ruin of a blown-up house, or magazine, where some officers had had a fire in the remains of a room, the fireplace being indeed nearly all that existed of the building; but he left me, and then the men took me into another ruined room, and threw me into the filth with which it was filled, and began to laugh at me. I was very angry, wished myself dead at once, and said something violent, whereupon they seemed to consult about killing me, and my hopes of life fled: indeed my wish was not to live, but at that moment the officer came back with two or three more, and with two soldiers who had before left the place, I think to call them and save me.

"These officers were very angry, but my understanding was faint, and my desire was to be put out of misery, for I thought we had lost the battle and my pain of body was past bearing. They however carried me to the other part of

the building near the fireplace, and there was Hennessy. They offered me broth and wine, but I could touch nothing from the agony of my wounds, and groaned at times, for the pain was no longer supportable even before an enemy. Not being able to lie down, Hennessy held me in his arms in an upright posture. The French officers did all they could for me, as far as kind words went, and soon one of their own officers was brought in wounded; it was the captain who had been with me when first taken. General Renaud also now sent an officer with my sword, desiring me to wear it for I had used it well. I wrote my name and rank on a piece of paper—with a stick dipped in his blood —and requested the officer to give it and my sword to Marshal Soult, with a request to speak to him. That officer did not return.

"Hennessy having occasion to go out of the ruin, set me in an angle of the fireplace, but never came back, being seized and marched off, as he afterwards told me. Before he left me he unbuckled my spurs and whispered—The spurs are silver, the spalpeens would murder you for them. When he did not return, my idea was, that he had made his escape, and took the spurs with that intention; at least my hope was so, that he might tell my brother George where I was, for what fretted me most was, that no flag of truce came in for me. I thought Moore was angry, that myself and the regiment had been disgraced, and therefore he would not send in, nor let George come: then the fancy came that George was killed, but my thoughts were all wild and sad that night."—George, who was aide-de-camp to Moore, had not forgotten him; he had passed many hours of the night seeking for him with a torch amongst the dead, turning over body after body.

"Very wretched in body and mind was I now, and in about two hours after Hennessy had gone, the French officers went away, one after another. The fire was out and it was dreadfully cold, yet pain kept me from feeling it so much,

and all that long and horrible night and next day, did I lay wishing for death, and expecting it if a stray soldier should see me. There was no roof, only a few feet of wall standing, and the following evening, about dusk, being in less pain, I crawled out, reckless of being killed or not. Outside there was a Frenchman cooking, he was a kind man and gave me some broth, but I could not eat it. He went away, but returned with another soldier and they made up a little more fire, rolled themselves in their great coats, and other warm things, and lay down. Pain kept me waking, and the fire went out soon, for there was no fuel. I had no waistcoat or drawers, only a uniform coat and torn trousers, and the cold was dreadful, for it was January and the hill high. An oilskin was on my hat, and I pulled it off to cover my head and face; then putting my hands on my mouth warmed myself with my breath, but could not lie down. My feet and legs lost all feeling, and the wounded leg ceased to pain me, except when moved. About midnight the two Frenchmen went their way, and promised to tell their commandant of my state, yet the second dreadful night passed and no one came.

"Next day about three o'clock a musician came near me, and I persuaded him to take me to his regiment, but to walk was agony. I was however very kindly received by all the French officers, who were seated round a fire, and especially so by their commander, a man with a very red face and perfectly white moustachios and hair; they treated me well, and finally forwarded me on to Marshal Soult's quarters. We passed through Elvina amidst all the bodies of my poor 50th soldiers scattered about; and many wounded were still alive in a house, and very clamorous for food. Scarcely able to speak from weakness, I was supported by two men, yet at last reached Soult's quarters, and being shewn into the kitchen sat down in much suffering. Monsieur de Chamont, aide-de-camp to Soult, came to me; he was all kindness and attention, and offered me money, which was

declined, but I told him his men had been expert in robbing me; that every one who met me as I was borne to the rear had asked *est il pillé?* and the reply always was *Oh pour ça oui, joliment.*

"It was impossible to be kinder than De Chamont, and that kindness was continued by the marshal and his staff, and again by Ney and his staff. On my telling Soult of the wounded starving English soldiers lying in the village, he promised to have them helped immediately, and sent me to his own quarters, where a bed was provided, and food: the latter was in truth much needed, for none had been taken since my breakfast on the 16th, and this was the 18th. The pain in my side gave me little rest, and next morning, being ordered to go into Coruña, I was put on a horse attended by a dragoon, and entered the town with the troops. At the gate there was a crowd, and a Spaniard hustled against my leg, which put me to such torture I cursed him aloud in English, and gave him a blow on the head with as great force as the pain left me strength to do. The stupid brute knew of my wound, for I had pushed him twice away before, and shewed him how my leg was tied up. The delight of the French soldiers at my striking the Don was very great: he deserved it, but I was now very well treated. My billet was on Monsieur Barriere, a banker who lived with his brother-in-law, Marchesa, an excellent kind fellow with a pretty Spanish wife. There my state was as comfortable as kindness on the part of my host and the French officers, particularly Baron Clouet, Ney's aide-de-camp, could make it—but I was a prisoner!

"One anecdote I have forgotten.

"Before the 50th advanced, while standing under the cannonade, the balls at first went about a foot or two over our heads, the men stooped, or as it is called by soldiers ducked. Standing in front I said, laughing, Don't duck, the ball has passed before you hear the whiz. The ducking however was continued, by all but one little fellow, who

stood erect, and I said to him aloud, You are a little fellow but the tallest man in the 50th to-day for all that—come to me after the battle and you shall be a sergeant. Every one heard me, yet strange to say no one afterwards knew who he was, nor could his name be learned: we supposed he fell, and the agitation of the moment had made others forget, or not notice him.

"Such were my own adventures in the battle of Coruña, told without modesty or concealment; for I write not this for the public, but from old notes for my wife and children, with no desire to make them think more or less of my actions than the reality. I felt great fear for a few minutes at one period of the fight; yet it was not such as to influence my conduct, and at no other period did a thought of my own safety cross my mind. It was when alone in the lane and expecting to meet numbers in personal combat that my nerves were most affected; for as my shortsightedness disabled me from seeing what was going on, and what was to be met, I feared to fall unseen and unknown. Afterwards, when wearing spectacles, the nervous feeling was not so strong, but the disadvantage of bad sight is tremendous when alone, and gives a feeling of helplessness. With all this, alarm was not my feeling when the men told me we were cut off; nervousness then ceased, and only the thought of how to break through the enemy remained: had it not been for the stab in my back, and the sudden lameness, I should have done it, for my resolution was that no man should go before me that day, and no man did, unless Hennessy. Where he had been, or came from, is to me unknown, I could never make it out from him; he spoke but little English, and explained himself with difficulty. His very strange history shall now be shortly told.

"He was born in Cork, enlisted in the 50th, was not what is called a smart soldier, and at one time pretended to have lost the use of his limbs from rheumatism. Tried by Colonel Walker for *malingering*, the offence was

clearly proved and, as was common in those days of atrocious punishment, he was sentenced to 500 lashes. Hennessy's fortitude was great, he bore the punishment without a groan, but would not admit he was able to walk and was carried to the hospital. The proofs being clear, he was again tried, sentenced, and again received every lash. Colonel Walker each time offered him pardon at every twenty-five lashes, if he would confess his crime and return to his duty, but he would not, and when healed, was again tried, and again condemned—this time to 800 lashes!

"A church stood 500 yards from the place of punishment, and Colonel Walker said, Hennessy if you will run to that church and back I will forgive you. No! he said, he could not stand, he had no power of his legs! After receiving 500 lashes he exclaimed, Colonel take me down, be Jasus boys I can't stand it, I'll run to the church. He was untied and did run to the church and back, after having, from the obstinacy of his nature, borne 1500 lashes to maintain a falsehood, for he never had been ill a day! I was not in the 50th Regiment when it happened. The atrocity of the punishment, and the obstinacy of the man, must both be almost incredible to those who do not know what horrible use was made of the cat-o'-nine-tails in those days. From that time Hennessy remained unnoticed till the battle of Coruña: his brave conduct there has been related, and now his story shall be continued.

"He left me in the room, as he thought dying, and the moment he went out was seized, and next day marched off towards the Pyrenees. The march was a fearful one, for he had to retrace our long retreat, as a prisoner with a parcel of Spaniards, also prisoners. There were two or three Englishmen, and Hennessy kept a sharp look-out for an opportunity to escape; he urged the others also but they would not attempt it, and he resolved to try it alone at Pampeluna and succeeded. He got clear away and made towards Oporto trusting all to chance. As before mentioned, he had taken

off my silver spurs lest the French should kill me for them. My belief was that my friend Hennessy, thinking me dying, thought they were as well in his possession as in that of some Frenchman: if so, he was quite right, and I thought so at the time. However, travelling in great danger to Oporto, and being at one time hard pressed for food he took a spur from under his arm, where he had concealed both, and sold it. The money he got was not much, but the kindness of the Spanish peasants to an English soldier escaping from the French enabled him to reach Oporto, just before Marshal Soult attacked that city. Hennessy joined the patriot force, assisted in the defence, and, as he told me, was 'mighty spiteful against the French.'

"Fate is inevitable! John Hennessy, again taken, was thrown with some Portuguese prisoners into prison, where he lay long, expecting to be put to death; but one day, hearing guns firing, he asked his companions what it was, no one knew, but the fire increased and my heart, said he in the broadest brogue, told me it was the English, and I said to them that were near me, their bloody countrymen would never make such a fight as that; but they were all so frightened they would not stir to make a break out with me, for the French sentry swore he would shoot any man that tried to stir. At that moment there was a terrible battering at the door of the prison and shouting outside, so I made an offer at the sentry and beat out his brains with his own musket, which I took, as well as his accoutrements, and we all helped those outside to batter down the doors. The French were making off, but I got some shots, and when the Buffs came up I joined them, and was put into the battalion of detachments and we fought the French again at Talavera.

"At Talavera he heard of my brother George, made his way to him, and shewed the remaining spur. He thought me dead, and his joy was great when told it was not so. He would not let George have the spur, served all that

campaign, and afterwards rejoined the 50th. After my exchange I did the same, and got Hennessy promoted to the rank of corporal. He then got leave of absence to see his wife and child at Cork, and carried a letter to my friend Aldridge, the collector of customs there, but then his strange nature broke out. Travelling on foot, from Hastings he had gone straight to the collector's house, without going to see his wife and child, and when Aldridge told him that I had then gone back to the Peninsula — Ogh! murder! is he gone back and the regiment not with him? by my soul they'll never stop behind him, I must be off. Well Hennessy you must do as you please, but go and see your wife and child, come to me in the morning, and tell me what I can do for your family, if you do go back. Ogh! good luck to the wife and child, I'll not go near them, *sara fut*, but off this minute. And he did go without seeing wife or child!

"He found the regiment under orders for Spain as he expected, and in that country, at my instance, he was made a sergeant, yet was soon sentenced to be broken for drunkenness and insubordination. Colonel Stewart forgave him for my sake, I being then in Lisbon hospital with a wound. But again Hennessy was tried, broke, and sentenced to be flogged, and again the last part of the sentence was remitted by Colonel Stewart for my sake. A third time Hennessy was tried for theft, a sad propensity in his character, and once more Stewart pardoned him for his bravery, and out of regard to me. It was useless lenity: the man was incorrigible. When in the lines of Torres Vedras, where every man had excellent rations, John Hennessy, ever on the look-out for plunder, found a cottage with a miserable Portuguese family, half famished. There were five persons, the father, mother and three little children, and they had nothing in their wretched hovel but a few clothes on their backs, and one loaf: they were in the last degree of misery, yet Hennessy took their loaf and some articles of apparel, leaving them to die. The man, desperate from famine, fol-

lowed him, and seeing an officer sought protection. Hennessy was tried and that time flogged, which he bore with his usual indifference to danger and pain.

"He afterwards behaved well, for him, and on all occasions shewed the greatest courage, until in the Pyrenees a cannon ball carried off his head; and it is curious that at Talavera a cannon shot had knocked off his cap! An honourable death thus closed the career of one who had no feelings of honour in the ordinary acceptation of the word. He was wilful, obstinate, physically brave, proud of his courage, enduring in hardships, faithful to his chief, as he considered me, careless of rank when he got promotion, and robbing food without wanting food himself, when a whole family would have perished by the theft. His strange character was an enigma not easy to explain, and his death relieved me from the constant apprehension that he would fall into the hands of the provost marshal, and die by an executioner. Had a good education given John Hennessy's firmness, courage and great shrewdness a right direction, those qualities were so extraordinary in him that he would probably have done very great things. He was indeed, a remarkable man."

In this narrative, one trait of Hennessy's character has been forgotten. The silver spur which he preserved through all his difficulties, had been given to Charles Napier by his sister, when he left her to go to Spain. It was received with this expression, "Now I am your knight." When it was taken off by Hennessy he said—If you escape give that to my sister. The injunction was not forgotten. When the strange man first reached England, instead of going to his regiment, or to his wife or child, he travelled at least two hundred miles round to find Miss Napier, and delivered the remaining spur to her! Some pages in the book of human nature are certainly very difficult to read!

During his captivity Charles Napier's family mourned for him as dead, yet hope lingered, and after three months the

government sent a frigate to ascertain his fate. Baron Clouet received the flag and hastened to inform Ney. Let him see his friends and tell them he is well and well treated, was the marshal's response. Clouet looked earnestly but moved not, and Ney, smiling, asked why he waited! He has an old mother, a widow and blind. Has he? Let him go then and tell her himself that he is alive! He also released twenty-five badly-wounded English soldiers, jocosely adding—provided they take all the Englishwomen with them, as they make our French soldiers quarrelsome.

At this period a very bitter feeling existed between the French and English governments, exchange of prisoners was not admitted, and Ney therefore, risked his sovereign's serious displeasure by his impulsive generosity. Napoleon however approved of the act, the captive's relationship to Mr. Fox being probably of some weight. Guibert, the gallant, humane Guibert, received a cross of the legion of honour, as a matter of course; for Napoleon, so foully misrepresented as ferocious, always rewarded generosity towards an enemy. It was, alas! a fatal reward for Guibert. The result was thus told to the writer, by a French sergeant-major who deserted to his regiment at the lines of Torres Vedras; and from different quarters afterwards came confirmation. An officer, or sous-officier, disputed Guibert's right to the cross, saying himself, not the drummer, had rescued the English major. Falsehood or favour prevailed, and poor Guibert, stung to the soul, madly attempted to desert, was taken and shot! The saviour and the saved are now beyond human knowledge; but if spirits are permitted to commune, they have met where it will not be asked, under what colours a noble action was performed.

SIXTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

On his father's birthday, 20th of March, Charles Napier's captivity ended—one of many notable coincidences attending him through life, and always accepted with a half-superstitious satisfaction. Up to this period his countenance had been very comely, yet grave and sedate; his dark lustrous eyes alone giving signs of the fiery spirit within. Previously he had been inclined to care for outward appearances, although without regard to fashion; but after Coruña dress was disregarded, and his manner became eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing partly from his wounds partly from previous ill-health. This change of manner was a mark of awakened genius: he had warred, with and against men of mighty energies, and thus becoming conscious of ability, his countenance assumed a peculiarly vehement earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked.

Regarded now as belonging to history, a similarity in character to the French general Dessaix is remarkable. The latter has been described by Napoleon, as a small dark man, so absorbed in glorious aspirations, that being several times secretly and gratuitously furnished with camp equipage, he was on each occasion denuded of it in a week, and found sleeping under a gun, careless of his loss. This portrait would pass for that of Charles Napier in all points but one; he would not have lost his equipment, for order was with him a prominent quality: but he would have refused it, from disdain of such disturbance to his simple habits. In military daring and moral worth, the resemblance seems com-

plete. Alike careless of personal comfort and appearance, both were regarded as eccentric by common minds, but were the idols of their soldiers: and while warring with absolute success against the bravest of Asiatics, Mamelukes, and Beloochees, in countries precisely similar, Egypt and Scinde, both were by their conquered enemies, designated—Dessaix as the *Just Sultan*, Napier as the *Just Padishaw*. The French general was however never proved as a legislator and ruler. At Marengo, Lord William Bentinck, then serving with the Austrian army, saw Dessaix fall; and from Lord William's brigade, at Coruña, Napier advanced and also fell under his eye; happily not in death: he lived to render greater service for England than ever Dessaix did for France; but how differently have they been treated! The Frenchman's fame was instantly accepted as part of his nation's glory; sovereign and people strove as to which should most earnestly express gratitude and admiration: the Englishman, with higher claims, was foully insulted and maligned in life, neglected in death! What then! his fame needs not the support of courts, it belongs to history.

The actions of the great generals who sprung from the French Revolution, although laboriously decried by English politicians and writers, awakened the British genius for war, which had long slept. The English government remained indeed, to the last, in darkness and dulness; but there were soldiers who stepped into the light with undazzled eyes, and Charles Napier was not the last to comprehend the generalship of France: he studied it intently, yet for assimilation rather than imitation; seeing early, that war, though under great guiding principles, is so vast an art as always to admit the display of original genius. The great Napoleon was however first and last a wonder to him. Early in life, deceived by the systematic vilification of that astounding genius, he felt personal hatred, and of his own unbiassed judgment always reprobated the invasion of Spain: but his sagacity soon pierced through prejudice, and the Emperor's

capacity created astonishment, which increased when his own experience, as a commander and ruler, enabled him to estimate the difficulties besetting those stations. Then also he could better appreciate the frantic vituperation of enemies; and always he regarded Napoleon's captivity and death as a national stain, akin to that which soiled Rome when Flaminius drove Hannibal to suicide.

Ney had exacted parole not to serve until exchanged, a condition now rendered onerous by the shameful way in which prisoners of war were treated in England, and by an ignoble fraud practised in his particular case: two midshipmen were sent as an equivalent for the commander of a regiment who had been treated so generously! He remained therefore a long time virtually a prisoner, and did not rejoin his regiment until January 1810, when the correspondence with his mother was resumed: meanwhile the Peninsula had become the scene of great events. Sir Arthur Wellesley had again taken command, had forced the passage of the Douro, fought the battle of Talavera, retreated to Portugal, and had become Lord Wellington. He was at this time on the north-east frontier of that country, and prepared for its defence against Massena; but with resources so little understood by his government or army, that a hasty and disastrous evacuation was expected by both. His advance to Talavera had indeed been an error, and the subsequent retreat, with the terrible after loss by sickness, around Badajos and Elbas, had given the troops a mean opinion of his generalship: he was called a mere favourite of power, rash and unskilful. The deep design, the strong resolution, the far-seeing sagacity, the sure judgment, destined to amaze the world, were then unknown, and, with the usual hasty violence of the English public, one error was taken as a basis for generalization. Wellington was pronounced a bad general! Charles Napier's brothers were then serving with the army where hatred and contempt for the Spaniards prevailed, and similar feelings pervaded the army at home.

His mother, January 14th.—"This very hour, nine o'clock at night, last year, we took up our position at Coruña. While marching we were overtaken by the general and George, and Moore asked if it was the 50th? Yes sir. Napier how do you do? he said, and rode on, a doomed man!

"Hastings, 18th.—We passed over the battle ground the 16th, and an unfortunate laurel tree was torn to pieces by the men, that all who had burned powder at Coruña might bear the symbol of triumph on our brows. My belief is that Lord Wellington will not fight again, unless he is mad or foolish. As to the *chef de bataillon*, it would be much more agreeable to be exchanged for him than for two *enseignes de vaisseaux*. This offer is not right. Your letter, dear mother, reached me, but not in the midst of rejoicings; I came from mess early, and, having marched twenty miles, went to bed neither in wild nor bad spirits, yet glad when thinking of my state that day year, to have a good bed, good health, freedom, and friends near. So, thanking God, I went fast asleep, and awoke next morning to think again of the difference and be grateful. We have little chance of going out, for every officer and man that can be spared has leave of absence until April.

"January 22nd.—Got a devil of a tumble the day before yesterday, which makes me glad, because I could not do better than have my yearly accident without being really hurt: to run twelve months without some *petite chose pour passer le tems*, is not for me. Being a frosty day my horse's leg slipped, and down went horse and man. Rosinante first got up, and then I made all sorts of lovely contortions to ascertain damage: left leg badly bruised at knee, ancle and instep. Very stiff all yesterday, yet no internal bruise, this morning better. How my leg and thigh escaped crushing God knows. I fell, feet in stirrups, one leg under the mare, she lying on her side; the other thrown over her, and the reins in hand. The ground was hard, and

the holsters saved the leg for they were crushed and torn from the saddle! Well, they did escape, that will do. —— did make the speech, at a naval officer's table; it was not to anger the 50th, but from sheer backbiting and jealousy: however I 'll be up to him. A large serpent is a reptile as well as —— but despising it does not save one's life. That doctrine of despising I hold very cheap; meet every man with his own weapons is my creed, and failing is your own fault: but fail I will not, without a blow. Clarke of the 35th is a fine fellow. What they say of Irishmen is quite true: they are *raps* or superior animals, there are no degrees. They are unfit for jurymen, and ought to be judges or culprits. What a lieutenant-colonelcy for me if Clarke is refused! but do not utter a word about that, it would make me very uneasy, even to have it offered to me while there is a chance of his success in the matter.

"February. Confound old Pivot! Sir D. Dundas. A young captain, famous for nothing but shirking duty has been made major: I would like to roast old Pivot. But don't you make Fox or any one ask him to promote me, work him up for George if you can. He must however be touched up to let me go to the siege of Cadiz; more thanks for that than for a lieutenant-colonelcy. Will General Graham send for George, think you? I should like to see how they go on, and learn Spanish, which could be effected with three months' leave. I am very anxious about Portugal, though thinking Lord Wellington will not venture a battle: moreover the French won't fight, they will turn his position. Your letter of yesterday just come. They did right to tell you of the report that the armies had met; it was false, but I hate concealing what must be known in time: you need not fear any of us doing that. I don't agree with you that philosophy cannot conquer nature, but I do not want it to do so. Who would not be anxious when those they love are in danger? Last year's occurrences should do anything but frighten you, and your supposing that misfortune must

come is a fault: riding out to meet evil is bad. Yet you bear it when it does come as you ought. My trust is that your fortitude won't be tried now, and that all will be safe. I also am anxious about my brothers, but it is not an anxiety that gives me uneasiness, it only makes me eager for news: predestinarianism is too strong in me to let me suffer from these things; it is only what can be altered by ourselves that agitates me. Do not make arrangements as if something shocking was decidedly to happen: no spirits can stand that. Your sons come home full of fighting and without clothes; we shall be very merry, and if George's ardent wish to lose a *fin* be granted we shall dress his stump. I join him not in that desire, and hope to see him *statu quo ante bellum* as to legs and arms."

George Napier afterwards had his right arm twice broken in fight, and finally lost it at Ciudad Rodrigo!

"April. If anything be done my brother's brigade will get full share, but hardly will Lord Wellington try to defend Portugal. God bless you dearest mother, don't think your sons are actually cut in halves! Louisa I see seals in black already for George and William, pray order my mourning; I owe them a suit for what they did for me. Lord Mark Kerr's intelligence is bad, originating with —— and —— both noted bowmen, and the latter one of the weakest fools imaginable. When they told me all majors but myself were promoted I said, like an idiot, I will memorialize. I am not apt to trouble the multitude with communications, and rejoice at being likely to lose by my folly now, though it only consists of this speech at mess 'By Jove I 'll ask for a lieutenant-colonelcy too.' The mass of men are fools and rascals, or fools only, and I am sorry to find myself appertaining to the latter class. Ten agreeable letters have come to me at once: they are like the shower of manna. The handsomest one, from Lord Wm. Bentinck, I ever received; and General Clinton is also very kind. I will use no interest for my promotion, it is a right: keep

all friendly help for George. They can hardly refuse me promotion now, as the other Coruña majors have got it in garrison battalions; that is the court kind of promotion: may nine millions of maledictions alight on old Pivot Davy; for all other Coruña majors are promoted. All the respect for Moore displayed in my memorial, was to put them in good humour; but really I am more proud of having served with him in battle than of all they could give me. Shew the memoir to Lord William."

His claim to promotion was met by shuffling cold evasions: it was his right and was of course denied; but he easily obtained leave to risk his life again, that being a favour which gave him no claim, and might get rid of one. Hence in May, as a volunteer, he joined the light division, beyond the Coa, under the fiery Robert Craufurd, who was, with less than four thousand men, braving the whole French army on a plain, having only a fordable river between them! This was a place to take lessons in war, and Charles Napier's Journal and Correspondence show how he profited: yet it must be again noted, that Lord Wellington's great reach of genius was not then recognized. A prominent error like Talavera, followed by bad results, is easily seized by misjudging men; but nice and subtle combinations, even when successful, always escape vulgar comprehension, and sometimes even fine intellects: Charles Napier will be found not quite free from the general misapprehension, yet his innate sense of greatness soon corrected his judgment.

"Journal, April 16th. Leave of absence for three months.

"20th May. After a long passage, this day saw me safely into harbour: may I reach the port now in my mind by next 20th of May! May the omen be good! I augur well of it: what we most wish for we feel most confident of, and I am sanguine.

"21st. Dined with the admiral. A Spanish general and some Portuguese noblesse there; and also the daughter and

grandchildren of Pombal. The Spanish general told me that he was the best general they had, he thought. His name was Contreras, and he had more information than I expected in a don: he had also the honour of having been well thrashed by the French very lately. Men of three nations were at the dinner, and it is difficult to say which despised the others most; or which thought most of themselves. I have seen the church of San Roque, it is superb. The mosaics are exquisite, and the quantity of silver and precious stones wonderful, considering that the French had been in Lisbon so long! I can hardly believe their having been so foolish as to leave such riches in the hands of fanatic priests. I gave half a crown for the sight: the poor thus give alms to the rich. To demolish such altars would be wise, meritorious, and very agreeable; Massena will surely look at the cornelian altar, the ponderous silver candlesticks, the pillars of lapi lazuli, &c. From this over rich church I went to see the arsenal; there the Algerine slaves are chained, and are fine men. Truly I pitied them; they are slaves to worse men than themselves, for an Algerine privateer will always beat a Portuguese frigate. Poor fellows! it is horrid to see them in such hands. Hateful is slavery to me naturally, and also because I have felt what being a captive is: it is purgatory if not hell! however what God sends let man bear: *quo fata vocant:* he who is a man must follow fate like a man. The Stoic principle was good, but went too far, for they could not push practice to the full extent: Stoicism is only good when we cannot help ourselves. Epictetus would have been more to my taste if he had broken his master's skull instead of patiently letting his own be broke.

"May 31st. Once more at Sacavem. On the 28th October 1808, I was here commanding the 50th Regiment. What are the pleasures of memory! I greet her *as the fiend to whom belongs the vulture's ravening beak the raven's funeral song.* Standing under an olive, my

thoughts were of my friend; for under that very tree Charles Stanhope had then breakfasted with me, and hope of glory, and admiration for Moore, were our themes! Two short years and lo! here am I again: but Moore! Stanhope! where are ye? Napoleon talks of peace: would to God he wished for it as sincerely as I do. Oh! that I might pluck a branch and give peace to the world, as an offering to the manes of my friend! I feel low. Stanhope! Stanhope! every turn of this road, every stone brings you before my eyes, and often prevents my seeing them: and my dear brothers! how I long to reach you. Shall I see you even now? But what brings me here? Honour! Damn honour! Falstaff is right by Jove! Yet, can one be happy without honour? No, no! Forward then, and never reason while in low spirits. Of one thing I am sure, namely, that a man is a fool to live till he is old; for he loses the greatest comfort of life thereby, and gets cornuted probably into the bargain. Enough! old bachelors are fools notwithstanding!

"Coimbra, June. Portuguese troops here; they are a strong race, and will make good soldiers, but are not so now; it will take Beresford some years to make them good troops, and more English officers are wanted. We shall lose half our army if Lord Wellington risks a battle any great distance from Lisbon; and I fear the French may penetrate by the Tagus, and perhaps cut off part of our army: I am inclined to think they want to draw us on to Salamanca for that purpose. God grant I may be in all that passes and escape; I have had enough of the *malgré*, and would like some of the *bongré*, but sink or swim I will join in the tumult; twenty-five thousand British will not fall inglorious or unwept, and as death must come, it cannot be in better company. I have just heard we are to have a medal for Coruña, and it is possible I may get another here ere two months pass, *leaden* or *golden*. But all is chance, so Fates have at you: an ugly pack of witches ye are, but ye scare

me not, and therefore may as well be propitious, for if not I defy you."

The view of affairs taken above was nearly the same as Lord Wellington took. That great man had contemplated a dash at Salamanca, yet relinquished it for fear of being drawn into a general action, which he was resolved not to fight far from Lisbon, fearing not only the want of experience in the Portuguese troops but that the French would penetrate by the Tagus: Busaco was forced upon him, it was a political battle.

"Celorico, June 14th. Passed a volcanic country to all appearance: innumerable conical hills, each covered with and surrounded by stones, are scattered in all directions. May not the name of *Celorico* come from *caloric?* Thrashed a Juiz de Fora for insolence at Penhanços.

"15th. Waited yesterday on Lord Wellington, who was very civil, and signed my certificate of exchange. Dined with him. He told me the French made the most regular retreats he ever saw, at Roriça and Talavera: quere, did he follow their example? People say his march from Talavera to Alemtejo was very bad; but those who criticise generals do not always know their motives of action, and often have motives of their own for criticising: nevertheless we must think; and I think Lord Wellington committed a great error in that campaign by trusting to the Spaniards after what Moore had experienced; and another in advancing too far when his retreat might be cut off. He was wrong also I think in fighting when victory did him no good, and defeat must have destroyed him: his information was bad, and he trusted it too implicitly. Again. Why did he stay in the destructive marshes of the Alemtejo until nearly the whole of his army fell from sickness? It is not easy to comprehend all this, and I have heard no good answer to it. Every officer I have seen and spoken to about the matter, has told me the same story, viz. that the battle of Talavera was lost if the French had made one more attack; and that the

whole army expected to be beaten next day. Now Lord Wellington might have had ten battalions more in the fight, viz. Lightbourne's and the two Craufurds' brigades. Why were they in the rear? The thing is not easily explained to his advantage: he did not expect a battle, and yet, had the French delayed a few days, he must have laid down his arms, or been cut to pieces. Altogether his general operations are difficult to be defended. But his conduct in the battle shewed great coolness and the most perfect self-possession; and by what I observe, since I came here, he seems to have gained a lesson from Talavera. Still the whole of that campaign is discreditable to him as a great captain, and he appears to have deserved the epithets of rash and imprudent; not that of *fool* though, as many say; his errors seem to be more those of inexperience and vanity than want of talent. England has paid dearly in men and money for his education indeed, yet if he has thereby been made a good general the loss is less: we have very few capable of being made worth a straw though all the blood and gold in Europe and India were lavishly expended on them."

These censures were all just, militarily speaking, and the Duke of Wellington was too great to deny faults: he always admitted the Talavera campaign to be an error; excusing it principally on false information and the political embarrassments caused by the Spaniards.

"17th. I see no reason to find fault with Lord Wellington's conduct now in not succouring Ciudad Rodrigo, and his preparations for a retreat are good: they might be however, I think, better, as I have seen many roads almost impassable for any body, and wholly so for an army, which a few peasants might make good in three days, the materials being on the spot. Perhaps others are good, by which he means to retire, and that I have not seen: I can discover no fault or appearance of rashness, except the having Craufurd so advanced. His remaining so secure at Celorico is probably a consequence of good intelligence, but it appears a

dangerous post if the enemy should push General Hill. I cannot help thinking the siege of Rodrigo is to entice him into Spain, and if he does move forward they will push him at Abrantes: should he be so tempted the game is up! but he will not be thus ensnared, the scheme is too evident.

"Pinhel, June 19th. Dined with General Picton. The castle here, built at different times, has Moorish characters on the walls, so there are at Celorico, which some people call Roman—why I know not, for it is built without cement, and has square towers, some like bastions. The Bishop of Pinhel is said to be a sensible man; he is very hospitable, and very like Charles Fox, but better looking and not so fat; his palace full of prints, all very bad, and some not very decent for a bishop.

"20th. Examined the works of Almeida. Commanded on the north-east, but may make a good defence: guns very small in calibre though large in size, one pounders chiefly, with bad carriages.

"21st, Gallegos. Saw William, and George, the latter not well, heat affects him: he has I believe the best heart alive and beating, and a right good head. I hope to see both safe home after this breeze: if not they are well prepared for a longer voyage, but God forbid they should take it now.

"22nd. This morning we fired five shots at a foraging party. At noon Marshal Ney reconnoitred us with some squadrons, driving our posts within the line of the Azava river. Captain Mellish—the celebrated sporting Mellish, a brave fellow, he was on the staff—and myself were at the outposts; he made a fool of himself and I laughed at him. He made our people give up two posts without a shot, and the lieutenant of the 43rd asked my advice, so did Mellish, and it was to occupy the ground again: this was done easily, as the enemy had made his observations, which he should not have done if I had commanded the post. Our position is fearfully dangerous here; we expect an attack,

and having only three thousand men, and the French twenty-five thousand, shall be lucky if we get off: it is uncomfortable.

"23rd. Saw the Spanish general Carrera: he showed me his troops, and they are bad enough, like all Spaniards. Don Julian Sanchez, the partizan, has cut his way out of Ciudad Rodrigo; he is an intrepid man they say, and very savage. The French go on slowly with the siege. Lord W. wisely keeps quiet; he is blamed for this, but is right, and it gives me great confidence in the man.

"25th. French opened their batteries, and the fire was returned with spirit. The enemy drove back our picquet from Marialva and Carpio, beyond the bridge and fords of the Azava. Soon afterwards a troop of our German hussars crossed the bridge and skirmished, but using only carbines and pistols, only one man and two horses were killed: the spectacle was as pretty as it was ridiculous. Such trifling work serves no purpose whatever, it risks brave men and teaches them to trifle with service; we should fight or let it alone: the latter is most to my taste. Everything convinces me that light cavalry has no business with carbines. The Germans understand outpost work better than our cavalry, but if the English err they will fight themselves through; and though Germans are brave enough, they certainly have not the fire of our men: wherefore, taking all risks from drinking and ignorance, I would rather have two British regiments infantry or cavalry, than three German regiments, and that is saying a great deal.

"26th. The 16th Light Dragoons come up. The town fires bravely: the cannonade was tremendous last night, and this morning the place is on fire. Three explosions in the trenches; but a breach is to be seen, though small. Lord W. reconnoitred in a slight way, and saw the town from Molina da Flores. Marshal Ney is supposed to have passed the ford where my brother's picquet was, and the men fired at him without George's orders, wounding one person of his suite.

Had Ney been hit it would not have been creditable; it is not right to fire at people without necessity, like Indian savages. The marshal, or whoever it was, had rode up the river and crossed safely, so no end was answered by pelting him as he was going home. Brigadier-General McKinnon, Colonel Pakenham, and myself, with others, had ridden a few hours before close to their picquets, at the very same place, and instead of firing on us they only joked, and good-humouredly asked us to come across the river: when our men fired they returned the compliment, but our firing was stopped by George immediately.

"July 1st. Heavy bombardment at night, and we marched from Gallegos to bivouac in the woods.

"2nd. Our bivouac beautiful, like a *fête champêtre* rather than an outpost close to an enemy: the baggage got into confusion. Why do we remain in this exposed situation? Why is this fine division risked? If the enemy was enterprizing we should be cut to pieces. We are not five thousand, including Carrera's force of fifteen hundred Spaniards, and twelve hundred are Portuguese. The French have twenty-five thousand, and forty thousand more within a day's march; yet we have the impudence to stay close to them: we shall be attacked some morning and lose many men.

"His mother, Alameda, July 1st. We have left Gallegos at last, fortunately, or Lord Wellington would have chanced to lose his light division. My belief is that the ignorance of the French general as to our real situation saved us, but we are now comparatively secure. The siege of Rodrigo is very distressing, but Lord Wellington is resolved to give no help: very wisely. He is a much better general than I suspected him to be; that is, he has profited from his former errors: that he made them no one can doubt who hears the conversation of the army. He is not popular, less so even than supposed. However he will not commit himself again, and that is comfort for those in England. My brother William took a violent passion for Don Julian Sanchez, the

guerilla chief, but has been a little cooled by the latter having, the day before yesterday, put to death one hundred and sixty Frenchmen, to sixty of whom he had at first given quarter! The don fights with lances, which was the first attraction I believe: he is a bold partizan, but it is to be feared very bloody. One of his men told me, if they caught Ney they meant to cut him into lengths! beginning at his feet! Ney in return has promised to hang Julian and his men, when he catches them, and has already partially performed his promise: charming warfare and mild!

"We shall stay here until Ciudad is taken, and then probably the French will move on Hill and Lord Wellington at the same time. It is said the latter makes no secret of his intention to quit Portugal, and that he thinks it will be soon; but don't give me as authority, it may be only rumour. Meantime be satisfied he is not the rash man he was, or Ciudad would ere this have been relieved: it might have been for they could not stand an attack from us, and my persuasion is that the siege was little more than a battle-trap for his lordship, which he has not been caught in. Having asked for more leave, Lord Wellington has given me permission to wait for an answer, which he says will be a reprimand, and an order to go home—don't care for the first, the last must be obeyed. I have seen a little skirmishing, but being ill mounted have kept aloof, except with the infantry; for amongst the men of feet, if my nag is hurt I am still as good as my neighbours. With the cavalry there is little to learn and I don't wish to be taken again."

If ever the Manichean doctrine was made manifest in man, it was so in Craufurd. At one time he was all fire and intelligence, a master-spirit in war; at another, as if possessed by the demon, he would madly rush from blunder to blunder, raging in folly: the demon was strong at this period as the following letter shall shew.

"Journal, July 4th. The French drove in our cavalry this morning. Krauchenberg of the 1st Hussars charged them

at a small bridge; he invited Captain Belli of the 16th to join in the charge, but he would not, though he had a squadron and the other only thirty men! The French were heavily cannonaded at the bridge by Hew Ross, and we retired skirmishing across the Das Casas stream to a new position, near Fort Conception, which is to be blown up. Elder's Portuguese fired on our hussars! Rodrigo fights well, viva Herrasti! I fear Almeida won't do as much, yet Cox is a soldier I think.

"11th. Last night Craufurd laid *a schame for catching a rot, and caught a Tartar!* He marched with twelve hundred infantry and eight hundred horse to waylay one hundred and twenty French infantry and thirty dragoons, and the latter were taken; but the infantry resisted the cavalry charge, and repulsed Craufurd with a loss of thirty-two troopers, and poor Colonel Talbot, the French marching off without the loss of a man! Had they been asked they would have laid down their arms; but Craufurd cruelly tried to cut up a handful of brave men and they thrashed him. Talbot was one of our best cavalry officers, yet the loss is less than the disgrace."

Brave actions were however performed. In the writer's History of the Peninsular War, Colonel Talbot is stated to have charged with four squadrons, and to have fallen *close* to the enemy; but Sergeant Major Hanley of the same regiment, himself a man of great courage and enterprise, declares that the colonel charged with only *one* squadron, and died *on* the enemy's bayonets! This must be the truth, for Hanley helped to carry the body away after the fight, and saw the bayonet wounds still welling blood. Talbot's quartermaster, Mc Cormac, with eight brave troopers also fell in the same manner! Certainly both they and their opponents were noble soldiers! And so was William Campbell, the brigade major, known then and afterwards throughout the army for every generous quality. He was sententious of speech, quixotic of look, but handsome

and strong, and his sentiments of honour were worthy of the Spanish don, his courage as high, yet purged of folly: he was indeed a gallant English gentleman in thought, look, word and deed. In this combat he charged so home that his horse was killed close to the French bayonets, but being himself unhurt he arose, and though alone, slowly stalked away, disdaining haste as he disdained danger. The gallant French captain, Guache, would not let his men slay the proud soldier: thus all was noble on both sides, and William Campbell escaped death.

At this time a message came from Ney to know why Major Napier was in the field without having been exchanged? Stung by the implied dishonour, which sprung from the conduct of the transport board about the *enseignes de vaisseaux*, he hastened to Lord Wellington, who sent him to the French outposts with a flag of truce to explain.

"His mother, July 15. I went with a flag of truce to Gallegos, was blindfolded and taken to Loison's quarters. None of my French acquaintances there. Loison offered a large bet that Lord Wellington would not fight to relieve Almeida: is this a quiz, or do they mean to besiege that place? I was not blindfolded coming back, but made to gallop at full speed. Loison is a savage-looking fellow, yet was very civil, and much pleased with the brave conduct of the company which beat off our cavalry. We did not allow that we had many men, or that we were beat, but honestly avowed our admiration of his people. I heard that Clouet is with his family at Paris, and doubtless glad thereof. No chance of a battle till Buonaparte comes; but then his numbers will put battles out of the question: he will not risk his fame against twenty-five thousand English.

"The 50th have been removed from Hastings to make room for militia. Our men's recovery of strength, by sea-bathing, is of no moment when compared with the wish of some militia colonel to bathe his wife and children.

Perhaps the soldiers are better dead, as England has such a large army! And then Sir Francis Burdett might tamper with them, as he did with the veterans when he vainly strove to save their gardens for them at Chelsea! Yes, they are better dead.

"Rodrigo surrendered the evening before Colonel Talbot was killed. Old Andreas Herrasti made a vigorous defence, and Loison told me the town was almost destroyed by the bombardment. The French committed no excesses, even the Spaniards allow this. Almeida is preparing for a siege, and poor Hewitt* is not in great spirits at the prospect of being a prisoner. His fate is inevitable unless he gets killed; but to be a prisoner now is nothing, as exchanges are permitted; he will only have to return by France instead of the Bay of Biscay. That Bay o' Biscay! Yet rather would I be up to my neck in it than a prisoner for ten minutes!

"July. I wrote to the Duke of Richmond that —— had got a majority, and his grace might as well ask for me again. If Sir D. Dundas sees that people are angry he will give in, for I know he is to be bullied, like all old men. My letter to the duke was too angry, but still if he sends it, which he will not, it might get George a step: it would indeed stop mine, but the arrangement would content me, for the next commander in chief would be more just. I hope the duke won't be angry, but I was so much so, at hearing that puppy —— was a major, that my thought was even to tell old Davy what he was in plain terms; fear of hurting George alone stopped me; yet truly, my belief is it would have got him the step: in my own case it should have been done, and shall be done when George is promoted. My civility shall last until he is safe, and then, setting Sir David at defiance, my opinion of him shall be written; keeping clear of insolence though, lest he should bring me

* Major Hewitt, brother of the Hewitt who in 1798 occupied Celbridge. He was a fine officer and his captivity was long, his life too short.

to a court-martial. No one can conceive the good to the army when a little rebellion to injustice can be got up. Old Pivot can only stop my promotion, which will be reckoned shockingly unjust, &c.; moreover he is ninety and cannot continue long in office: but all depends on the humour I shall be in."

This vehemence was well founded. Having commanded a regiment in one campaign, been foremost in fight with it at Coruña, and desperately wounded, his claim was strong; yet he was the only Coruña major left unpromoted, and men of no service were daily put over his head. *No officer has any claims*, was a saying attributed to Sir David Dundas, and his practice towards Charles Napier was conformable to the sentiment. George Napier was even worse used. Sir John Moore had avowed his intention of sending him home with the first despatches that would carry promotion. General Hope, who terminated the battle of Coruña, knew this, and if ignorant thereof, would not have deprived the fallen hero's follower of an advantage forfeited only by the glorious death of his chief: he gave it to George Napier. But then stepped in Sir David Baird, and though he had quitted the battle wounded, before Moore fell, gave the despatch, Hope's despatch, to his own aide-de-camp—a brother of Lord Aberdeen! George Napier, thus wronged, instead of being regarded as having a double claim, was further wronged by Sir David Dundas, who pushed younger officers, even of his own regiment, above him in the army: and it was not until 1811, after Massena's retreat, that with good additional service, and severe wounds, he won a brevet majority—but from Wellington in the field, not from the Horse Guards.

"Journal, July 16th, Junça. Came here this morning: the cavalry have left Val de Mula, and we are now safe from a surprise, and being surrounded, which at Val de Mula was not the case, as the enemy has twelve regiments of cavalry, and on our flank and rear was an open plain. Why do we not get on the other side of the Coa? Why not blow

up Fort Conception? The enemy might save that fort by a rapid movement now, if they were aware of our having dismantled it: our safety has certainly been owing to the enemy's ignorance of our true situation. Went to Almeida, and find that Cox's is decidedly not vigorous in preparing for a siege, for he gave me a bad breakfast: he cannot fight well on burned bread and bad coffee.

"21st. At daybreak the French drove in our outpost, and Fort Conception was blown up, the shock great, the destruction complete. The powder was put in the casemates in barrels, not filled up like a regular mine, and furnished a proof that the latter is not a necessary trouble in every instance: a barrel of powder slung under a bridge will destroy the arch unless a very strong one. This was well done, and our cavalry retreated through Val de Mula, skirmishing till near Almeida, about two and a half miles: we lost seven or eight horses and two men wounded, and made one charge with our skirmishers, neither able in conception nor bold in execution, doing no honour to general or men. After that a more ridiculous attempt was made with half a squadron. I saw that Craufurd's ignorance of cavalry disheartened the men; some of whom got near broken ground whence the French could in safety fire on them at twenty yards' distance. They were afraid to regain their own ground when Craufurd ordered them, whereupon I galloped up and called to them to follow, and they did so, and we drove the French back, receiving a sharp fire. English troops must always be led, but they will certainly follow their officers, who will generally be as certainly ready to lead. Altogether we had much firing to-day and little danger. Craufurd does not please me as a general."

On the 24th of July happened Craufurd's bitter fight on the Coa. It was a fierce and obstinate combat for existence with the light division, and only Moore's regiments could, with so little experience, have extricated themselves from the danger into which they were so recklessly cast; yet it was

their first battle, and Craufurd's demon of folly was strong that day: their matchless discipline was their protection—a phantom hero from Coruña saved them!

"Journal, July 24th. At daybreak our picquets were attacked. The French threw forward some infantry among the rocks, and were met by two companies of the 95th rifles. In about two hours the enemy increased in numbers, our cavalry retired, the riflemen and Captain Campbell's company of the 52nd covering their retreat till we reached the guns, when a cannonade opened on both sides, but the enemy soon pushed men down both flanks, and our guns fell back. At this time we could count fifteen strong squadrons of French cavalry in line, besides detached parties and skirmishers, which may be reckoned at five more—altogether about three thousand cavalry. Their infantry we estimated at ten thousand, and they had the power of bringing up thirty thousand if they pleased.

"When our guns retired, the light troops kept firing until we got close to Almeida, and a gun was fired from near a tower, 800 yards from that town: a subaltern and some men of the 52nd occupied the tower, and our cavalry and artillery were drawn up in line behind. At this time the enemy closed on our infantry, and the action there began by the dislodging of Campbell's company and the riflemen from the enclosures. I was ordered to tell Colonel Barclay to fall back from the plain and regain the enclosures behind him, which he did, and the fire became very heavy: Barclay's horse was killed, mine was wounded, and threw me, but I remounted and rejoined Craufurd, who then sent me to tell the 52nd, 43rd and 95th to maintain the enclosures until he got the cavalry and guns over the Coa, leaving two pieces to cover the retreat. I gave Barclay, and Major McLeod, and Colonel Beckwith, these orders, but they were all hotly engaged and could no longer keep their ground, lest the enemy should turn their flanks and reach the bridge before them.

"I had great difficulty to return and joined the 43rd,

where I found Campbell wounded, and fearing he would be taken gave him my mare, making the best of my own way on foot through the vineyards. The fire was hot and the ground very difficult for us, but much easier for the enemy, because we made passages for ourselves, and thus made them for the French also: this caused the 43rd and 95th to lose many men. I think we retired too fast in this part: it was owing to the murderous position which kept us in fear of being cut off from the bridge; but we were thus driven in among our cavalry, and the French cavalry got up to the 95th and made some prisoners.

"Now we formed in rear of the cavalry on the main road, and went down towards the bridge, firing the whole way. On arriving there, Brigade-Major Rowan called to the Rifles and Portuguese Cazadores, and part of the 43rd, to charge up a hill and to retain it, while I rode by order of Colonel Beckwith to draw off the 52nd Regiment, then nearly a mile up the river on the right: the French were trying to push between them and us, and they would have done so had they been in force enough, and that Rowan's charge had not checked them." The charge excited by Rowan was a very slight one: a different charge, made by three companies of the 43rd and one of the 95th, excited and led by Major McLeod of the 43rd, which Charles Napier did not see, was the one which checked the enemy and saved the 52nd.

"I had little hope of reaching the 52nd alive, but escaped, though a dragoon horse I had caught and mounted was shot in the leg just as I reached Barclay, and at the same moment his cap was shot off. However, the 52nd effected their junction, passed the bridge, and took the right of our position beyond the river, down to the edge of which my brother George's company was pushed, and from thence kept up a strong fire. The 52nd were followed over the bridge by the 43rd and 95th and Cazadores, covered by three companies of the 43rd, Dalyel's, Lloyd's, and my brother William's, and then the French pushed down to

the bridge and a cannonade commenced from both sides of the river. The bridge was defended by the 43rd and rifle-men, with a long and murderous skirmish, destructive as it was useless, by which many men and officers lost their lives and many were wounded—amongst the latter my brother William. Finally this ceased, and the bloody business closed with as much honour for the officers and men as disgrace for Craufurd's generalship. His errors were conspicuous, and the most prominent shall be noted for my own teaching.

"1st. He fought knowing he must retreat from an overwhelming force, and having no object in fighting.

"2nd. He occupied a position a mile in front of a bridge: thus voluntarily imposing on himself the most difficult operation in war, viz. passing a defile in face of a superior enemy, and in the confusion of a retreat! The result might have been destruction—it was great loss.

"3rd. He detained the cavalry and guns in a position where they could not act, till the infantry were beaten back on them: thus he risked the destruction of all three; for the defile became choked, and had the French charged down the road, there would have been a bloody scene. This was so evident that I rode up to my brother William, and asked him to form a square with his company to resist cavalry; the idea had already struck him, and Major McLeod and Captain Patrickson also: it was general.

"4th. The position was amongst vineyards, with walls averaging nine feet high, and he ought to have thrown down enough to open communications to the rear: the want of this caused our chief loss, for while we were pulling down the enemy were firing and followed our paths.

"5th. He sent no guns over to defend the passage and cover the retreat, until after the troops had commenced retiring: had one gun broke down, or the horses been killed on the bridge, the troops would have been delayed and exposed to a destructive fire from the heights around, while in a mass of confusion.

"6th. He suffered the 52nd to be nearly cut off, and never sent them an order to retire, after having given them one to defend their post obstinately: his small division was therefore disjointed and nearly paralyzed by extension.

"7th. His retreat over the bridge was confused, though every officer and soldier was cool and ready to execute any order, and there was no excuse for hurry.

"8th. When the passage of the bridge was made he left no men to defend it; and had I not halted some who were going up to join their colours the bridge would have been for a quarter of an hour without being enfiladed, or exposed to a single musket shot. This was afterwards rectified, but the 43rd were placed in a most exposed position, when a few breastworks previously made would have covered them.

"9th. He made our guns fire at the enemy's guns instead of their men. In short there seemed a kind of infatuation upon him, and nothing but the excellence of his men and officers saved the division: and as it was, the rains, which had swelled the river and destroyed the many fords, saved him from a repetition of the Franciscan convent at Buenos Ayres!"—Craufurd had surrendered there; and to those censures may be added that he fought on the Coa in disobedience to Lord Wellington's instructions: still he was a great officer.

"His mother, 25th July. All safe beloved mother, but William is wounded in the hip. I hate to deceive on such a subject, and tell you his wound, in my belief is nothing, the ball passed through without injuring the bone; he neither suffers much pain, nor is unable to walk, which if the bone was hurt he could not do." This was a mistake, the bone was injured and the recovery slow: two months. "It has been a severe action, and our loss great; but as yet we know nothing certain, being all fatigue and wet, for rain poured in torrents all the time: it must rain twice as much ere it washes Craufurd clean for fighting at all. Five hundred killed and wounded will probably be not much

above our loss, which chiefly fell on the 43rd: they have had thirteen officers killed or wounded; amongst the latter Tom Lloyd who has a bad clink on the head. Colonel Hull only joined the evening before, took the command, and was killed. The action was on the banks of the Coa at the bridge near Almeida, and it should not have been fought at all. Now bless you dear mother, be glad you have got off so well with three sons in the fight. There will be no more fighting, as Almeida is beleaguered."

This Lloyd, a captain of the 43rd, was known throughout the army for his genius, wit and bravery, his happy temper and magnificent person: he fell gloriously at the battle of the Nivelle in 1813.

"Celorico. Tom Lloyd has been teazing my life out with his concatenations of events, which have, he shews, in due course and of necessity, made a hole in his head, because Charles of Spain's head was without a hole for brains. Lo! again a flag of truce has just come in from Ney with compliments, to know why Mons. le Major Napier is serving, and if he has been exchanged? Ney evidently has not got my letter given to Loison; but Lord Wellington, who is very kind to me on all occasions, has again sent a flag of truce with a copy, and one of two things must happen. Either Mons. le Major will be considered as fairly exchanged, and all will be well; or Le Duc d'Echingen will judge Mons. le Major too precious an article to be resigned for two *enseignes des vaisseaux*, and therefore not exchanged, in which case he must proceed forthwith to *Ingleterra*. It is said there is an order to destroy all the mills around: if so we are certainly going to retreat, and probably towards Coimbra."

This anticipation of a retreat was well founded: Almeida fell, the army retired, and Charles Napier, clinging to the light division, was engaged in all the skirmishes until the English general, halting on the Busaco Mountain, offered battle. There riding in the train of Wellington, at the

point where Regnier's corps assailed the position, he remained on horseback when the fire was so terrible that all the staff, and all the volunteers, with exception of his cousin the present Admiral Napier, had dismounted. He, seeing him the only mounted man in a red coat, when all the others were in blue, urged him to alight; at least to put on his cloak or he would be marked down. His answer was "No! This is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will shew, or fall this day." Scarcely had the words been uttered when he fell! A bullet had entered on the right of his nose, and lodged in the left jaw near the ear, shattering the bone to pieces. He was borne away past Lord Wellington, and though sinking from loss of blood, took off his hat and waved it, muttering, for he was unable to speak out, "I could not die at a better moment."

Such was Admiral Napier's account of the event, and he added, that holding him during the extraction of the ball, that painful operation was treated as lightly as the drawing of a tooth might be. Apparently dying, he was now conveyed to the convent of Busaco, some miles off; his wound was there dressed, and he found his way to Coimbra, a day's march, by next morning. He hoped to have rest and care at that place, but was hardly able to preserve his life from the brutality and cowardice, if not worse, of an army physician, not a surgeon, to whom he had been delivered. This vile fellow, becoming cognizant of a rumour that the enemy was approaching, not only left his hurts actually unbandaged to save himself, but carried off his patient's horses, leaving him for several hours in expectation of death or captivity! His servant, an active fellow, recovered the animals by force, and bandaged his master's face again. Then he made his way on horseback under a burning sun to Lisbon, a journey of several days. The 50th Regiment, coming up to join the army, passed him on the road and gave him three cheers; and at Lisbon he was joined by his brother George who had been shot through the upper part of the

thigh. Their hurts were very serious, Charles' menacing, but with an elastic vivacity he bore his sufferings, and with all manner of tenderness sought to soothe his mother and sister's anxiety. His first letter is dated the fourth day after the battle.

"Pombal, Oct. 1st. I am wounded dear mother: the ball passed along the cheek-bone and lodged in the upper jaw, from which it was extracted with great pain to me, although with less mischief than was expected, as it had not passed through the palate. You never saw so ugly a thief as I am: but melancholy subjects must be avoided, the wound is not dangerous.

"Lisbon, Oct. 16th. Your letter has given me pain and pleasure. The latter to find you bear so nobly the trial you have gone through; pain to think how much my beloved mother has been tried and still is tried!" She was quite blind, and a second daughter had gone to the grave; the letter announcing her death had reached him just as the battle begun, and being read under fire, grief was suppressed. "The loss of our sweet angelic girl is indeed a trial for all, but for you greater than all put together. An endeavour to console you would be silly. You have taken the only way—resignation to the inscrutable decree which leaves you your sons, and called your angel girls to their father. I must not wish other than has been ordained; but had it been in mortal choice, the daughter should have wiped the tears that fell for the son. Would that I could be with you, but even away feel myself a comfort by giving you an object of anxiety without fear, for my wound is not dangerous. I am an example of the Almighty's goodness. He has shewn me the power of his saving arm in battle. Our Caroline is gone my mother, but every day teaches us there is little to lose in losing life, and much to be gained: my grief is for you. Few women have indeed sustained more cruel losses, yet few have greater comforts left; many may have more apparently, but how many unseen troubles disturb them!

"Oct. 20. Children and parents dear mother should be friends, and should speak openly to each other. Never had I a petty dispute with you, or heard others have one, without thanking God for giving me a mother, not a tyrant. Such as your children are, they are your work. We are a vain set of animals indeed, yet feel the gratitude you deserve, though we don't *bow* and *ma'am* you at every word, as some do. The Almighty has taken much from you, but has left much; would that our profession allowed us to be more with you: yet even that may happen, for none know what is to come, and peace, blessed peace! may be given to the world sooner than we think. It is war now, and you must have fortitude, in common with thirty thousand English mothers whose anxious hearts are fixed on Portugal; and who have not the pride of saying their three sons had been wounded and were all alive! How this would have repaid my father for all anxieties, and it must do so for you: why! a Roman matron would not have let people touch her garment in such a case. In honest truth though, my share of wounds satisfies me: not that I agree with those who exclaim, how unfortunate! there is no shame for wounds, and no regret where no limb is lost, no faculty gone; and if there were, many lose them in less honest ways. The scars on my face will be as good as medals, better, for they were not gained, oh! meritorious actions! by simply being a lieutenant-colonel, and hiding behind a wall. What nonsense! yet better than putting you in the dismals. Your recent loss was not touched upon in my first letter because it could not be without emotion, which would then have been very dangerous to me.

"Oct. 24th. My wounds are nearly closed, but a swelling in the face and stiff jaw require care and confinement. To be so near well without joining my regiment worries me; but the doctor says Stuff, get well first, get well. His chief objection is fear of cold fixing the stiff jaw, and as even now it is difficult to eat, fatigue could not be borne.

"Nov. 1st. Lord March has just come in, and tells me you have had your eyes done, and can see a little. Oh my beloved mother is this blessed news true? Great God grant it to be so! How thankful to God for this great blessing, but my anxiety is too great to write. I am afraid!"—She became blind again.

"Nov. 7th. As to my sufferings, there were none after pulling out the ball: so that matter is settled."—At a later period it will be seen how terribly false this was: his sufferings at the time nearly drove him mad.—"Perhaps the use of my choppers will never be regained, and stiff jaws are a bore, but only painful at dinner: so at grace I put up a prayer for the fellow who shot me. My surgeon, a shrewd little Scotchman, calls me a fool for thinking of joining. Impossebele! Redeeklous! Wait tull ye'er weel fly away! No patience! But go if you like—ye'll lose you neb though. This doctor says that Lord Wellington should be hanged for the loss of men at Talavera, and that no successes can wash him clean. Now I am not for hanging, but for making him Duke of Portugal if he succeeds, anything ministers like; but I wish he did not belong to them."

Massena had now retired, it was supposed in flight, until he turned at Santarem.

"Nov. 20th. My jaws are coming right, but the doctor won't let me move, which is wise. My desire is to join in the pursuit, the French will be touched up now, yet there will be no general action, which consoles George and me much. What spirits our poor fellows will be in, pursuing instead of the wretchedness of retreating, which preys on the strongest mind and overwhelms men more than anything else. Poor devils of French, they excite my pity, for they hate this warfare. What is to be my ultimate fate? A narrow escape as usual. A billet of wood fell from a garret window and grazed my cheek, so as to tear the black silk from off my wound: it hit my shoulder but without hurting. I must be hanged!"

Stories of a dreadful conspiracy at Lisbon, spread by the regency, at this time alarmed London.

"As to conspiracy, dearest mother, be at your ease; I am a conspirator as much as the unfortunate creatures taken up; their crime is being freemasons: the regency, composed of the greatest rascals on earth, have used conspiracy for pouncing on private enemies. They called everybody they disliked jacobins, and in two hours the wretches were dragged on board ship and no more heard of: their poor families have to thank our papers for all they know of their relations' fate! My intent is to have a slap at the regency if any of them are to be met at the admiral's, or at the envoy's, Mr. C. Stuart's: the latter and Lord Wellington disclaim these proceedings entirely. There is no more conspiracy in Lisbon than in London."

It is curious that there was at that period, precisely as much conspiracy in London as in Lisbon; and a great deal in both: not a conspiracy of the people persecuted, but of the regency, in complicity with English politicians of rank and power, who with secret intrigue, and all possible knavery and diligence, were striving to overthrow Wellington from his command. It was very vile and foolish, and Charles Napier soon found occasion for his promised *slap at the regency*. An Italian, at whose house he visited, was suddenly incarcerated from private enmity, and his wife and daughter implored for interference. The gentleman had been grievously maltreated, but his misery was somewhat alleviated by bribing the gaoler; wherefore, applying to Mr. Stuart, Charles Napier pressed the case upon him in writing; and noticing the gaol bribe said, he supposed it would be vastly augmented by the time it reached the head of the government. Mr. Stuart unguardedly sent this letter to Dom Miguel Forjas, the Secretary of State, and the subsequent proceedings are thus described.

"The Portuguese prime minister, or head of the regency, told Stuart that my statement was a *lie*. Stuart told me

this. I will prove it a truth said I, and taking Captain Lloyd of the 43rd, and Captain Sturgeon of the Staff Corps with me, I went straight to the palace of government and saw the minister. I told him he must choose one of three things, 1'. Making an ample apology. 2'. Fighting me. 3'. Horsewhipping. He said it was very unpleasant to do any one. Our tastes are perfectly similar, said I, but having unluckily been born a gentleman I have a character to keep up, which obliges me to desire an immediate compliance. To-morrow you shall have an answer, said he, for I too am a military man. This minute if you please, your excellency, quoth I. After some more talk on his part, and a rather insolent manner on mine, Sturgeon doing interpreter, and Lloyd looking like Gog and Magog together, Forjas said he would say, that I was right, and make an apology to me through Mr. Stuart. It must be given in writing, as the lie was so given, said I. He answered, If you are not content to-morrow we will fight, but read my apology first. Basta, if the apology be complete, was the reply. So we ended.

"In the evening a note from Mr. Stuart said he had received an official and complete apology from Dom Miguel Forjas, which was placed in the archives of the embassy. This was so far satisfactory, but the liberation of the old Italian gentleman, who had been, as Mr. Stuart told me, very infamously used, was still to be effected and it was so, he was let out of prison next day! He had a beautiful and agreeable Oporto lady for his wife, but the old knave kept two opera girls, being seventy: this was rather *outré*, and I told him so. It is gentlemanlike, said he, and you may make love to them both if you like. Oh! I 'd rather do so to your wife. I thought you did. Not I. More fool you, they are all three at your service. This was polite, but was however a lie, for two people told me he had set them to watch me; but as I went to the army immediately, his family honour was all safe for me. She was excessively

handsome, very agreeable, and had the most beautiful mouth and teeth, but was a great deal too fat."

Mr. Stuart, no mean judge of men, and having in his own father the model of a heroic British officer, when speaking of this quarrel with Forjas, said, that Napier had a head and heart equal to any enterprise however difficult or dangerous. But this was only one side of his character: to step gaily from the sublime to the ridiculous was a part of his peculiar idiosyncracy; an exuberant peculiar humour, rioting like a merry devil in a nun, always possessed him, and in adverse circumstances most strongly. He delighted to find himself and others in ludicrous situations, but generally described them with too much of Rabelais' richness for record: however the following account of a barmecide dinner is free from that objection.

Having accidentally met some friends he invited them to walk home to dinner, and asked his servant if it was ready? Quite sir. What is there? There's no soup. Anything else? There's no sosingers. What more? There's no pratees. What next? There's no visibles—vegetables. So it seems, go on. There's no nothing. Hum, a good negative dinner: you must borrow. There's no time. Buy. There's no money. Credit. There's no tick. Are there no rations? Yes sir. I ate the beef.

Returning now to his correspondence, it is to be noted that several young London men, amongst them his cousin, Harry Fox, had attended the army during the retreat, and some of them had aided to carry him from Busaco. This kindness was spoken of with so much exaggeration afterwards in London, that Lady Sarah was disposed to manifest her sense of it in a way her son did not approve, hence the following letter.

"November. A—— B—— C—— &c., were very kind, but not so as to demand particular thanks. They did what all persons, except my Coimbra physician, would do by a wounded man, but I had to shift for myself after the first half

hour and went alone to Coimbra. They were not inattentive to me, but do not by writing thanks make them think me under an obligation to them: they only did what they would have been brutes not to have done, *i. e.* looked to the carrying a wounded man off, when near him. Black Charles indeed, like a true sailor, was active as possible, and personally assisted in carrying me. All this was good-natured, and I am thankful; but it is displeasing that people should be told to think me bound in gratitude when I do not feel so. Gratitude is with me a sacred feeling, and it offends me to have it made common with *thank you*. I like Harry Fox and Charles Napier the better for not staying with me, and would not have thanked them if they had: I should have attributed it to dislike of returning into fire. My uneasiness was great lest George and William should come, though only five hundred yards off, yet I felt almost sure they would not: at the Coa I left William with the first surgeon and went back.

"November. Black Charles is a queer fellow as ever crossed me, and as honest a one. He is going to Cadiz, we shall see him no more: this is a copy of his letter to the first Lord of the Admiralty on the occasion—

"'Sir, my leave of absence is just out. I don't think it worth remaining here, for I expect you will give me a ship, as I am almost tired of campaigning, which is a damned rum concern.—C. N.'

"He is the delight of my life, and should live with me and be trusted with any enterprise, if I were a great man, he being just fit for a sailor; that is, bold, decided, and active: he will make a figure yet. Lord Wellington lately said to him, I could easily beat the French, but England has no other army, and it would cost me ten thousand men; so we must have prudence, and fight when they must lose men and we not. Be comfortable therefore dear mother, no more Talaveras will shake you with fear. What does your friend Mrs. Adye mean about my good-nature to

her sister Mrs. Hawker? She is not known to me by sight, though so pretty a voice as she has I never heard; and if my wound had not disabled me, I would have kicked a cursed physician, who told her in my hearing through a thin wall that her husband had been desperately wounded: he had fabricated the story to introduce himself, and she was half wild, poor thing! It was the same fellow who left me to cool my heels at Coimbra, but the wretch is, I believe, an idiot."

His sufferings were now dreadful, yet his light humour increased in the inverse ratio. In December he writes, "My face is, luckily, not awry as well as my jaw; but the jawbone being broken to *smidereens*, has I fear lost its smoothness, and won't turn in the socket. I want a natomy book, and some fellow's scull, to see how things are made. Mrs. —— shall have a bit of my jawbone, which, with seven others, was lodged in the ball and came away with it. I offered it to a monk for a relic, saying it was a piece of St. Paul's wisdom tooth, given to me by the Virgin Mary in a dream. He was going to take it for his convent, but was told, that being a sinner with no other chance for salvation, it was impossible for me to part with it except for dollars! He never gave money for relics, he said. Devil doubt you quoth I, and pocketed my bit of jaw. Tell Susan Frost I am quite well, though talking such dreadful nonsense. No man dare talk sense here, the regency would think it plotting if a word of sense came from my mouth, and would send me to the Inquisition: they have sent numbers there for doing so, and are restoring all the pristine terrors of that institution under the countenance of the able humane British government!

"December. Why are you not yet gone to Ireland? What keeps you? Our health! You would hear of us just the same there as in London, and winter is a bad time for your journey, especially the water part. My fear is that they may drop you in your helpless state, in getting you on

board. Wherefore tell Dick"—his younger brother designed for the church, and then a fellow of All Souls—"to have you swung in a chair, tied hand and foot. If he would put bladders to your fingers and toes, as boys do with cats before *projecting* them out of a garret window, it would be commendable, ingenious and laughable, though derogatory to the clerical character, and unbecoming the gravity of All Souls—he would prefer being the elect of all Psyches methinks. However, once done, flying our mothers might become fashionable. Ah! my God! as Louis Chabot says; my God! what nonsense I talk when the fit takes me. Is there any nostrum for it? if there is, the vendor should establish his shop near the parliament house.—

"—How I pity the poor old king, and all of them, they have much suffering; God restore their poor father to his senses. For the men my pity is less, they are said to have little feeling: but the princesses, and the poor old queen, who is believed to be very much attached to him! Well, no more. What part of a china tea service am I like? The major part, that is the teapot, because it is full of holes, and so am I. Three times dear mother has this letter been commenced in a most serious manner, and on the most serious subjects, but nonsense will come, and devil take me if I can stop for the life of me."

This tendency to joking when suffering in body or mind, was, indeed, inexpressible, for the examples given but faintly indicate the extent of the peculiarity. With Swift's humour however, he had nothing of his disgusting malignity of application to debase human nature; he provoked laughter only, not blushes. Even anger could not repress his mirth. His own terrible wound, and that of his brother ought now, he thought, to insure a promotion which was due to both before, and he claimed it from Sir David Dundas, but finding him callous, thus exhaled his indignation. "I want to have a rise out of old Pivot before he goes to the devil. My claim is good: every Coruña major except myself has

been promoted; this is a stigma which only a medal, or a lieutenant-colonelcy can remove. If both are refused a court-martial must be asked for, to clear my character. The stiff old brush, I'll work him to death if possible. Writing in such a fury hurts my wounds, but really the flies and Sir D. Dundas would make Job angry. Those swarming flies get up my nose, and distract me, owing to my wound: five hundred a day is my average slaughter of them! This I never did before, but self-defence is human nature; war has been declared, and traps of gunpowder are laid to blow mine enemies up. Am I not a wretch! Brutality is our nature. When hit at Busaco, it gave me pleasure to be told George's men had just bayonetted a whole regiment. Strange! Strange! Strange!"

Vexation of mind and the winter's cold and damp now caused very severe suffering, and more extravagance of humour: one example will suffice.

"November. Being too cold to write much, know that I live; but in a house without a fireplace, hibernating like a bear in snow, rather than living like an alderman: happily however not sucking my paws, for it would be an operation rather tasty than agreeable in this country; where constant bugicide &c. produces a second skin, equal perhaps to portable soup, though not quite a match for Quin's sauce. The Portuguese think fires are dangerous in the keen air of their country, and supply warmth by cherishing filth with a load of greasy cloaks on their shoulders: perhaps they are right, but I would willingly run the risk of a blazing fire, being quite perished, and my stiff jaws only hindering my teeth surpassing all the castanets in Spain. Not that there is much to complain of, but my two centre under teeth have necessarily a division between them, God having ordained that no two hills shall be without a valley. This division is exactly under the outer edge of the left great tooth in the upper jaw, so the twist is just the breadth of that large tooth. Meanwhile my general state is

what it was a month ago, only with more freedom of opening and shutting my mouth. The swelled cheek is fixed for good and all 'tis said, and liable also to increase or diminish with heat or cold, which, being dead, it has no right to do. Electricity has been prescribed. Whether it will restore vitality is doubtful; for the living parts surrounding the dead are a great deal too sentimental, and flirt too much with the north-east wind: Mrs. M—— herself could not beat them. But all my teeth are shaken, and the feel is like a violent cold in them; it is worrying, but a shot through the face in its most amiable form is no joke. Often have I heard of a pig's foot in one's cheek, but believe no one ever before had a thermometer there. Stop! General Campbell of the guards got nearly the same wound at Talavera, only it did not pass through his nose, and he cannot yet open his mouth; whereas I can eat well, unless the food is hard.

"There is nothing stirring here, not even my blood, which is almost congealed with writing to you in the cold, I wish to be in an oven. If Portugal be a hot country my nature is changed, for I have not been fairly warmed since landing last May. When other fellows were hanging out their tongues I was just comfortable, no more: my delight would be a shaved head, a vertical sun, a fiery horse, and no hat; the retreat through Gallicia iced me, and I am not yet thawed. Shadrac and the other fellows, I can't spell their names, but the three salamanders, could not stand the fiery furnace better than me: the kindest thing that you can say to me, is go to the devil!"

This extreme sensitiveness to cold continued all his life, a result of losing so much blood from wounds, and from that inveterate use of the lancet, which disgraced the surgery of the times: his abstemious habits also aided, for he never touched wine, and often adopted a purely vegetable diet.

His brother now left him and he felt his loneliness acutely, but it only produced more jokes.

"December. I wish for some one to spend my Christ-

mas with. My jaws are crooked and the doctors say, will always be so. My lip is very uneasy, and will always be so. My cheek is better and the swelling, *may* go away. Electricity used every morning, but the parts are insensible to sparks, while shocks would injure the parts around which do feel. My mouth opens but stiffly. My eye still stares, yet is stronger, more easily shut and sees further: it is said the sight may be lost, but it is not dim, and if it goes—why Hannibal had only one eye: I have a mind to pluck it out.

"January 8th. My wound will always be inconvenient, having broken the gristle of my snout inside, one nostril has but little passage left, so my fate is to be always a snuffler, for the doctors say it will never be better. My surgeon is a good one, yet in truth little is due to them for recovery: nature and Charles Napier, that is me, myself, saved me. There needed to have been no lump in the snout had they used the spunge plug in time, and my wish was for it, but they said no! The jaw might have been set also; but in truth they were afraid of touching me, lest they should bring on inflammation. What a passion the devil must be in at being so often baulked! However it must please him to see what an ugly saint these clinks have made me! General Kellerman was thirty-two at the battle of Vimiera, and had thirty-two wounds! My share is six in two years, hem! Kellerman take the prize: I am content not to get the twenty-six wanted in the next four years. What an animal I am! if my eye goes, but of that I have no hope, fear I mean, my resemblance to Captain Magan of song will be complete, *one eye was knocked out just over his snout.* Polyphemus for ever.

"February. What havoc I make with ancient dames, or rather they with me! There are two Englishwomen here, widows, they had a sister, and were born when? the elect of my heart is eighty-five, some months. They were great friends with Pombal, and another sister was killed in the earthquake; part of a fine set of China was broken also,

but the remainder, in a dilapidated state, has still the honour to touch the lips of the saved. She tells me a deal of Portuguese story, of what she has seen, and of history and politics. She reads much, has an excellent judgment, is very liberal, and hates the French: not the individuals but the nation. Yet she thinks it possible a Frenchman may give St. Peter the go-by and slip into heaven. Seriously she is a very extraordinary woman.

"She was lately giving me the character of your friend the Countess —— when miss, her daughter, young, only sixty-five, interrupted us with How dirty it is. How wet. How horrid of the French officers at Santarem to have an opera: and how impudent to ask the English officers to see it. Sighing for my old friend's talk I gave the French up to perdition, begged pardon &c. nothing would stop her. Thus much however I got out of the old lady. That the great crime of the countess was being too clever; that she is intriguing, and has hurt her family by it; but she was banished for being an *illuminati:* unpardonable here. So is freemasonry, we cannot hold a lodge, at least Lord Wellington has requested us not to do so. However, over cleverness ruined the countess, and my old lady, though she dislikes her, says she has been abominably ill-used, and that she is in no way different from the other noblesse, except being more clever and better informed. Too clever by half sir! too clever for a woman sir! Yes sir! a great deal too clever sir! Hurt her children sir! Fine girls sir! Quite ruined sir! banished because their mother laughed at the government. Very great *man* sir, but very silly *woman* sir! And then her family sir! better than the Braganças sir! Pure Moorish blood sir! The Braganças half Jews sir! So she goes on giving a great deal of information between the sirs, which are landing-places."

SIXTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

Lady Sarah Napier, from her powerful connections her blindness and her son's romantic escape was supposed to have much influence, and consequently was besieged by persons who could not conceive she had any object of interest greater than their welfare: hence the following letter.

"February. My positive injunctions are to say nothing about me to the Duke of Richmond, speak only for George, and let no one interfere with his claims. Recollect what we found in my father's letter to M—— 'I cannot help you, because I have children, and my interest is very little to divide amongst them.' Now dear mother you have that simple answer for the applications made to you. Say, I cannot get my two eldest sons their just promotion, earned with their blood; a third son has also been wounded, and is a very old captain; a fourth, in the navy, requires much interest to get him on; a fifth is wholly unprovided for. If I can assist one of the five it is more than I expect, having been unsuccessful for two years: what then can strangers expect from me? If Lord Moira comes in as commander in chief, I have his unsolicited promise to give me a lieutenant-colonelcy, and William a majority: between friends you should take all advantages, for our family have been too proud, it don't thrive, and 'tis time to change. We have worked through all for our own bread, and I would now have no conscience in asking. It is delightful to hear of Richard's success at college. Let me know how he likes *All Souls*, and if it is a pleasant *college:* he will understand me, you need not."

This success was the gaining of honours under a new

statute at Oxford, by which at examinations, aspirants were classed according to their proficiency, without being pitted against each other. Sir Robert Peel's examination, in 1809, was the first under this rule, and he took the first honours, both in literature and mathematics. Richard Napier's examination was of the next year, and he took the first class in mathematics, though not in literature, and was elected a fellow of All Souls.

Charles Napier's anticipation of ministerial change, and hopes of promotion were alike vain; he and his brothers, had still to fight their way to fortune, winning rank, not through the aid of their high connections, nor the favour of the Horse Guards, but with sweat, and dust, and blood from Wellington, who was now leading the army to victories as incessant as they were glorious. For Massena, after exhausting all means of subsistence at Santarem, had retreated early in March 1811, with a skill which balanced the errors of his advance, justifying Napoleon's remark, that it was only in danger and difficulty he became a general. On that retreat, day after day, Ney, the indomitable Ney, offered battle with the rear-guard, and a stream of fire run along the wasted valleys of Portugal from the Tagus to the Mondego, from the Mondego to the Coa. Combat followed combat, the light division led in pursuit, and Charles Napier, with his wound still bandaged, rode above ninety miles on one horse and in one course, to reach the army. His regiment being with the main body, he heard each morning the ever-recurring sound of the light division's combats in front, and had hourly to ask of wounded men if his brothers were living? Thus advancing, on the 14th of March he met a litter of branches, borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. What wounded officer is that? Captain Napier of the 52nd, a broken limb. Another litter followed. Who is that? Captain Napier 43rd mortally wounded:—it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them and passed on to the fight in front! But his story can now again

be told from a journal, commenced two days before he heard of the retreat.

"Lisbon, March 6th. Rode to Mafra. After Loures mountainous. Crossed Monte Chica, which is fortified and very strong from its precipitous features. Thence to Mafra, where the heights are strong and covered with works. The confidence inspired by these lines of Wellington must necessarily be great; but the danger to be feared is, that they must be defended in a great measure by the *ordenanza* who are mere peasants; or by militia who are not better. Now regular troops, however confident at first, would be dismayed at seeing a French column penetrating where the works were deemed impregnable; consternation would then ensue, especially with the Portuguese troops. All lines have this drawback. A soldier who trusts to his firelock alone never despairs while he can use it; but he ever puts too much faith in works, and on seeing them forced thinks all is lost. However, I only speak of what might occur if these lines were assailed by an army equal to the contest, and Lord Wellington says Massena's army is not so; and of that there is little doubt or Massena would have attacked: if ever lines were useful those of Torres Vedras are so. Mafra palace is, like all Portuguese buildings, wanting in consistency. Their structures have the most beautiful pillars, the handsomest porches, the finest statues, all worked in marble, or stone of the country, which is an inferior marble; their cornices, mouldings &c. are all highly finished and the Portuguese are excellent sculptors. But with all this the walls are of rubbish, or small stones plaistered, when with scarcely any trouble, they might be of marble blocks! Some parts are half finished and then filled up, anyhow: in one spot is a pilaster of marble in exquisite taste, its fellow is of painted wood, and so on.

"8th March. Just heard of the French retreat, which I conclude is to seek subsistence in a country not yet exhausted, north of the Mondego; and perhaps to draw

Lord Wellington from his lines, and then attack him in rear with the army now besieging Badajos. My wound is still open but I am off to join.

"10th. Reached Villa Franca, five leagues: passed the plain where Junot was wounded.

"12th and 13th. Rode all night, and having made ninety-two miles reached the army between Redinha and Condeixa. This distance was done, with only three hours' halt at Tom Napier's quarters,"—the admiral's brother—"who gave me a positive bad but comparative good dinner. My poor horse had 2 lbs. of Indian corn, on which he performed this severe journey in twenty-two hours, including the three hours' halt!

"14th. A sharp affair between the light division and the enemy's rear-guard this day. We lost four hundred killed and wounded, here and at Redinha. My two brothers commanded the companies chiefly engaged, and are both severely wounded: the ignorance and imprudence of Sir Wm. Erskine said to have been conspicuous; and Colonel Drummond is not extolled for military qualities.

"15th. Great want of provisions. Moved to Foz D'Aronce. At the end of the march, part of the light division was engaged sharply.

"16th to 21st. Continued our route, enemy in full retreat.

"22nd. Rode over the mountains to Coimbra to see George and William. Passed Ponte Murcella and saw Busaco at a distance. This Murcella is strong, the position finest on the left bank, but the ford and bridge best defended on the right bank. The ground on the left is very high, yet does not command the bridge, like that on the right bank, which though much lower is close and precipitous: the bridge is blown up, the town burnt.

"23rd. Returning from Coimbra lost my way on the heath at night, and slept at the bivouac of the Chasseurs Britanique. Reached St. Romao the 26th—the village

burnt. Cea the same. The fine palace of the Bishop of Guarda's brother, Don Bernardo, quite destroyed. Massena has used fire and sword with an unsparing hand. Numbers of peasants' bodies seen, many had been bayonetted, others shot; some were very old men, some were women! I did not think French gallantry would have suffered this: but Massena is an Italian.

"28th, San Payo. Paid a visit to my old patron. At his former amusement, cracking vermin, on whom he seemed to revenge the wrongs of his country. This village has escaped better: in this very house, six months ago, stood with me, George and Giffard; now George is sadly wounded, and the amiable Giffard dead! Are these the pleasures of war? Does glory repay these losses and pains?

"30th. In a delightful village. Colonel Stewart and a Portuguese are trying to cheat each other about a beautiful goat: Caledonia is too much for Lusitania!

"2nd April. Marched to the village of Muselha, enemy close.

"3rd. The light division engaged near Sabugal, suffered much, but beat a whole *corps d'armée* and took a howitzer. Colonel Beckwith's conduct said to have been in a great measure the cause of such an extraordinary success: the fact is the French cannot stomach a British attack. Picton's division was slightly engaged towards the close. The three fighting regiments were the 43rd, 52nd and 95th.

"5th, Ungera. We arrived last night, wet, tired, and no cover; cursing Portugal, and Portuguese names, and Frenchmen, and English generals, and quartermaster generals, fools and rogues, commissaries and medicos. The baggage of young Soult, who commands Regnier's cavalry, has been taken, and in it a book with copies of all his letters to Regnier, previous to Massena's penetrating Portugal. In one he says The English are at Ponte Murcella and Viseu, and generally supposed to be preparing for embarcation; they will immediately begin their retreat. I did not see

the letter, but this idea of our weakness is the only way to account for Massena's attack at Busaco, where he learned to his cost we were not ready to embark. He it is that flies, and we have this day been exactly one month in pursuit of him. Where will this interesting campaign close, and how? I can hardly think the French mean to re-enter Portugal, or they would not have destroyed the country so dreadfully. There was a horrible instance of brutality in this village; the French say it was the Italians. Massena is an Italian.

"5th, Nava. The French left this village yesterday, followed by the light division. On our march we passed the field of battle where the light division fought Regnier on the 3rd. The ground was a gentle slope and open, but this I think always good for us: the French stand fire for ever behind walls, but don't like close quarters. Dead horses and men were still unburied near a low wall, where the French cavalry charged our skirmishers and were driven back with great loss by the 43rd Regiment.

"6th, Alfayates. We are making a flank movement to our left to force the enemy at Almeida. This must produce a general action or make Massena let go his hold of Portugal, leaving Lord Wellington master of the kingdom he has so skilfully and boldly defended. His whole conduct has been able: errors may have been committed, all generals commit errors, but this successful campaign renders him one of the first of his time. I regret that Buonaparte was not here in person; but perhaps it is better as it is: had he been here things would perhaps have been different. I can't help wishing for a general action near Almeida; the ground is perfectly open, and when that is the case our army is sure of victory. Our cavalry can then act, and though less numerous, is so superior that the combat would probably be in our favour. A total defeat of the French would put Ciudad Rodrigo into our hands and effectually stop a second invasion of Portugal for a long time. It would also save

the Spaniards if anything can rouse their energies: perhaps it is too late but still worth trial."

Here the journal shall be momentarily abandoned for the never neglected correspondence with his mother: the first letter is however addressed to his cousin, Lady Emily Berkely.

"Ponte de Murcella. My brothers are at Condeixa. George was yesterday in great pain, not otherwise ill; William so much better as to be up: this is nearly proof positive that his inwards have not been injured by the ball, and the wound is therefore not dangerous. Twice have I written to my mother, but to meet accidents will you send this to her as a later account. The French have destroyed two arches of this bridge, and our light troops were warmly engaged last night; but we have no chance of a general action, which I am sorry for: my mother will probably not regret it so much. My brothers' wounds will, I think, confine them a long time, for though it may be confidently said they are not dangerous, they are very bad clinks. George's poor subaltern, Lieutenant Giffard, was killed: his conduct was the admiration of every one; and that is the only consolation. George is so affected by his loss that it hurts his wound. Our skirmishers were retiring when the gallant young man was killed; my brother missed him, looked back, and saw him on the ground, a hundred yards behind. Four Frenchmen were plundering him, but George, sabre in hand, dashed back singly, beat the four men from their plunder, took his friend's bleeding corpse in his arms and bore it off from the midst of his enemies. The company buried him on the spot with their bayonets, under a tremendous fire, gave three cheers and again attacked: never was a soldier's death finer, or his burial more honourable! Giffard was so bravely conspicuous that the French officers called out many times, kill that officer. At last they succeeded—but we had shot for shot, they lost four hundred men."

In this account, there is an error. George Napier was followed by two men, but he did not know of their aid until they helped him to raise the body, still breathing, on to his shoulder. And while thus noting one fine display of feeling and gallantry, it will not be misplaced to set beside it other instances of fortitude and generosity, shewing what manner of men those were who bore England's standard from Lisbon to Toulouse.

First of William Light, a young cavalry officer. Son of Captain Edward Light, by the King of Quedah's daughter, who received for portion, Prince of Wales' Island. William was born to the rights and inheritance of an Eastern prince; but the court of directors, with that unvarying cupidity and oppression which has ever marked the East India Company's career, robbed his father of the island, by first forcing him to cede it for money, and then defrauded him of the compensation. The son entered the navy first, afterwards the army, and was now in the cavalry. William Light was a man of extraordinary accomplishments, soldier, seaman, musician, artist; and good in all: his disposition may be judged from the following action. When nearly starved himself—all were so in the pursuit of Massena—he by some means obtained a loaf of bread, but hearing that George and William Napier were hurt, he stifled his own craving, and at the end of a long march, risked his life, and his horse's life, by riding some twenty miles across the wild mountains to Condeixa, where, entering the half-ruined house in which the wounded brothers were lying, he without a word threw down his loaf on one of their pallets, and rushing out returned to the army!

Now, one more heroic deed by a poor soldier, the noblest of all, and the circle will be complete.

A temporary bridge near the Murcella, had to be destroyed by powder, during Massena's advance; but the match failed, the enemy poured on and the passage seemed lost: then a man of Charles Napier's old corps, the Royal

Artificers—would to God his name had been preserved for posterity—exclaimed *It shall not fail, they shall not pass.* So saying, he deliberately walked along the structure, a floating one, to the mine, relighted the match, and bending his noble head over the spark, continued to watch its deadly progress until the explosion sent him from a world he was too heroic to live in! Why are young men told to look in ancient history for examples of heroism, when their own countrymen furnish such lessons?

"Camp, Moita, 21st March. Both the wounded men are better mother. I make no apologies for the dirt of this note; for flead, bugged, centipeded, beetled, lizarded and earwigged, cleanliness is known to me only by name. Moreover a furze bush makes a bad table for writing on, and a worse chair, when breeches are nearly worn out with glory, oh! oh! We have very little food, which forced us to halt: Massena has thus got two days' start, but he is pursued by the cavalry and light division. We shall be dispersed in cantonments on the frontier, as Lord Wellington cannot, I think, muster men enough to follow into Spain, and probably more troops will be sent to the Alemtejo. Celorico again will be tiresome, but we are of Spencer's division, and it is to be feared will become head-quarter pets, as the guards belong to us, and are favourites of his lordship; deservedly so. The light division are also great favourites, and most deservedly so. Lord Wellington has particularly thanked them, and is going to give three sergeants of the 43rd, 52nd and Rifles, each a commission for their conduct in the late pursuit of Massena."—He did give those commissions, and of eleven brevet majorities conferred on the whole army, two went to Charles Napier's wounded *brothers*; *this* left only his own promotion to press for: but he had yet to struggle hard for it, both in the field and by remonstrance: injustice reigned at the Horse Guards.

The distinguished animal now to be mentioned, was a half

Arab, from Morocco, perfectly white, as indicated by his name, and of surprising sagacity.

"Neither poor *Blanco* nor myself are much troubled with bile now. A hundred miles, with only three hours' rest and hardly a bit to eat, did he carry me coming up to the army, and my fear was it would kill him; but that was better than being too late for the action expected at Condeixa: he did not even tire! He is the strongest horse ever backed. Still he thinks a bivouac the worst amusement in the world, as he gets nothing but heath and hard riding. Poor fellow. I kiss and coax him, but it don't make up for *no oats*. He is the most delightful animal that ever was, but thinks being admired by the Lisbon ladies with a full stomach, better than my affection with heath.

"Coimbra, March 23rd. Says I to Blanco yesterday, Suppose we walk over the mountains old boy and see the other boys: no sooner said than done. William will be at his duty in two months, but he ought not for six; he suffers little pain and runs about in a go-cart like a child. As to George he suffers acute and constant pain, and cannot sleep without opium: however the surgeons are positive he will not lose his hand, and think he will have the use of the two fore-fingers and thumb if not of all. Are we cats that we live and bear such wounds? But now having told you dear mother exactly the facts as usual, adieu; this is enough after a ride forty miles over the most rugged mountains in Portugal. Poor Blanco almost gives up the ghost.

"24th. This country is ravaged by fire and sword, we get nothing for love or money, but pass through deserted tracks, the only symptoms of former habitations being the burned walls of villages and dead bodies. What a change in six months: England how little do you know of war! A dollar has been given for some biscuit; and two complete days and most part of a third I went without food: the boys at Coimbra stuffed me, for there they have plenty. We have also got a dinner here this day, and having been again two days without

one I must make haste or it will be gone: we get no bread and the hard biscuit bothers my wounded jaw when there is not time for it to soak.

"Alfayates, *April* 6th. No long agreeable letter, or even a civil one for you dear mother, civility is indeed a useless thing when one has neither food, nor drink, nor sleep. We have now, for one month, been up at three A.M. marching at four, and halting at seven o'clock at night, when we eat all we can get, from shoe soles to bread and butter. Writing is not agreeable, and done only to tell you how George and William are. The last is well now, and a brigade-major; and as George writes better with his left than his right hand he may do his own letters. You may rejoice at these fortunate recoveries from two as ugly wounds as could be, short of mortal ones. They are living well, we are on biscuits full of maggots, and though not a bad soldier, hang me if I can relish maggots. We suffer much in point of food, but the French are nearly cleared out of the country. Our late movement was to force the enemy from Almeida by turning their position there; they have run and the garrison of Almeida will blow that place up. Meanwhile our life for the last month has not been an easy one for a convalescent, yet I have worked through well, except a little rheumatism in the jaws: a splinter of bone protrudes still from the jaw, but very slowly. The first week, cold and sleeping out at night and severe riding made the wound bleed at the nose, but now all is right. Blanco is starving and curls his nose into a thousand wrinkles, cursing Buonaparte: there! my biscuit has run away on maggots' legs. We found many Moniteurs in the French camps and one had an account of Busaco, with this passage, *Le Major Napier, déjà blessé à la Corogne, reçu un coup de feu dans la figure.*

"Albergaria. Many thanks dear mother for your newspapers. You wonder at my carelessness about what you call a great public question—the regency. You shall have

my reasons for calling it a trifling quibble of politicians, a dry and dull study. I may be wrong, no matter, I shall never have to settle a regency, unless with sharper things than Canning's wit or Lord Grenville's arguments. My first step is always to strip a subject of ornaments and leave my mind free for judgment. Cobbett meets my notions here; he tells truth in plain language, giving his reasons for all he advances: now fact is fact, and his motives are to me nothing; our souls are not chained together like the bodies of Baird and his comrade. The king is mad, and cannot do his duty: he is therefore virtually dead. Were he really dead who would succeed? The prince. Madness and death are the same to kings, in the abstract; the prince should therefore have the place that real death would give him. If he is fit to rule as a king, he is fit to rule as regent: take away his powers and you impute unfitness to wield them. So much for the restriction.

"The dispute about a regency, by address or bill, is laughable; the first shews want of wisdom in not having arranged the matter by act, while the king was able to sanction an act. That being neglected what signifies the mode of effecting it? Neither bill nor address is correct. If so squeamish why don't they demand of the people what they wish or rather will? for the people should dictate on such points. Had the voice of the people, and the voice of the nobles, been taken, who could dispute the right of the prince to have the throne in trust for his father? This may be wrong, but no trouble will I take to set it right, having no hand in making kings, queens, or regents. The prince is, what he ever appeared to me, a milksop for accepting the regency with restrictions. What could they have done had he refused? No more on that head. Much more amusing to me than this question, has been the entertaining clever notes in the Moniteur on the regent's speech. The acuteness of these notes repaid me for the dulness and nonsense of the speech: they lie, and falsify, and contradict with such

neatness of logic, and so plausibly, as almost to persuade one they are true; and mix true and false so ingeniously as to have a shew of reason in all.

"Some one has sent me Prince Eugene's memoirs. It is agreeable to read anything written by a great man himself, and my hope is that these memoirs are authentic: they are amusing, with much fun and not too long. As to style, my knowledge of French won't let me judge; but a style agreeable and clear cannot be very bad, for bad style would thus accomplish what good style aims at. Towards books and people I feel alike—if they give information or amusement their style is nothing to me. A good thing ill written is better than dulness with fine phrases; and an agreeable vulgarity is worth more than refined insipid gentility: who would not rather have fresh butter in *Jenny's brown jug*, than nothing in Lady Genteel's Grecian vase? I do not say a union is not best, when found; and in books this is generally the case, because refinement requires talent and study: but gentility, or what is called good breeding, carried beyond a certain point becomes trifling, and gives a bent to character. Naturally I am civil, and therefore naturally trifling. I have indeed got pretty well rid of my breeding, it don't now trip me up often: would that I could also get rid of my trifling. Seriously: the habit of trying to please affects firmness, and a man often says yes instead of no, foolishly. A fellow comes smirking and smiling with—Will you do me the favour of being so kind as to indulge me &c. and you are conquered unless you get out I'll see you damned first: that is generally decisive; but if you skirmish with, Indeed sir, or Pon my life, you are done at once.

"Almeida will not surrender, Brennier refuses. All the majors have got brevet rank for Barrosa. Acheson is two years younger than me, and if they refuse me now my resignation shall go in to David Dundas; for this is insult added to injustice, and I will have justice or quit the ser-

vice. I will write to him plainly, careless of a court-martial! for which indeed I wish, that the matter may become public. My intent is to have promotion or a trial, and if both are refused, appeal to the regent—if he supports Dundas, resign: exit in a rage.

"April 29th. Under arms all day, because four or five poor devils of French battalions came from Ciudad Rodrigo to get food, perhaps to throw supplies into Almeida. Seventeen hours under arms for these ill-mannered knaves, who certainly came because it was post day. We shall be under arms again at three in the morning, being cruelly afraid of letting your friend Brennier feed."—Lady Sarah had opened her house to him when a prisoner.

Suffering severely at this time from illness, Charles Napier treated his miseries with the broadest humour: but he had soon to meet new dangers. Lord Wellington having gone to correct Beresford's generalship in the south, Massena came down to relieve Almeida, Wellington returned immediately, the battle of Fuentes Onoro was fought, and five days afterwards, Brennier broke out of Almeida, having first blown it up.

"Journal, Albergaria, 9th to 16th May. This is my third entrance into Spain, and the cleanliness of the inhabitants is most striking on leaving Portuguese filth. Almeida still holds out, and Massena is said to have reached Salamanca; yet, I think, a threat to storm Almeida and put the garrison to the sword would make it surrender.

"17th. How able we are in the art of war! Our army surrounds Almeida, the French are many marches from us, we thought we had blockaded the fortress, and daily expected its surrender from want of food. Now we hear that two days ago a convoy got into the place, it being on a plain, and we having plenty of cavalry, artillery, infantry, and means of all kinds! The French are our masters in war as to all but courage and bodily strength.

"18th. The convoy got into Ciudad Rodrigo, not Al-

meida, and a reinforcement also, in face of the wonderful Sir Wm. Erskine, who is the laughing-stock of the army, and particularly of the light division. In the south also we are exposing ourselves. A squadron of the 13th Light Dragoons under a major, has been surprised, and the whole made prisoners in the Alemtejo. What a pity our fine cavalry should have such officers as this, and others I know of: however we have good ones in training. It is said heavy artillery is coming from Oporto to besiege Almeida. I hope this is true, the more work more glory. Lord Wellington is off to the Alemtejo, as Beresford has got in a fright and says, cock a doodle do, I don't know what to do.

"19th. All majors in the action of Barrosa are made brevet lieutenant-colonels for their conduct. This is owing to their being brave, and their general not afraid to say so; nor selfish enough to take all reward, and leave those who saved him to shift for themselves. Had Moore lived, or had Graham, or Lord Wellington, commanded at Coruña, I should have been now a lieutenant-colonel of two years' standing, instead of a major of five. General Hope neither gave my regiment deserved credit, nor mentioned me. Of 480 privates and 23 officers, my regiment had 150 of the first and 10 of the last killed and wounded, total 160. This was as hard fighting as Barrosa; yet I am kept from promotion, because old David Dundas was jealous of Moore's glory. This is nothing strange. Have not the famous always been envied by the non-famous? But I must be patient for—*The commander in chief entertains the highest opinion of your meritorious services!* I have the military secretary's word for this; yet I don't believe it to be more true than that I have the highest opinion of the commander in chief's meritorious services.

"Almeida still holds out. I wish Lord Wellington would give me 60 scaling ladders, and 200 volunteers with a supporting column, and the British standard should fly in Almeida in two hours without losing 50 men. The ditch is dry and

not deep, the garrison is weak, and British volunteers are irresistible; they would be on the rampart in fifteen minutes. Once there the devil would not get them off again, and I should be a lieutenant-colonel, or lie in the ditch of the place.

"May 14th. On the 2nd instant came a sudden order to march. We crossed the Turon River and bivouacked at Nava d'Aver, the French army being in sight; at least their fires were distinctly seen. At daybreak we found our army assembled, stretching from Nava to Fort Conception. Our division formed the right of the line. The two armies manœuvred, the enemy to gain Almeida, the allies to cover it, and night brought both on to the plains about the villages of Villa Formosa and Fuentes Onoro, extending to Almeida, which lay in rear of our line on the left. Head-quarters were at Villa Formosa, about the centre of our line. Two armies thus drawn up on a plain, each from thirty to thirty-five thousand strong, was a most beautiful sight; but the next day's sun was to shine on the graves of thousands who then beheld it set! No man knew his fate, but each anxiously awaited it in the coming combat, which all believed inevitable, and to be one of the bloodiest ever fought: one in which defeat to either side must be destruction.

"Our right was on Nava d'Aver; our centre advanced to Fuentes Onoro; our left stretched to Fort Conception. There was much skirmishing at Fuentes this day, yet it ended towards night. We nearly lost some guns in the morning, but the enemy's cavalry fought shy and lost their advantage by timidity. At night I was sent out with the picquets, and never did I see any worse posted, or more negligently; but there was no choice for me but to obey orders and keep good watch. On the 4th slight skirmishing at Fuentes Onoro. On the 5th at daybreak fighting began in the village of Fuentes, and soon after a bloody contest was sustained there. The enemy then turned our right flank with his cavalry, and the 7th Division fell back to some high ground, nearly *en potence*, our cavalry keeping as far

as they could in front: we lost many men in Pozzo Velho, so did the enemy. Then a heavy cannonade opened and continued in the centre for five hours, with smart skirmishing, so close as to knock down many in the line, which also suffered severely from grape shells and round shots: our guns however beat those of the enemy out of the field. Thus closed the battle of Fuentes Onoro, the 5th of May; a battle in which our loss was eighteen hundred, that of the enemy greater: both far short of what was expected, as every one thought we should have had a severe general action. Massena certainly drew out his army with the intention of saving Almeida and driving us into the Coa. Lord Wellington out-manœuvred him and covered Almeida, presenting so formidable a line of battle as to oblige the Prince of Esling to give up his project. He retired, covered by his cavalry, on the 7th or 8th, after which our army was ordered into the surrounding cantonments. Our brigade marched first off the position, playing the British Grenadiers, which was a little like dunghill cock-crowing, but the men like it."

His correspondence from the field of battle will now display that elation which victory, notwithstanding the loss of friends, always produces in those who escape. A sense of safety united with an additional claim to our country's applause is irresistible.

"May 7th, moonlight. Dearest mother, William and I are quite well, and the French, it is thought, will not try another general action again. We lost a good many men on the 5th. I was lucky, for we were many hours in a severe fire, and my bridle was hit by a grape shot. We are in mad spirits, and long to fight again, but Massena is not inclined. The 50th lost only a few more than thirty men by the cannonade; but we were obliged to be quiet all the time, and had no French lives in return. Remember now dearest mother, that fight more, or no more fight, a hundred thousand men are in the pickling tub with William and myself: it was our turn to escape, and we did so. This was proper, and

though the fire of grape and shells was very heavy, I made it a point of honour not to be hit.

"May 8th. The French are satisfied with the fillip we gave them on the 5th, and are retiring. We shall move close to Almeida, where poor Brennier has been firing and blustering in vain, he can't get out! he can't get out!"

This was a Gilpin boast. Brennier broke out on the night of the 10th.

"Alhergaria, May 20th. You will hear of Almeida being blown up, and that your friend Brennier gave us the slip. Who is to blame we don't know, nor the particulars. Yesterday I went there. Never was there a more complete blow up; the achievement has been brilliant and marks Brennier for ever. Our generals, or whoever is in fault, ought to be shot; the whole army is disgraced. Lord Wellington must feel it deeply. To have all his operations for securing the town against a large army succeed, to see that army defeated and retire, and then to have the generals under him let the garrison out! It is enough to break his heart. England will begin to see that our generals are * * * * *. Take Lord Wellington away and we are *general-less*. It is said Sir Wm. Erskine is to blame, and next to him General Campbell. On my ride to see Almeida after the blow up, I passed the field where the two armies had fought, and saw such a multitude of eagles, vultures and kites, eating the carcases of man and beast, that I congratulated myself on not making a side dish at their feast: they would have gained little additional good by it, and to me it would have been a great inconvenience. So gorged they were, they could hardly fly, and I hunted some on Blanco, but he did not half like their looks, thinking they might take to live flesh for a change.

"Lord Wellington is again gone to the Alemtejo, to prevent disasters arising in the south from Marshal Beresford's blunders. In short, when Lord Wellington is in the south, we in the north grow frightened lest the French should

advance; and when he is here, things go wrong in the south: he has to fly back and forward, like Lord Moira flying from Edinburgh to London, and does the journey in five days: hard work this for body and mind. So Sir David is at last turned out! The Duke of York's advent will however do Napiers no good, and indeed Old Davy going to pot is luck enough for ten years."

Notwithstanding Lord Wellington's rapidity he was too late in the south; the first siege of Badajos had been raised, the battle of Albuera fought, and so hardly won the master's hand was required to stamp it as success: hence, renewing the siege, he called troops from the north. With the first column went Charles Napier, and he was immediately charged with a confidential mission, his report of which was adopted by Lord Wellington as ground of action.

"Talavera Real, June 10th. I am dear mother on a particular service; my post will likely be about Medellin. If you don't hear from me be not uneasy; for taking no baggage, means of writing may not be found. This mission displeases me. My duty will be to get information of the enemy, but I will not go near him to risk being taken, not being a spy. No danger, but great responsibility, which I don't like: be sure however of my keeping within safe bounds, not having the least desire to be taken in a ridiculous way, and my orders are not to risk anything. I have only a new coat and a great-coat; the first was designed for smart days; but lest the Spaniards should think me a spy, I wear my blazing uniform, and so wear it out; Blanco and I are like meteors: we cannot go near the French, and so I send Spans. This however will only last the siege, and is because an active, intelligent officer was required. What a bore to be so clever!"

Soon the siege was raised by Marmont and Soult, Wellington concentrated his force on the Caya, and with the sagacious daring which marked his whole career, so imposed on the French marshals that they retired at a moment when

their superior numbers might have gone near to finish the war.

George Napier had now obtained a regimental majority by regular course of seniority, and the Duke of York, though not more friendly towards the sons than he had been towards the father, could not with decency longer withhold promotion from Charles, who had again pressed his claim strongly on him, and on the Prince Regent. It had also been separately urged by Lady Sarah through her friends, and was finally conceded. Yet a want of good-will was still evinced; for the promotion was to the 102nd Regiment, a colonial corps just returned from Botany Bay with the stigma of mutiny. Dreary, obscure, soul-sickening service was thus substituted for the glorious warfare in which he had been so distinguished, so wounded. Still it was promotion. And as courts are proverbially far more vengeful than grateful, it was not surprizing that a man whose very existence had been an offence to royal pride, a man, of whose near kindred, one had severely checked royal indiscipline in the navy, a second had endangered royal life in a duel, a third had died an unsuccessful insurgent, and a fourth had been the most impassioned orator of his age in opposition to royal encroachment—it was not surprizing, or unnatural, that such a man should meet with disfavour, enmity it could scarcely be called. Moreover, to be noticed by Wellington, was then no recommendation to the new commander in chief; for whatever may be said, or supposed to the contrary, the writer of this work has sure knowledge, that no friendly feeling existed between the royal general who so signally failed in the early part of the war, and the great captain whose transcendant genius terminated it with a glory dazzling to contemplate.

Court favour, or court honours, it was never Charles Napier's fate to enjoy, nor his ambition to attain. Royalty was to him sacred, as the key-stone of an arch spanning the turbulent waters of the social and political stream, but

courts he regarded as mere pageants, unable to confer real glory: his aspirations were for that greatness which the applause of a nation sends down to posterity. Strong however as his heroic impulses were, his letters, already quoted, and to be quoted, prove that the longings of his heart were always for beneficial labours; that he was averse to war, entirely opposed to cruelty, indignant at injustice, and careless of conventional honours. His sensibilities were indeed essentially domestic: like Sertorius he would have abandoned the greatest enterprizes for his mother's sake. No wounds, no sufferings; no inconvenience of time or place; no privations or inclemency of weather, ever interrupted his efforts to relieve her anxieties, and assure her that she was always first in his thoughts.

SEVENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

THROUGH new scenes and climates Charles Napier's career is now to be traced, but some circumstances attending his promotion must first be noticed. His Lisbon application to Sir David Dundas had been rejected; it was renewed more strongly from Albergaria, and as he then said he would, so he did appeal to the Prince Regent, when he found that Majors Gough, Acheson and Duncan, had been promoted for Barrosa.

"April 1811. Sir. To address Your Royal Highness with respect, clearness and brevity, is difficult: the first I feel profoundly, the next I will attempt.

"As every soldier holds his commission at the will of his sovereign, to speak of right would argue ignorance; but circumstances often give military men strong claims on the notice of their king, and to Your Royal Highness's gracious consideration I submit mine.

"I commanded the 50th Regiment through the whole campaign under Sir John Moore, and in the battle of Coruña, the brunt of which fell on that regiment. Every other major, or captain, who commanded either a regiment, detachment, or fort in action, has been promoted; and many of the majors were junior to me by several years: Majors Acheson and Duncan promoted in the last gazette were so.

"To stand thus singly unfortunate, would seem to imply blame, but the enclosed letters from Lord William Bentinck and General Clinton will free me from that suspicion. I acknowledge myself strongly ambitious of military rank. Shall I be deemed unreasonable or impertinent, if I ask Your Royal Highness's favour to secure for me what has been

bestowed upon others, viz. the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, bearing date from the battle of Coruña, in which I commanded a regiment; or the lieutenant-colonelcy of a regiment. The want of interest has been my misfortune, and without Your Royal Highness be generously pleased to assist me, that is likely to continue."

This letter produced a gracious message from the prince to Lady Sarah, and at that time, to the great joy of the military world, the army was relieved from the offensive oppression of Sir David Dundas: the old man of the land was thrown off the neck of the soldier. Charles Napier then urged his claims on the Duke of York, stating his services and wounds and the recent promotions over his head. This was on the 27th of June, and on the 13th July, having heard of the Regent's message to Lady Sarah, he thus again addressed that prince.

"Sir. Labouring under a severe ague, and hardly able to hold my pen, I find scarce power to thank Your Royal Highness for your kind promise of promotion, expressed to my mother through Colonel McMahon.

"The difficulties, by him mentioned, with regard to my standing, are to me inexplicable. That there are none real I can easily explain to Your Royal Highness.

"In the latest gazette I believe there has hardly been a major promoted who was not junior to me in standing; many younger as men, I believe; nearly all younger as soldiers. Several have been subalterns since I held the rank of major: and I may say, none of them have been so unfortunate as to second their claims by six wounds received in the service, which is the case sir, with Your Royal Highness's faithful servant C. J. N."

His promotion followed, and with this introduction the following extracts from his letters and journal will be better understood. Meanwhile, having caught the Guadiana fever and ague, he went to Lisbon, suffering much, and having no comfort but that of—"not having medical attendance."

"July 19th. Dearest mother read the following. 'Sir, I am directed by the commander in chief to acquaint you, that previous to the receipt of yours of the 27th ultimo, His Royal Highness, bearing in mind your claims, had recommended you for a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 102nd Regiment, and the state of discipline in that corps requires that you should join it without loss of time.

'H. TORRENS.'

"Now which of the royal brothers has made me lieutenant-colonel? Or did they both jump together like gudgeons at a worm? That cannot be. Ergo one has done the deed, and the other takes credit: the higher power probably, for he took the credit of George's promotion as regimental major, though it was in the regular course, as they could not put any captain over his head with common decency. Now dear mother, I am not the least grateful to any one but yourself for my promotion; to you I owe it entirely: gratitude to others there is no reason for. Having been ill-used, the prince, or the Duke of York, has given me with loss of time, what without loss would have been only justice; for that much obliged, and thanks to both, but no gratitude to either: no more than to a jury for acquitting me of a crime never committed. I'll doff my beaver but no gratitude: it is giving royalty too great a hold of one's nose, and if royalty pulls, you can't resent. And these folks always have two holds:—gratitude as men, and loyalty as prince, or king. Hence, being less inclined to bear annoyances, exactly as the annoyer ranks among the mighty; and having returned zealous service for my pay, and a certain quantity of blood for promotion, besides two uniforms spoiled by the effusion, the balance seems clear between George Prince, and Charles Napier.

"The impudence of whoever hinted to you that my promotion was a job is unbounded, and for the prince's sake, as well as my own, any man who says, or hints this, shall

have a fair downright English box on the ear. He may fight me or let it alone, though the latter would be preferable, at least I think so; but a man is bloody-minded when feverish. Mark! The 102nd was at Botany Bay, where there was a party business, and they came home. The colonel died. The king would not give the step in the regiment. The next major was cashiered. And now the Duke of York says the state of discipline requires the immediate presence of the new lieutenant-colonel. The job is therefore to teach scald scurvy knaves how to behave. Stop! These jokes won't do, they are probably very good fellows and may be touchy. If not good fellows they will have hot berths. I have a knack of annoying tricksters, and going to a young corps after an old one, is to drive two horses instead of eight. My reins are tight in hand, no fear of being run away with; and you know a good coachman uses reins, not the whip, unless with an old restive horse, which will indeed sometimes give coachee a confounded kick in return.

"To get a regiment that is in bad order is agreeable; my fear was a good one, where no character could be gained and some might be lost. Caution is however necessary with these heroes; for, not making the regiment I unmake myself. My conviction has ever been, that more can be done with good-humoured than with angry men: if they will be angry, power will be an overmatch for them; but with sulky people, regiments cannot be made as much of as with good-humoured fellows. Some people go to a regiment and commence drilling it at once, like Moore's brigade, forgetting that Moore put sugar into the lemon juice, and the mixture was good; he who puts lemon only causes wry faces: my way is clear enough, but my desire is not to see their faces for a year, staying quietly at home to recover my health. A little employment however, with eagerness and anxiety, does good to body and mind; and it is my nature to have both about everything, to a certain degree.

"Lisbon, August 13th. Dearest mother, your ignorance

of military matters leads you astray, and exposes you to the humbug of those who tell you the prince has done a job for me: they say so, from some disappointment to themselves. The duke will have no 'trouble to satisfy the army.' The army is here, not in England, and is very generally of opinion that I was one of the worst-used majors in it. The only observation made was, a damned shame he did not get it before! I agree that we are obliged to the prince, if he gave the step; and we must appear to think so to him and to others: but to you only am I grateful, for you only have worked. Next comes Sir John Moore, for having given me the command of the 50th in Spain; then myself for fighting hard: lastly the Frenchmen who shot me, for that clenched the nail. Lord Wellington says, he won't let me have a Caçadore Regiment for the Napiers always get hit, and he will be killed: they have had enough of wounds'. Marshal Beresford told me this.

"You have given me a long letter, settling all my doings till your arrival from Ireland. Now, if you ever knew of my following anybody's advice, or plans, you are acquitted of a silly waste of words. When in England the spirit must move; but I must move myself to Carlton House, for the spirit would never move me to the presence of king or prince. Had I lived in courts this would be like going to a camp; but to be condemned now to *live* in a court would send me from the world in a year. There are three kinds of lives which should generally be kept distinct, after a certain age, because they are then not easily changed. A courtier's: he is a slave. A country gentleman's: he becomes a supporter of freedom, if not, a republican. A soldier's: he is a despot. Perhaps the country gentleman may be moulded to either side very late in life, but the others won't do together, unless united from infancy; in which case, perhaps, the man would be better courtier and warrior. But without expecting ever to be a general I could never be a courtier, the restraint and ceremony would be unendurable.

"I am better, a little, and have not had delirium the last two fits, otherwise no change; nor is any expected until home and quiet restore me: but if the voyage don't send away the fits I must shift about for new air. The doctor says three months will recover me after the fits go; I say he is wrong, and Bellarmin being thus confuted, I shall act on my own opinion. Lord March is well, yet requires two months of home for complete restoration, though he has had but three fits: I have had six weeks, that is, twenty-one fits."

On the 25th of August he embarked in the Fiorenza frigate, and after a very tedious voyage, taking Blanco with him, landed in England, but continued ailing for a very long time; so roughly shaken was his constitution by his long sufferings and the hardships he had braved. At this time Lord Liverpool conferred on him the small sinecure government of the Virgin Isles, in consideration of his wounds and services, and he held it for a year or two; but when pensions for wounds were granted, resigned, saying, he could not take two rewards for the same service. Lord Bathurst, married to his cousin, Lady Georgina Lennox, was then minister, and strongly opposed this, but finding him immovable offered the government to George Napier, who had meanwhile lost his right arm leading the storming party at Ciudad Rodrigo: he however declined it on the same ground. With the presentation of this government, Charles Napier received intelligence of George's misfortune; if a misfortune it can be called, to purchase with the loss of a limb, in a just war, the subjoined commendations, testifying that he emulated his brother in bravery as well as disinterestedness. Ciudad Rodrigo had been stormed in the night of the 19th of January 1812, and on the morning of the 20th, the following letters were written to Lady Sarah Napier, to Charles Napier, and to Lady Louisa Conolly.

"Gallegos, January 21st. My dear Madam. I am sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the

right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, as to make it necessary to amputate it above the elbow. He however bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning quite well, free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound: when he did receive it, he only desired that I might be told he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen.

"Having such sons, I am aware that you expect to hear of these misfortunes, which I have had more than once to communicate to you; and notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction which they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you. Under these circumstances I perform the task I have taken on myself with less reluctance; hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you on such a subject, and that your brave sons will be spared to you.

"Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder on the 16th.

"Ever my dear Madam yours most faithfully

"WELLINGTON."

"My dear Lady Sarah. I am very sorry to tell you that George has had his arm amputated, in consequence of a musquet shot he received at the top of the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo; it has been done just above the elbow of the right arm. He suffers very little pain and is in high spirits. He volunteered leading three hundred as fine fellows as ever marched from the light division, and with them stormed the small breach. Everybody in the army admires his gallantry, and I trust they can't refuse to make him a lieute-

nant-colonel: his friend Lieut. Gurwood led the forlorn hope and they were the two first up the breach. I will let you know how he is by next mail, but I am convinced it will be a favourable account. He wanted to write to you but I told him I would. He is coming to my quarters, and I will take every care of him.

"Believe me dear Lady Sarah ever yours affectionately

"MARCH."—Now Duke of Richmond.

"P.S. Pray write to Charles, that I hope George will soon be a lieutenant-colonel, as he deserves it better than any one in the army."

"El Bodon, 21st January. My dear Napier, although the news I have to tell will shock you at first, yet, after all, it is more a subject for congratulation than condolence. You may rely upon my not deceiving you in any point, and therefore believe that poor George is as well as any man ever was who has sustained the loss of an arm. He has had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in a manner he has long sought for, by leading three hundred fine fellows up the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo; which he did in a style second to none that ever went up a breach. Before reaching the breach itself, they had to scale the walls of the *fausse bray*, and he planted the first ladder himself. Nothing could resist such fellows and in a few minutes the place was our own. His wound was by a grape shot—in the elbow joint of the right arm; by which the bone was so much shattered as to render the loss of the arm inevitable, and for which he decided instantly. The operation was performed by Dr. Guthrie, and yesterday morning I saw him as well, and as unconcerned about it as if he had an arm to spare. I am going again to Ciudad Rodrigo, and until he chooses to write to you with his left arm I will always let you know how he is. I need not tell you he was a volunteer: a lieutenant-colonelcy will not half recompense his deserts.

"Amongst others lost on this occasion is poor Dobbs;

and Colonel Colborne, (now Lord Seaton) a great friend of George, is badly wounded. General Craufurd not expected to live. I now again repeat, that nothing is likely to happen to George; he appears so well you could not tell anything had happened to him. Of course, for many reasons he will go home as soon as the surgeons think it advisable to move. Believe me with the greatest veneration for everybody that bears your name most sincerely yours

"CHARLES ROWAN."

"Gallegos, January 21st 1812. My dear Lady Louisa. Little did I imagine when I last addressed you, I should so soon have to communicate afflicting intelligence; but the gallant spirit of those Napiers leads them ever in the foremost ranks to danger; and honour is sure to be their just reward. George Napier, commanding three hundred as brave fellows as himself, stormed one of the breaches in the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, sad to relate, received a wound in the right arm, which has been since amputated, and he is doing as well as possible. His conduct equalled that of his brother Charles, to surpass it would be hard; but the gallantry of the Napiers is as proverbial in the army as the fame of our chief. God of his mercy be praised, we have not George to deplore as once we had, as we all supposed, his brother. Alas our victory has been attended with some cruel losses: that of General McKinnon is irreparable; and I have scarce a hope of my poor friend Craufurd. I write to you my dear Lady Louisa rather than to any other of the family, to break this intelligence to dear Lady Sarah. God Almighty bless you, believe me ever yours most affectionately

"CHARLES STEWART."—Late Lord Londonderry.

Charles Napier had from his shrewd Colonel, Stewart of the 50th Regiment, caught many useful lessons; being in this remarkable, that where he found talent he became a pupil: yet only to strengthen, not controul his own genius,

for in action, relying solely on himself, his previous humility appeared as the stoop of a hawk to seize prey and then soar aloft again. It was therefore with good knowledge of regimental business he assumed command of the 102nd. Raised as "*The New South Wales Fencibles*" this regiment had gone out there by the Cape of Good Hope and returned by Cape Horn, and was probably the only corps that ever circumnavigated the globe. In January 1812 he joined it at Guernsey, and at first hoped to lead it to the Peninsula, but in June it was ordered to Bermuda, and his own letters must continue his story.

"Guernsey, May. At a sham fight, our general in the flush of victory got with his aide-de-camp into a field where Blanco was feeding, and was immediately treated with horse tricks, the military drew their swords but to no purpose, Blanco jammed them up in a corner, and setting his ears back kept them prisoners while the fight went on: at last, they were found in durance, but could not be released, for the barb would only surrender them to my servant. Was there ever such a matchless horse! Not a word of your letter dear old lady will I answer, except rejoicing that you have sold Celbridge. You owe me nothing, pay others. *Je suis bien riche,* and am going to buy a cow for myself which will give suck on the voyage to some soldiers' wives and children—hang the imps! poor things! It is said that not a day passes at Bermuda without opportunities of sending letters, and the ordinary run is but three weeks; two delightful things, for to be far from you is hateful, and with all my ill temper at the cross ways of London, never do I go to bed so happy as under your roof, if you are there. Take care of my other dear mother, Susan Frost, and make her go into the country. Thank Admiral Foley for his letter to Captain Bell, who is an excellent fellow; indeed all seamen have been so to me. Some army bucks complain of them, because, forgetting they are in a man's house when in his ship, they give themselves airs, and are taken down.

"Plymouth, 28th July. Forced in here by stress of weather, and my sea-sickness horrible: with enough to make the pot boil in England, no other country should see my pretty face. Unable to eat, my spirits are low, and six weeks, perhaps two months, of this before me: Oh murder! We have six ladies on board and two on the point of being confined. Wretched women! Why do I complain? Jonathan has declared war. We reckon ourselves equal to two frigates; three we should fight hard, and even four would have a tug: we have seven hundred men on board, and my left hand should go to board the President and smite Commodore Rogers with my right. I swear now, Jonathan lacks a licking, and an English line of battle ship is the thing to provide the needful. It would however please me more to delve for *pratees* at home, for an American war is a miserable thing.

"Journal. While at Plymouth I procured bedding for the men, which idle official rascals had thought quite unnecessary. Whether the Admiralty or Transport Office are in fault is unknown, but the attempt to send five hundred soldiers on a voyage which may last two months, with only the deck to lie on, is shameful.

"August 10th. This day 30 years old. In 1808 my birthday was spent in Lisbon: 1810 in the valley of the Douro; 1811 again in Lisbon; and now, 1812, in the midst of the Atlantic. Where next? perhaps at the bottom. Well, when not with those I love no matter where.

"September 12th, Bermudas. This island beautiful to look at, but food, and all things but rogues, so scarce as to make a miserable quarter."

This long voyage in his debilitated state, hurt him severely, and for many months health did not return. Narrowly also was shipwreck escaped within a mile of the anchorage, for the ship made to land under a press of sail, her captain, unwitting of the sharp rocks below, was driving onward to destruction in sight of the garrison which, attracted by the

sight of a war ship, looked from the shore trembling for the result, until a black pilot with shouts and gesticulations indicated the danger. They landed then in safety, but in that small disagreeable cluster of isles life was monotonous, and to him very depressing after the stirring scenes of the Peninsula. His resolute pursuit of duty was however in no manner abated, and his mode of command so earnest, so peculiar and diligent, that it was felt by others as a reproof to their negligence, and gave offence. The governor, General Horsford, whose colonial irregularity was disturbed by an original mind, became his enemy, because the regulations of the service were enforced. No zeal! no zeal! was Talleyrand's advice to a young friend on entering a public office; and nothing is indeed more offensive to satisfied dulness than successful vivacity: Charles Napier was destined to feel the force of this truth all his life.

To be cut off from the great events convulsing Europe, and restricted to an island scarcely larger than a prison, and not more fertile of incident, was very chafing to such a fiery spirit, and his correspondence exhibits a mind preying on itself, perceptive of failings, and panting for action as a cure. Always uppermost however is the love of his mother, avowed with every variety of phrase that filial affection could suggest; but of this heaped tenderness only what is required for the story of his life at Bermuda shall be set down. The nature of that life was thus epitomized on quitting it. From the 12th September 1812, to 23rd May 1813, there has been a series of yellow fever, starvation, and minor evils under the reign of *King Horsford*—a man extremely dull, and feeble of mind, and nearly as feeble of body. He seldom speaks, never to the purpose, and is indecisive on all occasions; no man ever gets yes or no from him. Yet he is very pompous, and as Colonel Lloyd, with Irish humour says of him, Poor man, he tries to look sensible, and no man can do more: he never succeeds indeed, but how can he help it?

"His mother, October. We are waiting for accounts of the great battle of Salamanca, of which we only know that the French have lost 25,000 men, with all their artillery and baggage; and that Marmont is killed. My anxiety is to know of a humbler man's fate: has my dear brother William escaped? This pleasant doubt has been mine since we encountered the Lisbon pacquet in August. These glorious deeds in Spain make me turn with disgust to the dulness of drill, and it is hard to rouse myself to duty: yet *duty must be done*. The example of colonial idleness here is very hard to stem, and many bad names are bestowed on my drilling, and my strictly conforming to the Duke of York's orders. Entre nous, my great sin is giving all the bread to the men which the allowance of government flour will furnish, that is about 10 lbs. The 98th commanding officer gives only 8 lbs., the remainder being sold; and bread here will fetch always a shilling, sometimes two shillings a pound. What becomes of this large sum is to me unknown, but it would be easy to pocket £800 or £1,000 without detection. It is rumoured that my plan has given offence; for though I have said nothing, the 98th men complain: liking bread better than a *regimental fund*. Moreover, instead of buying bad fuel by contract, my quartermaster buys good clean wood, and thus baker Napier is famous in Bermuda. If you hear of my being a martinet, tyrant, &c., be assured it is this baking business.

"My greatest dread is that the idleness of others will corrupt my *gents*; they are however now good, and proud of their military knowledge, which keeps up the military spirit. But to what end is all this work? To be starved in Bermuda, and become pioneers when tools come from England: it is hateful to think of. Every officer of mine, except three young ones, can now exercise a battalion: in one year of working parties they will be only thinking of making money and gardens, and the men will be ditch-diggers! How can we pester men with drill for that end? I only do it to keep them from drink and myself from rust.

England would be my choice now but for those battles, which set me *cock a hoop* despite of reason which says fighting is bad for you, Charles Napier, and you don't like it: certainly it appears pleasanter when only heard of.

"November 29th. Bermuda is not unpleasant, if to be out of England is my fate; not from anything desirable in the place, but from my habits of occupation, which would keep me in spirits at any place. In Bermuda, or a jail, my books and drawings could be enjoyed as much as in a palace; that is if my seat was as soft, and my light as good. The having no other objection to Bermuda than the want of posts is however singular, as every other mortal hates it for itself. A wet climate, nothing to eat, no fruit, no vegetables, no wine, no good company; for the people, after cheating you in their shops all day, have the impudence to think they are to be your companions in the evening! A good honest shopkeeper is to be liked and respected; but a knave, who weighs out his pound of bad butter at the modest price of three shillings, is quite affronted if you call his place a shop. No! you must screw up your mouth, make a bow, and 'Pray allow me to ask if I may be so bold as to take the liberty of inquiring if your stores contain eggs, or tallow candles?' He then makes you another bow and a long speech, and charges 500 per cent. profit. A lady whose husband settled here after the American war, has lived sixty years in the Island of St. George, which is only three miles long, and not quite a quarter of a mile broad, with only a ferry dividing it from the large island. She has never seen the large island or been out of this little island since her birth, she told me; and added, or indeed out of the town except once, when I went to Saint David's—a smaller island! She is hale, strong, sane, and not singular.

"Journal. This island is about thirty-five miles long, and from fifty yards to three miles broad. Taking the cluster as a whole, the main island is called the continent, and on the

small Island of St. George is the capital, St. George's town. This small island, with St. David's and some others, form a good harbour for merchantmen, but the approaches are through rocks, very narrow and difficult. There is good anchorage, and docks are being built at an island called Ireland. There is a large lake, seventeen fathoms deep in every part, and cutting away a little earth would render it one of the most perfect harbours in the world: it is called Harrington's Sound. The population is about eleven thousand—five thousand whites; five thousand five hundred blacks, and five hundred strangers, who may be called the floating population. St. George is a free port. The soil is favourable for cultivation, but the indolence of the people is great, and as every one lives by petty traffic no attention is paid to agriculture. In gardening there is much trouble from the voracious green grub, and the keen sea air hurts vegetation: the chief product is cedar. The Gruper fish is delicious and plentiful, so are many other fishes. The whale season begins in April, and ends in June. About fourteen whales are caught each season, a good one being worth £300. The whale steak is like veal, some like it better, few find any difference, if not told what they are eating.

"The slaves are not generally ill treated. There are above fifty who have purchased their freedom within twenty years, and the freedmen gain ground. The blacks are ingenious, passionately fond of music, drunken, and idle: in short what slaves must be. Bermudian whites are very ill-looking, the men: the women are pretty. The climate is humid, and so changeable as to be destructive to consumptive people it is said, but I have doubts on that subject. The opinion is held chiefly by military medical men, and all consumptive soldiers do die; yet my belief is that constant drunkenness is more in fault than climate, the humidity of which in great measure is from the sea spray. There are many law courts, and colonial regulations here, enacted by Parliament, which it is useless to learn, being all tricks to foster fraud, and

without right to be called laws. The people are so confined in their ideas, and their curiosity so limited, from the nature of this small spot in the world of waters, that many old persons have never quitted the island they were born on: yet some of the islands are only one mile round!"

The frigate in which his youngest brother Henry was a lieutenant arrived towards the end of the year, and he heard of his brother George's marriage.

"December. Blessed mother, George's marriage delights me. You may now in time, have a dear animal of some kind with you, instead of being left in your old age by a pack of vagabond itinerant sons, getting wounded abroad, while you are grieving at home. The interest you have had about us has never been of much pleasure, and the little links of a chain to tie you to life may come, your lost great ones can only thus be supplied.

"As to my being governor of Bermuda, my rank would not allow of it; and if to live out of England is my fate it would be better to send Lord Moira his written promise,—given unasked, to employ me in an advantageous situation when in his power. The time already spent here would in India have put £2,000 in my pocket; with this fatal objection however, that I would not sell the chance of getting near you for ten times that sum. Yet if my fate is to be in a colony, an East Indian one is better than a West Indian one: there are indeed for India the drawbacks of distance and liver complaint; yet they are both in perfection at Bermuda, with the pleasure of living amongst dealers in rum, and nothing to pass time but books, which, though sufficient in part, do not make up for the want of curiosities to be seen in other countries. We live in an island so small that the smell of cedar is overpowered by that of rum! Wherefore I am not disposed to be governor. Botany Bay would be more agreeable. A governor there can clear £2,000 a-year and live like a nabob. Three years of that would suit me, and then to come home for the rest of my life

and drive old Blanco in a buggy: but of all governments the best would be an English house to put you into. Hang governments that is my answer.

"It pleases me that Narrien has done Susan Frost's money business: many times has conscience stung me for not having done it as I ought; for what ought not to be done for her who has done everything for us? It was hard that none of her 'boys' could find time to do this for her: she always found time to do things for us. Narrien is a good fellow, up to London ways, and one of those men who unite extraordinary ability with uncommon uprightness of character. Pity it is that so valuable a man should be so humbly situated when God made him for a higher sphere: if ever power is mine to give him a lift it shall be done."

In after life he was aiding to get Mr. Narrien appointed professor at Sandhurst College, where his great acquirements and honourable character have long been most useful to the public; but his genius and capacity should have had a wider field of action: his eminent capacity for science and literature rank him with the most understanding men of Europe.

"Jan. 1st. A happy new year to you most precious mother, and old as you are a great many of them. Oh! may I have the delight of being within reach of you next new year's day. I would take another shot through the head to be as near you as I was in Lisbon last year. My broken jaw did not give me half the pain the life we lead here does; and so far from you. And to the displeasure of being abroad is added, that we see no new people, learn no strange language, no customs differing from our own: that is such customs as a huckster's shop at Portsmouth affords. We have the curses of banishment without its freedom, or its instruction, or the comfort of being 'suffering patriots.' Our officers and men sigh for Botany Bay; there every species of food was in perfection, carriages and horses in abundance, and excellent brick houses: everything man could desire, to make up for distance from England. A

curious people too, whose wars and customs furnished food for observation, and savage nations furnish nearly as much of that as civilized nations do.

"If my letters are taken and published in the American papers, the *Mudians* can't accuse me of being illiberal: all I say of them is that they are highly charged and charging puncheons of rum, and that the 'superior men,' of which there must of course be some, are elegant needles in bottles of Bermudian hay: the lasses are pretty enough. Why do I write this nonsense? Because I must chat with my dear old mother and have nothing better to say: moreover, when in a nonsensical vein I never can stop and to-night it is an artery. Two pacquets are due, and we fear they have been taken, for the Yankees swarm here: and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, Sir you have used it so well I should be ashamed to take it from you. These Yankees, though so much abused are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian; he was here, a prisoner and dined with me: he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poictiers, seventy-four: being now in an English frigate, if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereign on the ocean.

"Feb. 13th, 1813. The drunkenness of my regiment is beyond endurance. After doing all that was possible to stop it, I warned them that the lash would be used, for drink was killing them, and discipline was subverted. My boast had been that the young one should never see a bloody back, and the drummers here did not know how to go about it. Now it has fallen on them. Man! man! thou art certainly very vile: very vile and contemptible, let me therefore speak of my cow. She gave milk during the voyage for all the women and children on board the ship. She has a fine little calf, and there are hungry fellows about me who wish

to kill it, but on no account shall the little beastie be hurt: the mother has her own way." This tenderness, to be justly appreciated, requires the addition of the following extract from another letter, showing what privations prompted to the death of the calf.—"Dr. Baily's treatment is exactly what suits me: but how can it be followed here, where we live on salt food: a little fresh pork indeed we do get sometimes, but not always. No part of his prescription can be adopted except regular hours and exercise."

In strong contrast to this natural gentleness was his fiery indignation at wrong-doers. The remembrance of the cruelties perpetrated in Ireland during the insurrection of 1798, when awakened, always aroused this anger, especially against Lord Camden, who, to the general ferocity of his government, had added a private cause of exasperation—one of those injurious passages of power, bitterly borne in mind, and handed down to posterity by the injured.

Mr. Moore, in his Life of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, has represented Lord Clare as overbearing Lord Camden's natural humanity and feeling for the insurgents; but the following statement, true to the letter, strongly contradicts that view.

"When Lord Edward was dying of his wounds in prison, Lady Louisa Conolly in person adjured Lord Camden to let her see her nephew before he quitted the world. She was a person of the most exalted character; one of those beings sometimes allowed to appear on earth as examples of the perfection human nature may attain. From principle and mental discipline she was self-possessed, and externally calm in the hours of trial; but had within, a vehemence of feeling which, when excited beyond endurance, was of terrible force, and of this interview she thus spoke—but to appreciate the fearful power of the words, the inexpressible dignity of Lady Louisa's mind, and manner, and character, and the reverence with which she was regarded should be known. 'I, who never bent to human being, nor kneeled to anything

but my God, grovelled in the dust at that man's feet to let me see my dying nephew, and I grovelled in vain!'

"From Lord Camden's she drove to Lord Clare's house. He was at dinner, a cabinet one, but instantly came to the street door, without a hat, and with a napkin in his hand. Lady Louisa what do you want? To see my nephew before he dies, give me an order! That cannot be, it has been decided that none shall be given except by the whole council. For a moment he hesitated, then suddenly said, But I can go with you, let me enter your carriage. They drove to Newgate and in person he took her to Lord Edward's cell. In the carriage was her niece, Miss E. Napier, fifteen years of age, who was left alone amidst a ruffian congregation around the state prison, and at that horrid period of cruelty and violence it was a frightful situation. Lord Clare however did not forget her: in a few minutes he re-appeared to say, Miss Napier this is no place for you, Lady Louisa's interview with Lord Edward is likely to last some time, a constable shall protect you home and I will myself attend on your aunt: and so earnest had he been that he still held the dinner napkin in his hand. Re-entering the gaol he waited there for more than three hours, and when the painful visit closed, escorted Lady Louisa to her home, still bareheaded and forgetful of everything but her grief."

Charles Napier's bitter remembrance of Lord Camden's conduct, was now suddenly excited by the false news that he was again to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and by the true intelligence that he had been created a marquis about the same time that Lord Wellington was exalted to that rank.

So he wrote—"Lord Camden is once more to tyrannize over poor unfortunate Ireland, and drive a brave and loyal people into rebellion to their king, because they refuse to forsake their God, and prefer the Pope to the Archbishop of Canterbury. If their knowledge of Camden does not tempt

them to be traitors they will bear more from their sovereign than the English would: but my belief is that they will not bear Camden's stupid despotism, and it will not benefit England to add a war in Ireland to those with France and America. As to Lord Wellington, a hero, a defender of two countries, and the greatest living ornament of Great Britain and the Emerald Isle, being made anything with Camden! it is past writing about. It is an insult to England, and Lord Wellington is thus in no way rewarded for his services—it is disgusting! Talking of those services, how despicable the Spaniards appear at Salamanca. A decisive battle fought in the very heart of their country for their liberty! Thousands of British fell, and only *two* Spaniards were killed, and *four* wounded! People make excuses; any action however base may be excused: but could a friendly Spanish army have fought such a battle in an inland county of England, and only six Englishmen fall! the Spaniard is like a little pig: he makes a great noise and runs away!"

Yellow fever now raged in the island, and he heard of the death, by consumption, of a lady, whose brother he had just nursed through the prevailing sickness, with imminent personal risk.

"The shocking intelligence of Mrs. ———'s death has deprived me of the satisfaction which Henry's arrival had occasioned. Peace is not for us on earth: at least not for those who love more than themselves. Is not this enough to terrify one from marriage? Who can dare to be in love? What can make us fear death? I fear it, but my reason does not tell me why; and it is strange that a death which gives time for reflection is the one I could meet with least resolution, viz. an execution. But death appears more terrific to me when attacking others; there are those for whom my life could be readily given, with no regret save for their grief at losing me: so says my mind at all times; but whether my nerves would second the impulse is another

affair: yet more than once, when going off, as I believed, the thought of those left behind was present, not that of where I was going.

"But of all such efforts, that is greatest, which is called for in the midst of mortal disease. You cannot imagine the dread created here by the fever: terror is visible with the most determined fellows, terror even to ridicule. Not being one who expected to have the fever, my mind has not been tried like those who have; but even those who had no fear, were depressed in spirit beyond description. This was not constant, but the death of any one brought it down, and with me it was only thrown off by extreme pains to attain a conviction of its being disgraceful to let fear suppress reason. One night we buried a poor ensign, and the ceremony, from being at night was more depressing. All present, except myself, went to a party afterwards to cheer their spirits; I put out one candle, and let the snuff of the other grow as long as my own nose, and at midnight my lowness was overcome: then quoth I, Lo! I am master, let me sleep. It is easy to nerve myself in such cases, after Coruña: but I feel myself failing in self-command as to anger. It is good to be in a passion intentionally; very bad to be so unintentionally, and that has grown on me from the brutal drunkenness of my men.

"February. All hope of reclaiming my men is not extinct. Severity of punishment, and disgracing all when one sins has had an effect, for Pat fears odium for getting his comrades into trouble, more than punishment. He does some *bloody mischief* in his cups, but it is horrible to flog him when you know he is as sorry as possible himself. There are however always some ruffians who may be flogged with satisfaction. One of the 98th was lately wounded by me with a bayonet, and beaten besides, which saved him from a flogging. Before my eyes the ruffian, after beating his wife, gave her a kick which absolutely lifted her from the ground, and then, before he could be

reached, jumped twice upon her breast with thick shoes, leaping high up to crush her! I laid open his head with a bayonet instead of stabbing him; but that, with another blow, served to make a show to the court and saved his back: however he was cut enough for any act short of the one he committed. He was so frightened at my striking him down that he conquered his passion; had he struck me I would have killed him on the spot, and even wished he had given me occasion.

"Had you heard the horrible shrieks of the woman, till her breath was stamped out, and seen the rascal's violence and face, you would have thought, as I did, that her days were numbered. Mr. Burke of the 98th was the villain: he was not drunk, she had merely contradicted him. This kind of man it gives me pleasure to flog, and no regiment is without several. There were in the 50th Grenadiers two murderers. One of them murdered two wives: his name was Campbell, and he deliberately shot the last at Lisbon; how he escaped hanging is inconceivable: the first he strangled in bed. This letter is filled with Paddy's tricks, which I hope to get out of him with as little flogging as possible. Poor fellows, with all their sins they are fine soldiers, and their blood should be kept for better use than being drawn with a cat-o'-nine-tails. I allow them to box, it is the best issue for the rum, and such a parade of black eyes was never before beheld. Oh! Pat thou art a very odd fish, very odd."

His efforts were successful. The sources of the evil were food and circumscribed quarters. Salt meat, and a monotonous existence when the world was everywhere else convulsed, were strong excitements to drink. But the state of the 98th must not be taken as a measure of its worth; regiments rise and fall according to circumstances. The 98th of Bermuda was disbanded at the peace, and its number fell to another corps, which, under the tuition of Major Hopkins, and the after-command of Sir Colin

Campbell, has attained a character second to none in the army.

"March.—No more symptoms of the fever, and we may live long for aught that yellow fever will do to help us. Strange, strange, that we dread the boat that tows us into the harbour of rest! But such is discontented man: he hates life he fears death! In God's name what do we wish for? What and who can satisfy us? Adieu my dearest best of mothers, when in better spirits I 'll say more: would that we could remove anxiety like bile, but for the first there is only one cure. My friend Stewart is dead: I wonder how he likes it? I am alone, for Henry is on board, which is not amiss, as he makes me idle when business is necessary to keep me up; beside his mad spirits are too much: not that my lowness is apparent, others are not damped by me, if hanging is my fate you shall have a joke at the gallows, and probably not a decent one.

"April 10th. Again dearest mother my pen goes. I am not in better spirits but more master of them. Henry sails soon for Halifax. He is afraid of the cold, and it is rather cool there certainly, for people's eyes freeze, and they drink boiling water to avoid becoming icicles—at least so we hear and believe. If you hear of anybody coming here for consumption tell them they are mad: consumption's throne is here. The Bermudians all die of that hated, hateful, cursed disorder. Mother, dearest mother, would to God I was rid of this vagabond life of a felon. Peace! peace! when shall we have peace?

"April 20th. Now for your Christmas letter. A year's pay to have seen aunt dance—the idea is delightful. God bless her. Oh! my wish is to be dancing with those I love, or beating them, or anything so as to be living with you, and to pitch my sword where it ought to be—with the devil! Henry says, if it were so the wish would come to have it back; but my craving for rest is such that twenty years would hardly serve to satisfy me, and that is pro-

bably ten more than I am likely to live—a soldier now-a-days is old at forty. I could get on with a duck, a chicken, a turkey, a horse, a pig, a cat, a cow and a wife, in a very contented way; why! gardening has become so interesting to me here, as to force me to give it up, lest neglect of business should follow: it is a kind of madness, with me. Gardening from morning to-night should be my occupation if there was any one to command the regiment, it won't let me think of anything else. So hang the garden, and the sweet red and blue birds that swarm around: and hang dame nature for making me love such things, and women's company, more, than the sublime pleasure of cutting people's throats, and teaching young men to do so.

"Henry is wrong. I would not be tired of home. My fondness for a quiet life would never let me desire to roam in search of adventures. A few centuries back I should have been a hermit, making free however with the rules of the order, by taking a wife instead of a staff: one cross-grained thing is as good as another. It is certain that a civil life would give me one thing which a military life would not—that is I should never, my own blessed mother, get tired of the power of living with you: that would make up for all the affliction and regret of not murdering my neighbours; of living an exile, with the interesting anxiety of believing those I love suffer even to death, while imagination amuses itself with castles for months before it can be known what is their fate. How shocking to give up such delights for the painfulness of peace and quiet, and a beloved society. Be assured it will not be easy to persuade me of that; and quit the army with joy will I, when the power to do so is mine: but my luck will not go so far. God bless you all not forgetting little *Mongey*"—a tame mongoose brought from the East by his brother Henry—"that is if he has a soul to be saved, but I see him bristling his tail at St. Peter.

"May. What a cursed life is a soldier's, no object, no

end, without *appui* for head or heart, unless that unnatural one of military fame, which to a British soldier is so trifling that it is not worth gaining. A captain who wins the government of a country by his victories may sit down in peace, and have an interesting pursuit for the rest of his life, but war, eternal war is horrible."

Vain are the speculations of man: he who thus expressed his horror of war was doomed to war; and having won the government of a country by his victories, far from finding peace, was pursued to his grave, and beyond it, with all the malignity and falsehood and virulence that an infamous exercise of power could excite. But a change for his thoughts was now at hand; rumours of expeditions against the Americans were rife and his sentiments were thus poured forth as usual to his mother.

"I would prefer fighting Americans with the 102nd, to fighting French with the 50th, for a while. What is truly hateful is, sojourning in Bermuda. I would rather fight neither, but stay quiet in England till in better bodily strength for a hard campaign: chance must decide, but for interest America is the game; and if made prisoner there it will not be eternal captivity as in France. This is an inexpressible advantage to me, who shudder at the idea of being taken again by the French. I have doubts as to accepting quarter, so great is my horror. However, always on going into action my song is, that I shall be as well off as a canary bird, so it is a folly to fret. To be afloat with a thousand light infantry and two pieces of cannon, and allowed to land where it pleased me and be off again is my wish. A force of that kind might pay itself and save government the expense: not by plunder, which is horrid, and leads to every dreadful crime, but by contributions, levied by the magistrates. I would not take a man's purse myself, but would have no objection to make his own magistrate levy a tax and remit it to government.

"This predatory warfare might easily be practised, but

should be carried on by honest men, who would account honourably to government and never make a shilling for themselves: and who would rigidly preserve discipline, otherwise their men would plunder and commit every enormity. I would not take such a command without unrestricted power to execute on the spot any marauder. On expeditions of this kind there should be but one marauder, the king. He has a right to make the enemy defray the expenses of the war, and it would be delightful to have the Americans paying taxes for us. I am not a hater of Yankees though, they are fine fellows, liars it is said, but so are we. You English wise ones, hold Yankee cheaper than he merits, you take him for a dollar when in truth he is a doubloon. My desire is to have command of the marines that are coming, and of the 102nd, and to land, to sack towns and commit all possible enormities on the coast: how delightful to deserve hell by command! By Jove! I am most amiably disposed to maraud and make money of the Yankees. But dearest, blessed mother, to return to you is the first wish of my heart: when this American war is over I must go home or mad.

"May. Have the English yet settled whether Buonaparte is to be boiled or roasted? Everybody says he is done for at last. A knowing wise grin, and, Well now, it is pretty clear he has fallen from his high estate—We now see he was not such a great general—Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself. Such quotations are as common as fools, a very plentiful article. As to the Yankees: if you wish to know American politics, read Cobbett. All Americans acknowledge him to be master of the subject; and the Bermudians, who are judges also being so nearly connected, say he is correct in his estimate of American resources: his talent is great and his remarks are sound.

"There is now no hope of my quitting this island before becoming black: however my colour is already that of a well-browned tea-urn. To be an exile, deprived of the only

comfort of an exile, the seeing new countries and manners is dreadful: here we look north and all is sea; south, and all is sea; on our right sea; on our left sea! it is a ship on the ocean without the feeling that the voyage must end. As to writing to you at landing-places if I go back, why no letter will go so fast. I'll fly! but *when* shall I go back? these colonies, like Willis' madhouse, are easily got into but hard to get out of.

"May. Sir Sydney Beckwith has just come with a force, to *whop* the Yankees. I go second in command, and am in most excellent tranquil spirits, having much to do."

Such was his Bermuda life, but never was he without a dangerous adventure. His brother Henry frequently visited the island, and on one occasion when Charles went on board his frigate a hurricane suddenly raged; vessels were torn off the water and dashed about like feathers, some were even cast over the harbour banks far inland, and many went down. The captain was ashore, and Charles Napier always spoke with admiration of the skill and daring energy with which Henry saved the frigate, fondly anticipating reputation for him if opportunity occurred: but Henry also was destined to feel the leaden hand of factious power, and fortune was not kind. Ill-luck, ill-usage, and finally ill-health, drove him from active life, and it will be no impertinent digression here to give a sketch of his career; for though much separated during life, there was a bond of affection which never was broken between him and Charles, and nearly together they died!

Henry Napier's first service was in the Spencer, 74, under the late Admiral Stopford. He was then remarkable for his size and good looks, being fair even to womanish delicacy, with large blue eyes, short crisp hair, and round athletic limbs. His youthful comeliness could not be judged of in after life, when he was by long exposure to the extremes of heat and cold, and by the blights of mental and bodily suffering—incurable grief and incurable disease, withered

in limb and form, presenting but a gaunt spectral resemblance of what nature had originally made him.

In 1806 he sailed from Deal to the Cape, and months afterwards, the handsome midshipman of the Spencer was a subject of conversation at the former place. From the Cape his ship convoyed Whitelock's ill-fated expedition to the river Plate, and on the voyage Henry Napier saved a seaman's life by a surprising effort. Both were floating about half a mile from the ship when the sailor suddenly sunk, but Henry brought him up from a great depth, and finding him clutching wildly with insensate desperation, drew back, placed his feet against the poor struggling creature's shoulders and pushed him violently forward; then following swiftly he with a strong hand replaced him in an upright posture, and again dashed him forward as before: in this manner, never suffering him to sink, nor yet to fasten a deadly grasp, he drove him, exhausted, to the ship's side and both were saved, but it was a sore struggle.

In 1807 he was several times engaged in boats against the Danish sea batteries at the siege of Copenhagen, and used to relate an amusing anecdote of an Irish sailor under his orders. Being exposed to the fire of a powerful battery, the shot flew very thickly just above the boat's crew, and the man in question, a giant of known bravery, ducking his head kept it down. For shame, hold up your head was thundered forth from the stern! I will sir when there is room for it was the laughing response.

After the siege the Spencer made a winter's cruise in the North Sea, off the coast of Norway, and assisted in a successful attack on the Castle of Fleckröoe; from thence it joined the blockade of Brest, but Henry Napier was soon transferred to the Clorinde frigate and sailed for the eastern seas, where he nearly lost his life from a liver attack. He however continued to serve there until promoted to the Diomed 50, in which he came home, and after passing through several other ships, sailed in 1813 for the western

seas, first lieutenant of the frigate, which by fine seamanship he now saved from this hurricane at the Bermudas.

During his service in the western waters he was made commander, and happened to be at Halifax when a fire broke out, which he assisted to quell with an energy publicly noticed at the time. One house was destroyed to stop the spreading conflagration, but a long narrow beam remained, connecting the burning quarter with the untouched buildings, and it was flaming, at a height of fifty or sixty feet: then from the roof of the menaced edifice Henry Napier was seen to step, axe in hand, upon the lofty blazing beam, and with a few powerful strokes at that dizzy elevation cut through the burning beam at his feet and dashed the flaming mass down, cheered by the gazing crowd below: certainly it was a very daring act.

As a commander he was charged to protect the trade on the northern American coast, and for two successive winters cruised off Boston, watching to try his strength with some American ship, and being well prepared for an encounter, for he was an able seaman, a strict disciplinarian, and had with peculiar care trained his crew to gunnery, a branch of service at that time too much neglected. Intent to provoke a collision, he was so vigilant that the Vice-President of the United States, having ventured a little beyond harbour on a pleasure excursion with some ladies, hardly escaped capture by running his boat into shallow water.

The second winter Henry Napier's brig, the Jasseur, grounded during a fog in the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises and falls suddenly, eighty feet; she seemed lost, but with incessant exertions was again floated, and by the court-martial which followed Napier was acquitted; his sword being returned by the president with a compliment. Nor was his service in the western waters without other honourable testimonies. More than once he was thanked by merchants and captains for his careful convoys, and his general urbane, though rigid command on such occasions; and also

for his severely disinterested rejection of all irregular profits, which the times and customs furnished opportunities to obtain without incurring blame. For this a valuable testimonial of plate was offered to him, but sternly and even disdainfully he refused reward for having only adhered to duty.

In peace he was denied service by Lord Melville, and a specific promise of promotion, twice made, was broken; wherefore, impatient like all his family, of injustice, he reproached that nobleman in a way to have debarred all future employment, or advancement, under the existing administration; but when Sir James Graham became first lord, he admitted the validity of the promise and the rank of post captain was given. Napier was however finally laid aside with many other excellent sea officers, who having served through the great French war, and being still able and willing to advance their country's greatness, were condemned to pine in hopeless inactivity while their former ships, become the prey of political and family interests, sailed under youths unborn, or at school, when the ousted men were heroically braving battle and tempest. Being thus unjustly rejected from active service he for some time turned his mind to improvements of gunnery, of the lines of ships, and of the fastenings and machinery for stowing boats and lowering them in moments of danger; but being unable to get these things noticed he refrained from further pursuits of that nature, as a useless waste of time and talent.

In 1823 he married a lady whose extraordinary beauty attracted the admiration of every circle she entered, at home or abroad, and they had many children but three only survived, two sons and a daughter; these deaths induced him to reside near Florence for the sake of climate, and he remained there until his wife died suddenly of cholera. Attacked in the night she suppressed her fears and agony, lest he, who was lying ill in the next room, should be disturbed, and when her state became known succour was useless! From that blow he never recovered. His after life was one long suffering of

mind and body, painful to behold, terrible to sustain. Yet his strong spirit did not shrink from the duties or occupations of society; his friendships were maintained firmly, his benevolence to the poor was active and flowing, and he was always prompt with energetic kindness to devote himself personally, entirely and indefatigably, without stint or stay, to the aid of suffering friends or relations—and to strangers also, when accident threw them on his care. Grief and pain were indeed the constant companions of his solitude, but always cast aside to save others from their withering contact.

While in Italy, at the suggestion of his young wife, who was ambitious of honest fame for him, he commenced a History of Florence, and after her death with devoted tenderness wrought at it as a sacred duty. It was finally published with a pecuniary risk which his moderate fortune could not have sustained, if his brother Charles, with that unhesitating generosity which marked his whole career, had not voluntarily came to his aid. Portions of Florentine history had been written before by celebrated men. Captain Napier's, founded on laborious and accurate researches, and drawn from rare and curious materials, obtained partly by accidental purchases, partly by industrious investigation of the archives, antiquities and public libraries of Italy, is the only complete story of the wonderful existence of that wonderful state, its rise, progress, and decay; its institutions, customs, manners; its wars, dissensions, vicissitudes, riches, greatness and crimes.

He died at the age of sixty-four, six weeks after his brother Charles was laid in the tomb, and no want of noble sentiment rendered him unworthy to be placed alongside those honoured remains; for he had struggled manfully and without shrinking, through his whole existence, against a lowering fortune; preserving a warm heart, benevolent feelings, and feelings of honour clear and sensitive in the extreme, and without abatement in thought or action, from the time he could first think until thought departed for ever.

SEVENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THAT two spiritual fountains constantly played within Charles Napier's breast is evident; the one sparkling to the light of glory, the other flowing full towards the tranquillity of private life. He could not repress his inward sense of genius and natural right to command; nor could he stifle the yearnings of gentle affection: and the last would certainly have prevailed, though his only worldly resource was his profession, if his country had not been plunged in such a terrible war. Duty impelled him, and that duty must be done was as much his motto as the Duke of Wellington's; but it was not peculiar to either: how many times did that phrase burst from the lips of poor soldiers in the Peninsula when called to face danger, endure fatigue, and suffer privations from which nature shrunk! Duty must be done was their war cry, and the noblest ever raised in war. However fate came on, and Napier's desire to have a brigade of marines and his own regiment was now gratified. To them were added a corps of Frenchmen, enlisted from the war prisons, but his command was not an independent one, and previous to relating the operations which followed, an impartial witness shall tell how vigorously he executed the duties of which his spirit was so weary, in Bermuda.

NOTES by Captain ROBERTSON, Royal Artillery.

"When the 102nd landed in Bermuda, even casual observers perceived it was commanded by no common man; while those of his acquaintances who enjoyed the edification of his conversation on professional subjects, and he delighted

to dwell on them, could not but entertain something like prophetic views of future greatness. There was such earnestness of character, such a high estimate of his profession, such enthusiastic stern devotion, that he could not fail to influence all who had a spark of chivalry in their nature. He made soldiers of all under him, and had the rare quality of rendering the most familiar intercourse compatible with absolute authority. His men he was wont to address individually as comrades, and this was no lip expression: it meant the fraternity that should exist among brother soldiers, be their grade what it may; but like him who was lord over Egypt, he held the true sceptre of command: mental superiority.

"The hills and cedar groves of Bermuda were his places of instruction, where men and officers were made to study ground and movements: and with infinite care, and a peculiar happy manner he taught. Instead of condemning mistakes, he would put questions as if seeking for information, yet so framed as to bring conviction of error where such existed, and to suggest improvement. It might be imagined that, in the Bermuda climate, exposing men for hours to extreme heat would prejudice their health; he held a different doctrine and put it to the test. The staff surgeon admitted its soundness, and the regiment had not only fewest men in hospital, but those who did duty were stronger and healthier than those of other regiments which followed the opposite plan of avoiding exercise. His was no adjutant's regiment; he was himself drill master, and master also of every detail: with exception of beating a drum, there was no part of a soldier's duty from the sentinel to the serjeant major's, which he could not teach, and do as smartly as the smartest non-commissioned officer. Nor was his knowledge restricted to his own arm: he was conversant with engineer's duties, and with those of artillery, whose practice he generally attended."

This testimony goes further than the author knew of.

Napier's process of discipline was a reproduction of the Shorn-Cliff system. Moore's genius thus vivified the British army; wherever his officers gained command they kindled fires with Promethean sparks.

While thus so earnestly attentive to his own duties, Charles Napier could not but watch the demeanour of his officers, and with a light hand thus sketched some of their characters. A—— is a fine young fellow and will make a good soldier: a little of a spoiled child now, and don't like drill so well as the Opera; but you may tell mama that he is going on very well, and stands a fair chance of losing the genteel slouch he has at present. He is a very fine lad indeed, and no one is more convinced of that than himself: but I like him because he don't sulk at drill though clearly to him a bore. H—— grows tall, broad, fat, ruddy, attentive, and steady: he is one of the best subalterns in the regiment, makes a point of being seldom in the wrong, and of never admitting it if he is. I make counterpoints, of proving to him that he is in the wrong; which proofs though in black and white before his eyes he always rejects: but then he notes down for himself that he was in the wrong and does right another time which is just what I want. Of a third who wanted promotion he says K—— is one of the best officers in the regiment: he is nearly six feet high, is in love, and in debt: what greater claims can an ensign have? Of a fourth L —— is always wrong, but means to be always right, and he will be so at last.

"June 1st. Beckwith has divided his force into two brigades, the largest under me; the other under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the Marines. My fear is that my *gents* may be too eager; all young soldiers are dangerous in that way; but ours will be less so than the Americans, for they are young also and without even theory. My regiment will probably do right, but I must be much with the marines if we engage, and shall have all the anxiety of a lady

sending her daughter to court the first time. Very anxious also I am to ascertain my own force in command of an awkward brigade; for the marines, being ever on board ship, are necessarily undrilled, and the foreigners under me are *duberous*. Fight these last shall, all men will fight when they begin, but delay enables rogues to evaporate. My self-confidence makes me wish for the chief command; yet am I fearful of estimating my powers too high, and much I dislike sacking and burning of towns, it is bad employment for British troops. This authorized, perhaps needful plundering, though to think so is difficult, is very disgusting, and I will with my own hand kill any perpetrator of brutality under my command. Nevertheless a pair of breeches must be plundered, for mine are worn out, and better it will be to take a pair than shock the Yankee dames by presenting myself as a *sans culotte*."

Of this expedition, the following account is slightly epitomized from a Memoir by Captain Robertson, who was on Sir Sydney Beckwith's staff.

"Memoir.—It was current that Beckwith had advised an attack on New London, where an American frigate and the captured Guerrière and Macedonian were blockaded by our squadron: honour and policy demanded this, and the execution was said to be easy. On the other hand New Orleans was mentioned, and at that time an effectual blow could have been struck there. Soon however the Chesapeake Bay was adopted for action, and after five days of sailing, our anchors were cast in Lynehaven Bay, with a view to attack Norfolk and reach the adjacent dockyard of Portsmouth, but after some days of inactivity the fleet beat up to Hampton Roads in a terrific thunder-storm. Here was Elizabeth River, which, one mile from its mouth, was barred by Craney Island, while a shoal confined the navigable channel to the right bank, with only a depth of water for small frigates. Fourteen gun-boats were stretched across, and behind them were two forts, one on each bank.

Opposite the town of Norfolk the Constellation frigate, 28 guns, was anchored with springs on her cables, her broadside bearing down the channel. In these roads the fleet remained three days inactive; but on the 22nd of June the troops and naval brigade were landed by boats on the left bank of the river under a distant cannonade from a 24-pounder to attack Craney Island.

"Fifty armed boats, after landing the troops, pushed on under the command of Captain Hanshard, and they shoaled their water rapidly; but one gig was ahead of all, and on its bow stood Captain Romilly of the Engineers, sounding with a boat-hook amidst showers of grape until his boat grounded three hundred yards from the island. Hanshard, following in a launch and holding an umbrella over his head as a mode of shewing contempt, was shot in the thigh, just as Romilly's boat grounded, and then suddenly all the boats pulled back: this it was said, happened because the grounding of the gig indicated difficulties ahead, and the passing of the wounded commander to the rear was mistaken for a signal. It was a fortunate error, if an error; good judgment if no error; for the enterprize was badly arranged and must have failed. One boat with thirty of the foreigners stranded with a shot through her, and the Americans, wading to it, deliberately massacred the poor men!

"During this time Beckwith's force, which had lost by desertion an advanced party of twenty-five foreigners, moved through the woods to the shore opposite the island; but the water was too deep to ford, and the distance beyond musquetry. A man in coloured clothes, calling himself a deserter, offered to guide the troops to a wooden bridge, and they followed him a little way, but Beckwith, doubtful of his faith, soon returned; sending however a party under his aide de camp Captain Robertson to throw rockets into Craney Island and draw attention from the boats. Lieutenant-Colonel Napier went with this party, but nothing could be effected, and Beckwith soon recalled the party, which was

under a sharp fire of grape and round shot. The officer employed, stopping far short of danger, vociferated You are to retire, you are to retreat. Napier shouted in scornful reply, Come up and tell us so.

"After three or four days, Captains Romilly and Robertson were sent in a launch to take open cognizance of the Hampton defences; they grounded on a shoal, but brought a man off from shore, and in a smaller boat entered the harbour, thus provoking a fire which discovered the American position and preparations. At dawn next morning the troops were again landed, and proceeded through the woods to get in rear of the Americans, Napier leading the advance, and the armed launches of the fleet entering the harbour to divert attention. Napier's column was met by the Yankees, who however fled after the first discharge, and were pursued by the flank companies and the Frenchmen. The last to revenge the massacre of their comrades in the stranded boat gave no quarter; they even deliberately shot an officer after taking off his epaulettes. Bullets from a hidden field piece now continued to drop into the main column, but Captain Robertson being detached with five rocket men, after an exchange of fire, seized the gun by a rush. Two pieces and sixteen wounded men were captured and Hampton fell, but was, after three days' possession, evacuated in the night. Cruel outrages had been committed, and whilst the town was still occupied the American general Taylor sent a flag of truce from Norfolk, with a letter strongly reproaching Colonel Beckwith for the conduct of the foreigners. Beckwith expressed his deep regret, and notified Sir John Warren's pre-determination to send away the foreign troops, as men too lawless to be trusted; but he told General Taylor they had been excited by the murder of their comrades in the stranded boat. To refute this, General Taylor sent the minutes of a court of enquiry, wherein every witness had sworn that nothing of the kind happened, but Beckwith sternly replied—*I saw it with my own eyes!*

"Sir George Cockburn was now detached with a squadron, having Colonel Napier with troops on board, to the coast of North Carolina, to seize some American vessels with specie: contrary winds however prevailed off Cape Hatteras, and though the ships were taken the specie was not found.

"Kent Island, separated from the mainland shore by a narrow strait, next became an object. Napier landing there, with his own regiment and the marine artillery, pushed across the island and seized the ferry. Beckwith followed with the main body, and the whole were hutted in the woods. This was an aimless enterprize, but a project was devised for the surprise of some militia encamped at Queen's Town, seven miles off: for this one battalion of marines with artillery was embarked in the night, to land high up in the bay and take their camp in reverse. The remainder of the troops, with two guns, were to pass the ferry at midnight and march straight against the town, guided by Captain Robertson, who had got acquainted with the road by going in with a flag of truce.

"This combination failed entirely: the boats with the detachment missed the landing point and returned, and the officer with the advanced guard disobeyed Napier's orders, which were calculated to capture the American outpost without a shot being fired. He had come suddenly upon an American vidette, and irresolutely suffered him to fire and gallop off. The vidette was followed by the picquet, which would otherwise have been surprised, and the English officer, in a disgracefully incapable state, ordered his men to fire, throwing himself on the ground: then the whole advanced guard commenced firing, which brought up Beckwith and Napier at a gallop, to ascertain the cause. This done, they ordered Captain Robertson to take command and stop the firing, while they went to restore order in the rear: but the mischief had already spread there; for the men seeing the road suddenly lighted up by the firing in front while the reverberating sounds seemed to spread around them, were

panic stricken, and in column as they were, fired right and left, shooting each other.

"Beckwith ordered the band to play and resumed the march, but at every turn the American picquets fired and the panic returned. Then a fresh company was pushed in front, and Beckwith and Napier took the advance. Beckwith's horse was shot and Napier was thus dangerously exposed as the only mounted man. Captain Robertson earnestly entreated him to alight, calling to his recollection what had happened at the battle of Busaco; he however refused, saying, the state of the troops would not allow of care for himself. At dawn Queenstown was reached, and a hundred American horsemen were seen half a mile to the left, but being plied by Captain Robertson with some shot and rockets fled: their infantry had previously gone off with two field guns. The enemy's captain of artillery who thus retired, had been a few days before received with a flag of truce, and on that occasion invited the British to fight, going so far as to offer single combat to Captain Robertson: he now fled without firing a shot, though he might have used his guns effectually, and safely, being beyond musquetry, and Beckwith had no cavalry. The projects of Sir J. Warren, at whose entire disposal Beckwith and the troops were placed, were now exhausted and he had done nothing."

General Beckwith was a man of genius, but being cramped here did not exert it: nor did he like his employment, being by nature very humane; morbidly so, for he would not punish to save. Charles Napier's spirit was still more fettered, and several daring propositions made by him were rejected as mere ebullitions of unthinking zeal: it was not for those above him to estimate the untried genius which afterwards broke through the Indian desart, scattered at Meeanee and Dubba the warriors of Beloochistan, and warred down the indomitable robbers of the Cutchee Hills. One of those propositions was to raise a servile war, the means for which he had perfectly calculated, and looked

upon the object as holy. The lie, the deep, damnable lie, that the slaves were well treated in America he always met, by the fact that the poor wretches who came to the British, absolutely crawled on their bellies and licked his shoes when asking for protection! Had he been permitted to descant on the iniquity as he desired, a lesson would have been given for the world to admire and applaud; but a more enlarged notice of his project written by himself, will be found in another portion of this biography.

During the expedition he formed many intimacies with naval men, and contracted a firm friendship with Captain Robertson of the Artillery, whose intrepidity and military talent he always eulogized. Captain Robertson, Captain Powel, and Captain Romilly of the Engineers, were all on Beckwith's staff, and deservedly mentioned with great praise in his dispatch; but as the armament was under a sea officer the dispatches went to the Admiralty, where the secretary, John Wilson Croker, wantonly struck out their names and deprived them of an honour fairly won by danger, and dearly prized by all soldiers: and this happened at a time when the same Mr. Croker, in the name of the Admiralty, had urged on Sir John Warren the sending of a frigate to act on the Canada lakes, oblivious of the Falls of Niagara!

Charles Napier's journal and letters touched but briefly on these operations, but from his observations are not devoid of interest.

"Journal, June 22nd. Last night we got into the boats at twelve o'clock, pulled on shore by moonlight, and landed in tolerable confusion at daybreak without opposition. Craney Island was attacked by a force under Captain Pechel R.N. but a large creek stopped our progress by land, and shoal water stopped the boats by sea. A sharp cannonade from the works on the island cost us seventy-one men, without returning a shot! We lost some boats also, and re-embarked in the evening with about as much confusion as at landing. We despise the Yankee too much.

"25th. Last night again landed in rather more confusion than on the 22nd; but with the advance we drove away some Yankees, with loss of a few men ourselves, killing many of them. They were inferior in force and of course were beat at every point, and lost their guns &c. They would have been all taken but for the extreme thickness of the wood, and our local ignorance. Yankee never shews himself, he keeps in the thickest wood, fires and runs off: he is quite right. Local knowledge is very hard to gain, yet we might gain more than we do. We go on badly, and it is hard to say with whom the blame lies; but I think one of our naval leaders is a little deficient in *gumption;* he has much hurry and little arrangement: on the night of the 26th we embarked in such a style that a hundred bold fellows would have shot one half of our people.

"30th. I am going on a detached expedition, but with no great hopes of doing anything with such a coadjutor. I am to command the troops, and yet am kept in profound ignorance of the object and destination!

"Returned from Ocracoke, where we took a 20-gun brig and a schooner of 16 guns. Cockburn is no doubt an active good seaman, but has no idea of military arrangements; and he is so impetuous that he won't give time for others to do for him what he cannot or will not do himself. If he had the conducting of any military operation before an active enemy he would get his people cut to pieces. In landing at Ocracoke we were nearly all drowned; the same in coming off. Luck is a good thing and I have it, but it will very quickly play a chief a trick that will ruin him, if he trusts to it without providing for its ceasing. Cockburn trusts all to luck, and makes no provision for failure: this may do with sailors, but not on shore, where hard fighting avails nothing if not directed by mind, and most accurate calculation. The services are very different. Sailors' business is mechanical, and they have no idea of order and system out of their ships. With them subordina-

tion does not really exist; tyranny not discipline is their system, generally speaking; and their habits of life appear to me to contract their ideas and destroy their judgment. I find however more mind, more expansion of ideas in the younger officers of the navy, who have not been long enough in it to suffer from the system. I never perceived that any dependence could be placed in a naval captain's accurately fulfilling his orders: this may perhaps do at sea, but our service could not exist with such loose discipline. My regard for the navy officers in general is very great, they are open-hearted generous-spirited men; but their life is one calculated to injure the mental powers, and turn them from enlarged views of things, and judgment of human nature, to the minutiæ of their profession. A captain rules, and all under him rule by force; no one speaks to, or dare be familiar with him: the terrible confinement of a ship renders this necessary they say.

"In the army officers are eternally forced to use their judgment in command, and from habitual familiarity have to support themselves against wit and satire, and even impudence at times. A naval officer has only to enforce manual acts of obedience, and being ever in his ship has no eye to trust to but his own. A regimental commander has to convince those under him that his orders are wise, and to procure obedience to them when he is not present. In fine a soldier's intellect is always exercised in the study of mankind, and a seaman's in the theory or practice of mechanical operations. A proof of this is, that a thousand soldiers on shipboard can be easily managed by their own officers; but put a thousand sailors on shore and their officers cannot manage them: the moment they can elude despotic sway, away they go into excesses. I have however no intention of saying naval officers are less able men than army officers, the generality of men run very equal; but whatever talents a soldier has are called into constant action, whereas sailors sustain the disadvantage of being compelled to keep theirs

dormant, which in the study of mankind is a very bad thing. I have no agreement however with those who think navy officers illiberal and self-interested: my feeling is that they are generally more open and generous than soldiers in moral character; and this in face of the advantage our service has as to mental enlargement, arising from habits incident to their respective professions.

"August 12th. We left Kent Island to land near St. Michael's town. There were five hundred men there, and a few guns. I wanted to attack the place with the 102nd alone (250 men) to clear them of the Queen's Town business, and intending to make them do all with the bayonet: of success I had no doubt, and it would have been a brilliant close to the expedition. We were only four miles from the town, the men were steady and eager, and it might have been done in five hours. I would have attacked three times our number of Yankees with confidence, but Beckwith was resolved to let nothing take place; he would neither let me go with the 102nd and two field-pieces, nor yet with the whole of our force. However, hearing they had a camp of five hundred men four miles on the other side, he placed himself with two battalions of marines and one gun on the road, and detached me with the 102nd and two companies of marines to attack it, meaning himself to intercept any attempts to unite with the camp from the town. This supposed camp proved to be a miserable picquet, which fled and I had still some hopes of a stroke at the town, but he would not consent, though the admiral pressed him strongly. We re-embarked, having landed for no purpose, done nothing, and retired to our ships with the Yankee videttes quietly following, to see us off!

"I have never said anything publicly, but am inclined to think that more might have been done in the Chesapeake; but whether doing more would be doing good, is a point to dispute. Taking an extended view of the expedition, as a diversion in favour of Canada it was a complete one; but

it ended too soon or too late—too late if the troops were to be afterwards sent to Canada for reinforcing Sir George Prevost; too soon if not to go there. With a different arrangement we might have done both. The alarm on the coast might have been kept up with six hundred men, allowing the two marine battalions to go at first to the lakes: or, if a serious attack had been designed against Norfolk, the marines might have gone to Halifax, and regulars been drawn thence. Again: leaving Halifax for a time to its militia, the whole military force might have united and have taken Norfolk easily. Our attack on Craney Island was silly. Had Norfolk been decently attacked it would not have resisted ten minutes; had we landed a gun Craney was gone; had we attacked at high tide it was gone: still it was the wrong place to attack, we should not have lost more men in striking at the town. But the faults of this expedition sprung from one simple cause—there were three commanders! It was a council of war, and what council of war ever achieved a great exploit?

"Had either Sir John Warren, Sir Sydney Beckwith, or Admiral Cockburn acted singly and without consultation, we should not have done such foolish things. Sir Sydney wanted neither head, nor heart, nor hand for his business; but he was not free to do what he thought wise, and run sulky when required to do what he deemed silly, which in my opinion made it more silly. He is certainly a very clever fellow, but a very odd fish. I like him, yet do not like to serve under him in his Chesapeake fashion. He ought to have hanged several villains at little Hampton; had he so done, the Americans would not have complained: but every horror was committed with impunity, rape, murder, pillage: and not a man was punished!

"I have learned much on this expedition; how to embark and disembark large bodies in face of an enemy; how useless it is to have more than one commander; how necessary it is that the commanders by sea and land should agree and

have one view: finally never to trust Admiral Cockburn. All this has been learned by seeing our faults, for we have done nothing but commit blunders. Nothing was done with method, all was hurry, confusion, and long orders. If the Yankees are worth their salt they will give us a thrashing yet in one of our landings, going as we do like a flock of sheep instead of rowing ashore in lines. I have always thrown myself into the woods with any men that could be first got together, to cover the formation of the others from the boats, which never has been effected under half an hour; and had Jonathan come down to the water's edge or to his waist in it, he would have destroyed half our men: our soldiers themselves grow frightened at the evident want of arrangement. Why not land in order of battle? it was so in Egypt.

"Well! whatever horrible acts were done at Hampton they were not done by the 102nd, for they were never let to quit their ranks, and they almost mutinied at my preventing them joining in the sack of that unfortunate town. The marine artillery behaved like soldiers; they had it in their power to join in the sack and refused. I said to that noble body of men, I cannot watch your conduct, but trust you will not join those miscreants. They called out, Colonel we are picked men, we blush for what we see, depend upon us, not a man of the marine artillery will plunder. We are well paid by his majesty and we will not disgrace him or ourselves by turning robbers and murderers. Whatever you order we will execute. Never in my life have I met soldiers like the marine artillery. We suffered much fatigue and hardship, but never was seen anything not admirable in these glorious soldiers: should my life extend to antediluvian years, their conduct at Little Hampton will not be forgotten by me."

Here the American journal ends, but a marginal note dated Kurrachee 1844 runs thus. "I am now reading this record of olden times. Little Powell a superb soldier,

who was then with me, lies dead in the burying-ground hard by my house. How strange! We last parted at Halifax in North America 1814, and in 1844 I stand here by his grave in a land then unknown!"

"His sister. Potomac. We have nasty sort of fighting here, amongst creeks and bushes, and lose men without shew, altogether above a hundred with three officers. The Yankees however get their share, for at Hampton we killed on the spot above a hundred: it is an inglorious warfare. Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is, that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back, we might thrash them: that is if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment, nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels, everything that will do mischief. On board a 20-gun ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations; and nothing so pleasant or correct: but to be *doused* against all rule is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24 lb. shot in the stomach is fine, we die heroically: but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails makes us die ungenteelly, and with the cholic.

"The American coast is one great stretch of flat land covered with wood, so thick nothing can pass except in the cleared lanes between detached houses, and along the great roads. The fire-flies are beautiful; the mocking bird is pretty and his notes very sweet. Humming birds there are, but I have not seen any. There is a bird like a bat, covered with beautiful green plumage. Snakes are abundant, and some very large. A shrub, *wopong* is the name I think, made into tea, is good for the health, particularly so in consumptive cases: if any seeds can be got they shall go to

you. We have sent off our Frenchmen, who are the greatest rascals existing. Much I wished to shoot some, but had no opportunity. They really murdered without an object but the pleasure of murdering. One robbed a poor Yankee and pretended all sorts of anxiety for him: It was the custom of war he said to rob a prisoner, but he was sorry for him. When he had thus coaxed the man into confidence he told him to walk on before, as he must go to the general; the poor wretch obeyed, and when his back was turned the musket was fired into his brains. This is one of many instances of their killing without any object but murder, and they intended to desert in a body. I would rather see ten of them shot than one American. It is quite shocking to have men who speak our own language brought in wounded; one feels as if they were English peasants and that we are killing our own people.

"The marines, though brave, are ill disciplined for shore. At Craney Island my brigade, on which the loss all fell, the other not having been brought up, was in a road when a battery opened, and the first shot, enfilading the road, killed a sergeant who was with me. I ordered the brigade to file into a wood where shot could not strike, and the 102nd executed this instantly and were safe, but the marines could not do it before the battery threw three rounds into the thick of them. Eight or nine were killed and wounded, all that were hurt that day, except two sergeants of the 102nd hit unavoidably. One of these recovered, the other was killed, both his legs being shot off close to his body. Good God! what a horrid sight it was!

"Nothing can be more interesting than our landings, which have been always by moonlight. Numbers of boats filled with armed men gliding in silence over the smooth water, arms glittering in the moonshine, oars just breaking the stillness of night, the dark shade of the woods we are pushing for combining with expectation of danger to affect the mind. Suddenly, Cast off is heard, and the rapid dash of

oars begins, with the quick hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! as the sailors pull to shore. Then the soldiers rush into and through the water. We have generally had two or three miles to row, the boats tied together and moving slowly; but when in reach of shot every boat casts loose, and they pull furiously with shouts; the 102nd excepted, which no shouting hath! I forbid all noise until they can rush on the enemy: then they have leave to give a deadly screech and away! away!

"There are numbers of officers, of the navy in particular, whose families are American, and their fathers in one or two instances are absolutely living in the very towns we are trying to burn. Even Sir Sydney Beckwith has relations in America: it is certainly a most unnatural war, a sort of bastard rebellion. At Ocracoke I put a stop to plunder; yet, though the people were treated too well, being paid nearly double for everything, and the soldiers kept in perfect order, it is said the American papers will abuse me as a perfect savage. There was indeed one atrocious attempt at murder by a soldier of the 102nd, and unfortunately the villain could not be detected; but we took all care of the man who was hurt, and he and the whole of his family were grateful to us: we offered to take him on board, to cure and land him again where he chose, and the Admiral gave him £8.

"August 22nd. Strong is my dislike to what is perhaps a necessary part of our job, viz. plundering and ruining the peasantry. We drive all their cattle and of course ruin them; my hands are clean, but it is hateful to see the poor Yankees robbed, and to be the robber. If we could take fairly it would not be so bad, but the rich escape; for the loss of a few cows and oxen is nothing to a rich man, while you ruin a poor peasant if you take his only cow. If the American Government will repay them, and levy the whole loss like a tax my care goes: meanwhile I sorrow for the wretches we punish in so individual a manner. However

no outrages have been authorized on persons, though much on property, unavoidably. I confess to stealing a dog though, because he would be stole, and had no master: he was very beautiful, and took a fancy to me, swimming a mile and a half after me when we came away, however my conscience grew *rusty* on the beach and so he was not taken. For this I am very sorry, and often wish my honesty at the devil; and if a boat goes on shore again, burn my wig but I 'll steal doggie: he liked to come and has a right to choose his master."

His opinion of the system followed in this expedition was evinced in the following note, endorsed on a rejected proposal of his to prevent excesses at Ocracoke.

" Ocracoke, 1813. A proposal to Admiral Cockburn, in the hope of preventing a second edition of the horrors of Little Hampton, equally disgraceful to the British name and to human nature.

" Camp, Halifax, September 24th. We left Chesapeake Bay, after having been on board since the 8th of June, and on the 20th instant pitched our tents here on a hill, in Nova Scotia, with the thermometer at 38°; and this from close ships, with the thermometer at 96°, a week before, and never under 80° for the previous six months. If our constitutions weather this they are *elegant adamants*. In the morning it is a concert to hear 1600 men's teeth chatter together, and it screws up my wounded cheek wickedly: yet, as soldiers can't choose climate, and though they don't live long now-a-days, methinks there is iron enough in me to knock off twenty years still, if lead don't shorten the date. This transatlantic service sickens me however, and to increase its delights my last letters from home date the 6th of April! After that two packets were taken, a third sailed from hence to Bermuda, with all our letters two days before we arrived here, and the fourth came in yesterday—twenty-nine days from England without a line for me. No! not even from a dun! I would have given a guinea for a tailor's bill.

"In April 1814 I expect to move to the south with a brigade, as Beckwith goes to Quebec. This I should not dislike if there was hope of doing good; but if Beckwith was too weak with the whole to effect any action of consequence, what is to be done with a smaller force? He takes a marine battalion and a company of marine artillery, leaving me less than 1000 men, and but three pieces of artillery. Now wherever we land the Yankee runs away; but when he is, in his opinion, able to face us, he will have not less than 5000 men, with strong works and heavy artillery. These 5000 in the open field might be attacked, but behind works it would be throwing away lives: yet I speak as one willing to try much for his own sake, indeed for all our sakes, the men being tired of expecting a fight of consequence. It is perhaps good also to indulge John Bull's taste for blood, now and then. Had Moore sacrificed an army instead of saving one, he would have been perfect in the eyes of the country. Nothing but his unpardonable humanity, which made him fancy England cared as much for her soldiers as he did, caused him to act as he did act. Had he saved his own life and contrived to have 20,000 men bayoneted, and I firmly believe he was the only man in our army who could have saved us, he would have done a job for which England would have made him anything he wished. Alas for himself, he thought of everything but himself. Fortunately another hero has come forth, but we want both. I expect to be up the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers in three months, making a diversion in the south. So be it, but when my mind rests from the worry of business and people not cared for, and turns to all I love on earth, then their faces come and tell me a soldier is a miserable exile, labouring in a bloody vocation, living to destroy, destroying to live.

REFLECTIONS.

"A commander should use his best troops at the outset; success then will give spirit, and though the loss of good

men is to be regretted, yet the saving them for harder work creates that work, and in the sequel greater loss is incurred."—The value of this maxim was afterwards very lamentably shewn at New Orleans, where the worst troops were first employed and failed: the beaten regiments, and the generals who survived were then disheartened and the expedition failed. "—If I go to the south, as Sir John Warren proposes, my intent is to give the 102nd the lead in every attack, they are better disciplined, more obedient and handy than the marine battalions, and will, if the first blow succeed, try anything. The marines will thus be excited to emulation, and will soon be well in hand, for they are willing to learn. The stupid Craney Island blundering has indeed damped us all, but the 102nd have a good spirit and will, like all young soldiers, dash boldly; they know I had nothing to do with Craney blunders, and their confidence in me is not lost. My design is to fall on some place where we can easily succeed, and then try some tougher job, for a successful skirmish gives the spirit which secures victory in a hotter day.

" Our good admirals are such bad generals, there is little hope of doing more than being made prisoners on the best terms. We shall form three plans, or as many as there are admirals: and to these mine will be added. From all, perhaps all bad, a worse will be concocted and of course fail. We failed at Craney because two admirals and a general commanded, and a republic of commanders means defeat. I have seen enough to refuse a joint command if ever offered to me; it is certain disgrace and failure from the nature of things: the two services are incompatible. A navy officer steps on shore, and his zeal, his courage, his ignorance of troops, and the very nature of a campaign, makes him think you are timid. Discontent follows, and if it does not alter your views, it certainly augments your difficulties to find an adviser, or opposer, in one whose rank entitles him to speak strongly, though his habits have

not enabled him to be the judge he thinks himself. For the same reason, a landsman on board a ship has no right to speak or advise. If I command this expeditionary force my request to Sir John Warren shall be, not to let any naval officer land except one or two of my own choosing, who will, and who do, for I have my eye on them, think themselves sailors, not soldiers. A general in a blue coat or an admiral in a red one is mischief!

" Reflection has strengthened my first resolution. If we attack New Orleans, or New London, on our road, as the general talk indicates, the 102nd shall lead everywhere. My regret will be keen at losing those fine fellows in greater proportion than the rest, but the first blow is half the battle. I will not however let them be used to attack armed vessels; let the sailors and marines work at their own trade. I have no prejudice against blue jackets, but hate to have men attempt what they cannot understand. We who spend our lives in trying to be soldiers make but bad ones; how can sailors suddenly start into generals? Yet Cockburn thinks himself a Wellington! And Beckwith is sure the navy never produced such an admiral as himself! Between them we got beaten at Craney. But even now the notion of attacking New Orleans is only known to me from officers who hear it talked of in the streets. We always take care to knock at a man's door and say, Good sir barricade and load your blunderbuss, we are coming to rob and murder you at night. Great therefore as this command is for me my hope is not to go, being sure such bad arrangements as were made in the Chesapeake and at Ocracoke will not succeed. I do not know if my head is strong for good arrangements, but it can certainly note bad, and their effects in perspective. Cockburn's confidence in his luck is the very thing most to be feared: it is worse than 1000 Yankees. Luck is a good thing on a pinch, but sometimes it gives a pinch! I suspect it is inclined to follow good arrangements.

EIGHTH EPOCH.

No expedition from Halifax had place, and in September 1813, Charles Napier, having exchanged into the 50th Regiment, took leave of the 102nd, receiving from the officers a sword of honour as a mark of their attachment. This exchange had been sought when the 50th was fighting in the Pyrenees, but when he reached England the French war had ended, and the American war continued: however the 102nd saw no more active service. With the 50th he remained until, in December 1814, he was reduced on half pay, and then entered the Military College at Farnham.

No correspondence tells the story of his sixteen months' renewed intercourse with the 50th; but after his arrival from America he had to contend for his just share of prize money, on account of the separate expedition to Ocracoke. He claimed as commander of the troops, but was opposed secretly by Admiral Cockburn, who yet held fair language to him, saying Sir Sydney Beckwith was the opponent; an assertion indignantly denied by Beckwith. Finally a warrant was issued, so little in accord with received rules, that Charles Napier consulted Dr. Lushington, whose opinion was that he might sue in the Admiralty Court, which was the least expensive but the decision would inevitably be for the royal order; or he might sue at common law and probably succeed, but the costs would swallow up the prize money! From this agreeable choice he was relieved by the prize agent's bankruptcy.

This suit was not his only legal process: another, curious in itself, exemplified his moral resolution. During his childhood an old Scotch gentleman named Waddel, professing

great admiration for Charles Napier's father, passed some days at Celbridge, where, picking up some peculiarly large nuts, he said, I will plant these in Scotland. You are old Waddel to expect fruit from the trees. Yes, but you may gather. Nothing more passed then; but years afterwards Mr. Waddel died, leaving his estate, first to his widow, and, in succession to Colonel Napier. The widow lived long, and at her death some persons being, or pretending to be, heirs at law, took possession, on the ground that an English legal word had been employed instead of a Scotch word, and vitiated the will. Charles Napier entered an action under legal advice, but limited the cost to £200. That sum was soon expended, and though eminent Scotch counsel earnestly urged the further prosecution, he could not be moved to break his resolution.

At Farnham, where his brother William joined him, his aim was not to pass a brilliant examination, as if that were the end to be attained, but to make his studies subserve his genius, knowing that science alone never made a great captain. In that spirit he also studied history, policy and civil government; adding for extension of matter, his own experience of British mal-administration in the colonies. His opinions on legislation and civil government were therefore fixed long before he attained power to test them by practice; and the following essays, taken from his note book, will shew his course of reflection, though several of them were written long before.

"1809. *War.* Cato the Elder said, *war should nourish war.* The senate adopted his maxim, and their generals practised it. We hold neither to maxim nor practice. Every army should make the country in which it serves support it: the people will suffer, but suffering is the consequence of war, and better that others should suffer than ourselves. However, a proper regulation for contributions, and the stopping of all marauding by the soldiers, would enrich our own country and not oppress the invaded one to a de-

structive degree. It would only be placing the income-tax on our neighbours instead of ourselves, and that only for a campaign. War is dreadful, but when a dreadful thing is to be done, do it effectually, and if we do the evil let us take the good, or we are foolish as we are bad. If war is to be made, make it with energy. Cato was a wise and energetic man; Cæsar agreed with him, and Cæsar was a cleverer man than Cato: Buonaparte, greater than either, does the same.

"1809. *Popular wars.* It is generally found that wars arising from popular enthusiasm have been excited by oppression, bad government, or bad faith:—in short that the populace has good cause for anger. Those who wish to direct popular troops, and those also who are inclined to lend assistance, must be very cautious, or else resign caution entirely, risking all on chance. The heated imaginations of enthusiasts, who are generally weak men, see no reverses; each has victory in his own plan, and all will make mountains of mole-hills, and mole-hills of mountains. The last is indeed a minor evil, for a man may dare any danger successfully, but must never forget to estimate accurately his own powers. False estimates are the cause of failure in all such enterprizes. Those who engage in them always exaggerate their numbers and resources, and to deceive yourself is to fight for the enemy. Another cause of failure is, that when coming to action every man is confident in his own particular plan and will not give it up, or at most but coldly acts on his neighbour's plan: hence dissensions, the cry of traitors, and all the evils of jarring interests. Military plans require despotism. Great men may when shackled by controul do much, but they would do more if unshackled.

"In popular wars you must not attempt to form armies, or combine movements, unless a powerful body of regular troops is already embodied; in which case a despotic government must direct all the operations. Spain furnishes the

proof of this. Instead of attempting to meet the disciplined warriors of France in battle, she should have made a partizan war. Small corps of foot should have acted in the mountains, fought in the defiles, and watched the fords; small parties of cavalry should have eternally harassed the enemy's marches, and beat up his quarters when halted. At first these parties could not be too small; but in the towns every house should have barricades, be pierced with loop-holes, and turned into a redoubt which its master should defend or die. Ten towns like Zaragoza or Gerona would save Spain—one if that were Madrid. In the plains forage might be destroyed or collected in towns. Cavalry could not get it in mountains occupied by active partizans, who, as they acquired experience, would gradually become formidable corps equal to combined movements. The armies of France could then only gain ground with loss of blood, and their system of concentration be unavailing. Armies in mass could not pursue a hundred men, the bodily endurance of the Spaniards would tell, and their losses be supplied by a present population, while those of France could only be repaired from a distance and scantily in comparison.

"1810. *Commanders.* A commander should concentrate his own forces, divide his enemies, and never think himself strong enough when he can be stronger. Yet he should remember that additional numbers do not always give strength. He should never voluntarily attempt anything where failure would be ruin, whatever be the temptation: he may however be forced to do so. Attempt anything, the more daring the better, if you can bear defeat. But alway when you do attack do it with all possible fury: be sudden and rapid, and if possible unexpected. Always attack if you cannot avoid an action. And when you do attack throw your whole power also upon one point, and let that point be a decisive one; the day is your own if it is carried; and your other points are safe, as your enemy

cannot maintain his ground, much less advance, if the key of his position be in your power, even though he should be successful everywhere else. If the key point can be turned it is still better, and there are many ways of attacking a position abstractedly.

"Let your guiding principles be first to form plans of campaign on the largest scale possible; then to have your army compact, and your movements well combined concentric and rapid. If your enemy is strongest, fall on his weakest points and avoid his strong ones. If you are more powerful, fasten on his vitals and destroy him. If he is strong provoke him to separate; if he is weak drive him to a corner. Never separate your own force unless your detachments are equal to the enemy's, and even then it is bad, though sometimes it must be done—the fable of the bundle of sticks ought always to be in a general's mind. The place to strike at your enemy is not so much where you are sure of success in battle, as where your blow will be decisive in the consequences. Suppose an army has only one road by which he receives supplies; if he preserves that, the beating his left or right or centre may be glorious, yet will be unavailing—he remains in the field: but once gain that road and all is over. These things appear simple, but how few generals do we find able to act on them?

"Is your army of cavalry or infantry chiefly? If the former, take the open plains if you can. If the latter, an intersected country should be generally preferred; but that depends more on your enemy's force than your own, indeed on so many things that to say absolutely what should be done is folly—circumstances must direct. However the first of all objects is the commissariat. Your troops may wrest arms out of the enemy's hands, and if they fail they can run; but if they want food the game is up, they must surrender. The means of securing food must therefore be fixed, not left to chance or promises. The general should be sure, if it is in his power; if it is not, he

must give up all at once; unless the nature of affairs demands the risking the destruction of his army. Lord Wellington did so in Portugal, whether properly or not is for those who know how things stood to judge—I do not.

"Discipline should be enforced with rigour; death is the only effectual punishment on service: the life of a criminal must not be thought of when it gains a point of far more importance than a post, in attacking which a hundred honourable men may fall. Discipline is necessary for health, for safety, for combinations, for keeping up numbers, seeing that the loss of men killed or taken singly from plundering and drink, is inconceivable: policy and humanity to the wretched inhabitants of the seat of war command that marauders should die without mercy. But the supply of food must be sufficient or discipline goes, no man will starve for fear of being shot: the commissary is the very life of an army; if his department goes wrong the general can do nothing, disorganization and disease follow his neglect. A general should also watch the drill of his army, but that is the easiest part of his duty. Regiments must however take all means of perfecting and adapting it to the country acted in.

"With these precautions a general may take the field with confidence in himself, if he is also cautious, daring, active, deceitful, searching his enemy with spies in all directions, but giving little credit to their stories, save where corroborated by circumstances, or on proved fidelity. He should acquire accurate personal knowledge of the country, and make his staff departments do the same. When in movement, let him be careful to prevent his troops being kept standing long under arms; waiting either for quarters at the end, or for orders at the beginning of a march: nothing is more harassing to men and officers, nothing so likely to produce sickness in hot, cold, or wet climates. Seize all intoxicating liquors when they can be found, and let them be immediately distributed as far as may be without injury;

if that can't be, destroy them, for to guard them with English troops is impossible.

"Guard well against surprize; to be surprized is inexcusable in a general, if it happens from his neglect of proper posts: if his troops are surprized in good posts they must be in a dreadful state, which can hardly be the fault of any one but the general. Never call a council of war, a general is to command his officers, not to obey them. This need not prevent his receiving the opinion of any officer, or of every officer, in regard to their peculiar duties. Leave every officer power and responsibility in his own post, according to his worthiness. A general publicly avows his embarrassments when he tells inferior officers he does not know what to do, and that they do: his army loses confidence, magnifies every difficulty, and either becomes panic stricken or despises the chief, or both. In council also each will believe he knows better than his neighbour, and be dissatisfied if his advice is not followed. The man who says—Do that because I order you, is obeyed with confidence and decision. What would not Marlborough have done but for the councils of war which the Dutch deputies forced on him! Lord Wellington assembled one council of war in the Peninsula, but only to hear all that could be urged against a resolution he had taken; for it was said the generals were unanimous, and in two hours after orders were issued for a march directly opposed to their opinion! As to fighting battles Marshal Saxe said they were won by legs more than arms, and certainly battles are decided by rapid well-directed marches more than anything else; but I do not see much wisdom in the apothegm, for it is the head, arms, and legs, united that win battles, and not any one of them. The head has clearly the best share, for the best legs and arms with a bad head will rarely conquer, whereas bad legs and arms with a good head may.

"1810. *French officers.* Those of the infantry distribute

their clothes amongst the men of their companies, one carries a shirt another stockings &c.: thus they have an excellent kit and no baggage horse. By this arrangement, in an army of fifty regiments, there are 1000 horses or thereabouts less to provide for: by what trifles are great objects attained! What is there in military knowledge too minute, or too extended for a general's attention! A French general sends officers of trust, aware of the importance of accuracy as to time and facts, to bear orders for combined movements, and their staff are selected for talents and experience united; not for their youth, ignorance and imbecility, as in our army—displayed in vanity, impertinence, and blunders on all occasions. A French quartermaster general is not distinguished by his dangling sabretache, High Wycombe drawing-book, and fine ass's skin, and ass's head, with which he makes rapid sketches equally deficient in clearness and accuracy. Nor do French soldiers stand for hours unsheltered in a town, while the quartermaster generals are—taking care of themselves. That a proper staff is the hinge, on which a general must turn his army, seems never to have been attended to by us. The ignorance of regimental details and of tactics is conspicuous in our staff, who are generally young men, heaven-born generals, fit to command armies but unable to quarter a regiment, because they seldom know how many companies it consists of.

"Bermuda, 1812. *Conquest.* When a great nation has conquered another nation it should never despoil it of its ornamental riches—such as statues, paintings &c. In these matters there is a pride, which being hurt breeds innumerable enemies. To see those things in the capital of conquerors excites envy in all beholders, bitter grief with a rancorous spirit of vengeance in the despoiled: and in those who have not lost them, pity for the sufferers and fear for themselves. Great nations should rule by great deeds. Are we therefore to conquer with loss of men and money and have no re-

compense? No! Look to the man not his pictures. Give him his house, his statues, his family; give the nation its edifices, flatter its pride, leave its laws unaltered, or give laws more congenial to its desires. Take control of the armies, navies, resources; and direct the purse to the people's advantage if you can, but direct it so as to make, if possible, the people's interest your own: the yoke should be not only easy but pleasant. Trust human nature for the rest, she never lets patriotism rule the multitude in opposition to personal comfort and interest. A great conquering nation should sacrifice all minor things to strength and magnanimity; which will not however always square with honesty, because no generosity afterwards can wash out the first guilt of unprovoked conquest. Nevertheless, give riches and be poor; give plenty though at your momentary cost: let your chain be golden, or at least gilt, and you may rule the world.

"Such has been our conduct in Portugal, yet from accidental circumstances, not from a digested system. We have flattered their vanity and deprived them of no public custom or ornament; we meddled not with their religion, we paid their soldiers when their own prince did not; and we might have done much more on a sound system, but we always act on the confined base of present expediency. We might have regulated their whole civil government and founded a free nation, entirely and truly regenerating them as a people, while we made their interests inseparable from our own. I adduce Portugal because I know it, and because it is a proof that conquest may be made easy: for disguise it as we may, we are really conquerors of the Portuguese in this war.

"How unwise the policy of France appears in pillaging the countries she subdued. Her bankruptcy at the revolution may be some excuse, but not for the length she has gone. I am not of those who abuse everything French; but her treatment of Italy, of Spain, of Switzerland, was unwise as it was wicked. I should feel very dis-

trustful of my opinions on this subject, were it not confirmed by two things. First, the erroneous policy of France as to Spain has been proved. Not that I say with our English cabinet, that the Peninsula is saved because the battle of Salamanca has been won; but the continued struggles of the Spaniards, the admirable improvement of the Portuguese army, the talent of Lord Wellington, and the favour he gains with the Spanish people, who are hourly and boldly asserting their freedom against the hateful domination of priesthood—because of these things I say France must be in doubt of her success. She has therefore acted erroneously, seeing that her loss has been dreadful, and to no purpose. Again: I am confirmed in this opinion by its accordance with a maxim admitted by the wisest and greatest of men, viz. *That no policy can be so advantageous to a nation as justice.* This maxim would indeed never admit of conquest, or of war, save in self-defence; but in the struggle with France we cannot help handling somewhat roughly the rights of our smaller neighbours.

"Bermuda. *Alexander the Great.* He warred against the Persians 334 years before Christ, and it is remarkable that the two most renowned warriors of history should have commenced their great enterprizes with such small armies. Alexander invaded Persia with only 30,000 foot, and 5000 horse: Hannibal entered Italy with but 20,000 foot and 6000 horse. How much more depends upon the chief than on the numbers of an army!"

This reflection made at so early a period, will be found, many years afterwards, brilliantly exemplified by his own astonishing victories on one scene of Alexander's exploits. But he thus continues.

"Alexander's mode of warfare indicates, that the vast plan he executed was pre-calculated and did not spring merely from success. At first he moved along the coast of the Propontis, because Mount Ida was naturally strong, and Memnon was there, well fortified, and having also pre-

pared obstacles on the coast of the Ægean Sea. By this march eastward, which being much longer was quite unexpected, Alexander turned all those obstacles.

"At the Granicus, being opposed contrary to Memnon's advice, he concentrated his force on the right and defeated the Persians; that is the Persian king's army, for the forces were chiefly Greek mercenaries, and Memnon was a Greek. After the victory he divided his forces, and with one half took Sardis and all the towns along the Ægean coast; but by that time the enemy had collected on the frontier of Syria under Darius; whereupon Alexander concentrated his scattered forces, marched upon Darius, and defeated him at Issus.

"Two things are noticeable here.

"First, Alexander had grown careless from conquest and from deficiency of intelligence; while Darius, displaying talent and activity, got in his rear, seized the Armanic gate, and nearly got the Syrian gate also. These were the only passes through the mountains by which Alexander could retreat. The danger was seen, and the fault remedied by a rapid night march, which placed Alexander's army at the Syrian gate before Darius could get it: Alexander could then have declined a battle if he chose, but that was not his game and he attacked.

"The second noticeable thing was the judgment with which he did attack. Darius drew up his forces with his right to the sea, his left resting on the mountains, his front covered by the Issus. Alexander fell on the Persians' left with the greatest part of his troops, leaving Parmenio on his own left with the cavalry, to make the best fight he could. If defeated Alexander could have gotten into the mountains, and by his right have reached the previously-conquered countries; or Greece by a détour; for his left being weak would have been first beaten, and its retreat have been protected by his right. Had he taken a different course his right would have first retired, and his whole army been

thrown back on the sea, or into the plains of Mesopotamia, where it would have been destroyed. Victorious, he equally gained by this disposition; for he, as actually happened, threw the Persian army on to the sea and destroyed the greater part. Having won the battle, he marched along the coast of Phœnicia, gaining many ports and ships; then he took Egypt, and thus, getting the whole coast, formed a large fleet and cut Darius off from the Persian party in Greece, which under Demosthenes, and others, had been hitherto very dangerous; and it had been the able Memnon's plan to invade Macedonia.

"Few things more strongly mark Alexander's vast designs and genius than the way he treated the people of the conquered districts, always making them his warm friends. Pausanias says he never erected trophies, though usual then. And the only difference to the conquered was that they changed an old king who made them pay heavy tribute and never saw them, for a young one who was among them, and exacted much less in tribute. He gave them great commands, and he was liberal, but withal very œconomical, and anxious to prevent all expense that was not useful and just: very generous but not extravagant.

"Having secured his rear and all the sea communications with Greece, he pressed forward into the heart of Darius' empire, and beat him at Arbela, by attacking, as usual, with his own force concentrated. Being much outnumbered, he displayed two equal lines so as to be able to form squares in case the Persians surrounded him, and with this formation first bore down on their centre; but so obliquely towards his own right as to compel them to make a flank movement to prevent his gaining their flank, and at that moment attacked them: the battle was well contested, but he won it. His motive for obliqueing when moving against them, was, seemingly, to avoid the ground they had cleared for their chariots. His subsequent movements were very rapid. After the battle he took Babylon and pursued his con-

quests to India; and it is a proof of his wisdom that the towns he built have most of them remained to this day, shewing that he foresaw the channels in which commerce would flow. The Egyptian and the Paropamisan Alexandrias were the most noted; but the works begun and proposed at Babylon, just before his death, evinced his design to make that the capital of the world.

"The battle of the Granicus was won by placing the greatest force on the right, so that his attack was made with troops more concentrated than that of the enemy. This seems to be the main point in all battles: for you thus overwhelm a certain portion of the enemy, and being always compact, can meet his subsequent efforts to recover the day with an advantage difficult to withstand, as the enemy must come up in detail to reinforce his defeated troops."

That Alexander's policy was the model Charles Napier bore in mind when he conquered and governed Scinde, is very clear from the above essay, written at thirty years of age; and if it displays the sagacity of a youthful hero, the following marginal note written nearly forty years afterwards, when commander in chief of India, shews that age had not diminished the fire of his genius.

"It is curious that I should have written this in Bermuda 1812, and be here in 1850, at Simla, having just returned from passing over Alexander's march from the Indus to the Hyphasis! I am at the head of an army larger than his; but I am more than double his age, have only half his strength, and none of his power. If I had his power I would, without a hundredth part of his genius, go near his glory, and would win all he won—and more; for I have a better army, and our Europeans amalgamate better with the natives than did his Greeks.

"*Hannibal.* This son of Amilcar Barcas, marched from New Carthage in Spain to attack Italy. He passed the Pyrenees with 50,000 foot, 9000 horse and some elephants. He crossed the Rhone and the Alps, and after a march of

9000 stadia in five months—fifteen days being employed in crossing the Alps—entered Italy with only 20,000 infantry, 600 cavalry and some elephants. With this small army what did he attempt? The conquest of Italy from the Romans, who could with their allies bring into the field 800,000 men in arms! and he maintained the war there for fifteen years!!

"*Order of battle.* Jomini's method of forming three lines by dividing regiments into three grand divisions, one behind another, would sacrifice fire and be unhandy. For English troops the single line, two deep, has been found strong enough. If men have solid nerve, that formation is sufficient; if they have not, three lines will equally fail, and the rear line will be shooting the front lines. If you distrust your troops the column is best to break an adverse line, because disorder and flight from line is destruction; whereas the most frightened troops can keep in a body, and be able to make terms if not able to resist with effect, and in the attack they force each other forward: but no general rule can be given in these matters. General Jomini seems however to be right as to keeping men more collected than they are, at least in our army. Should I ever command an army it shall be kept, so far as the ground will admit, in a wedge-like form, which may, according to circumstances, be compressed to an oblong, or displayed as a line. When required to act it may be done by companies, regiments or brigades, according to the need. Six regiments are in line; twelve may follow in straight column behind each flank, or divergent in échelon; thus offering the oblong or the wedge form as the ground dictates. Behind the centre should march the reserve. This would give a pliability scarcely to be attained by any other formation, seeing that battle may be offered to the front, or obliquely, to the right or left, without inconvenience. The artillery and cavalry must be placed according to circumstances.

"*Cavalry.* In the British army we have not considered

this arm much in a scientific point of view; that is to say, its use in the field and its equipment, as suited to its duties and dependent on them. Whatever I have seen on this subject has been confined to manœuvring of small bodies; outpost duties which cannot be taught by books; and stable duties, or discussing the shape of a carabine, or some such trifling. My object is to sketch a general view and leave such details to those who like to dwell on them: they are doubtless of consequence, but do not amuse me. As to manœuvres, the British cavalry does not seem to me deficient; and as to stable duties, a healthy horse wants little more than food. What is to be done when he is sick? I cannot say, being, thank God! neither a doctor nor a farrier; though on a pinch I could injure a horse as handily as most cavalry officers, with the help of White and other veterinaries. But to the point. It appears to me that in battle infantry must have the greatest effect, but cavalry in the campaign. In the British army we know little of the use of cavalry, and our cavalry officers are perhaps the least informed on the subject: we have not war enough to teach them.

"Infantry grow accustomed to cavalry, but the tendency of cavalry is to become fearful: this a good general should take great pains to obviate. The infantry soon learn that close formation and steadiness gives them safety; they take advantage of ground, and thus gain confidence; but the cavalry must lose it, because they find the foot soldier grow firmer in resistance, and delivering a closer fire. Thus attacks become more dangerous for man and horse, and both become faint-hearted until the dispute is decided by the complete superiority of the musquet and bayonet over the sabre. One simple fact will account for this. The foot soldier can kill his adversary at some hundred yards; the horseman cannot hurt his enemy until the latter is within reach of his sword, and then six foot soldiers are opposed to each file of horsemen! Is it fair to expect they should cope with such odds for any length of time?

"I do not mean that cavalry are not to charge infantry; they must charge anything they are ordered to charge, and they will frequently break and annihilate infantry: moreover, it may be requisite to charge with the certainty of defeat. These are not points becoming for cavalry to consider, they wholly belong to the general; my aim is to shew that infantry will have greater force in battle than cavalry. It may be said that artillery will break the infantry; but the latter have artillery also, and my decided opinion is that infantry, even in line, may oppose cavalry; particularly when accidents of ground cover their flanks, in want of which a company wheeled back will answer the purpose. I will go further, and will, after a deal of personal service in the infantry, say that a line charged over by cavalry will, if the men do not endeavour to escape by flight, lose very few, and will finally beat the cavalry. Artillery therefore makes little difference, and solid formations are not essential, though preferable. Cavalry may nevertheless act with prodigious effect accidentally—great conduct, and great misconduct will not submit to principles.

"The great advantages of cavalry are these.

"1°. When an enemy is beaten its use in pursuit is admitted.

"2°. If the enemy is victorious, cavalry covers the retreat. On this much may be said, more than these notes will admit of: their obvious services would be in flank attacks on the most forward of the pursuers, ambuscades &c., and also to save the rear from flank attacks; but it would require more knowledge than I possess to say all that cavalry can do in a retreat.

"3°. What cavalry can defend in a retreat they can attack in a pursuit: superiority in cavalry will therefore be very decisive in a battle or a campaign. For if the beaten army has it, by that superiority the general may palliate his losses, rendering them of small consequence. If the victorious general has the superior cavalry, he will probably gain more by the pursuit than the victory itself.

"4°. The greatest effect on a campaign by a skilful use of cavalry, will be to employ it on the flank of an enemy, and even in his rear. Two points are thus gained. Your cavalry, having great tracts of ground to act in, is more easily supplied than when concentrated, and requiring supplies to come up to it instead of going to those supplies, meanwhile acting offensively. Again: your opponent is in constant fear for his supplies, and must send forces to protect them. If successful, the danger of attack renders the march slow, and weakens his army more than your cavalry detachment weakens you; for his can only rejoin slowly with the convoys, while yours can rapidly rejoin the main body, and in combined movements a junction often requires but a very short march.

"Expeditions of this kind would form, and bring out men of enterprize in every class, offering glory for officers and non-commissioned officers, sufficient to create great emulation and intellectual exertion: exciting also in the privates, a daring spirit for personal achievements of strength and courage. To all ranks the booty would be an allurement, not perhaps acknowledged, but certainly felt by officers as well as men, because it would be considerable. If any one disputes this last point he shall be knocked down with facts. Are not the navy officers of the same men and families, and do they not eagerly seek prize money? Have the army ever been slack when they had claims? But never should booty be taken by individuals. To successful parties it should be made over in presence of the army; the Romans did so, and they clearly understood war better than we do. To say some people will plunder is fallacious: make it the interest of every one to prevent the knaves, and enforce a severe discipline, then they cannot plunder secretly, and dare not do so openly. Nothing is more hurtful to an army, than individual marauding, nothing more useful than general booty and contributions.

"Booty, when taken by the troops, should be divided amongst them; contributions should be used for the supply

of the army. And all towns taken by storm should give prize money, if not sacked; an act which should be punished by abundant executions, as being inconsistent with discipline, with policy; and lastly with humanity, for in war that must come last. Plunder or booty, is absolutely needful in some shape or other, to urge the soldiers to enterprize, because interest is the great stimulant of human nature. A guinea is of all heroes, of all politicians, of all clever fellows, the most heroic, the most politic, the cleverest: he has no superior except two guineas! he can only be opposed in kind, and by his help your cavalry will be formed—for money makes horses as well as mares go.

"With regard to the equipment of cavalry, we could hardly alter for the worse. I will not enter into details, but the chief objects are to have two classes, viz. light dragoons and heavy dragoons; that is larger men, not heavier baggage. All should have straight cut-and-thrust swords, thirty-five inches in the blade, and light musquets for acting on foot as the French do. No trappings: the horse must not be killed by useless weight. A dragoon should have no kit but a cloak, a pair of shoes, two flannel shirts and a piece of soap. These wrapped up in an oilskin would go in the right holster pipe, and a pistol in the left. Thus the horse would have no load but the man and his forage, for which a forage bag and nose-bag should be always tied on the cantle. Instead of this, there are six or seven pelisses, caps, coloured boots, dressing-cases, undress jackets, half-dress jackets, and half-undress jackets, on the back of an English dragoon horse, making a weight of 21 stone! A dragoon's heavy portmantle is now as heavy as his whole kit ought to be. Of the dragoon's dress-maker general I dare not speak, but he is clearly not a horse, or he would never so load one.

"The English horse of fifteen to sixteen hands cannot be surpassed, and light dragoons should not be more than five feet ten inches high; even that is too tall to give a horse full

power. Men of five feet eight, or five feet seven, are easily found with force of body equal to encounter taller men on foot; and on horseback they would have the advantage of being light, at least the horse would, who I consider half, if not the better half of the dragoon. But the thing is to put what Moore called the 'right spirit' into the man, and the light weight on the horse, who always has the right spirit when he gets fair play. The heavy dragoon may be a taller man: but why have a different horse? There is a certain description of horse which is the strongest and most active, and the nearer he is to an English hunter the better for light and heavy dragoons. Why mount one on dray-horses, the other on cats? Give the tallest men, not the tallest horse but the most powerful.

"To make cavalry effective in the long run they must move rapidly, and for that they must be light; therefore good cavalry consists in the strong horse and light weight. This gives one beast fair play; and to give t' other beast fair play also, teach him to trust to his sword, by teaching him how to use it: then, when a rigid course of discipline has taught him to follow his commander in a charge, he will repay all trouble and expence at the enemy's cost. The absolute force of cavalry is very little: for what becomes of the force of a horse when struck by a shot? what of a squadron when many horses are down? No! it is certainly not the force but the rapid movement that gives cavalry value, the application of which requires *gumption* in the commander; the power of obeying him depends on the weight the horse carries: the courage of the rider depends on rigid discipline in a collective sense, and on a knowledge of his weapons individually.

"The forming of officers is perhaps the most difficult part. A general wants neither farriers nor jockies for officers; both are natural consequences of being a good cavalry officer; but a good officer is not a consequence of being a farrier or jockey. To form English cavalry officers they

should be encouraged to serve abroad when we are at peace. War alone can form them. No service requires experience so much, and our officers are suddenly thrown into very critical situations before they have an idea of war: this draws on them unmerited discredit. Our cavalry have thus been ruined, and some old German regiments, full of experienced officers, have gained more credit though in all qualities but experience inferior to our native regiments: with equal practice our cavalry would send all the French and German cavalry to the devil! We have no general of cavalry, nor shall we ever have while the present system lasts. I shall probably never command a cavalry regiment, but if I do will never lose sight of three things—rigid discipline for the body, fencing for the individual, a light load for the horse. As to exercise, they should never be dismounted when the horse could carry them without loss of health to the weakest animal. No regiment of cavalry should have less than two hours' drill each day, but not standing still for stupid inspections.

"I feel so ignorant as to the full usage of cavalry that many things have been left unmentioned. The wide space a cavalry officer has for action I see, but not clearly the way over it—not for want of roads, but from the redundance of them. I have written only what appears to my inexperienced eyes the chief uses of cavalry, and pointed out the causes of our constant defeats. That I am mistaken may easily be; but to consider the subject, and note one's reflections, is the only way to come at knowledge of a service a man does not belong to. Where is the difference between cavalry and light infantry? Well I despair—here I am shut up in Bermuda, I shall never command an army! I am 31 and only a lieutenant-colonel, at that age Alexander had conquered the world!" In India, long afterwards, he organized and taught the Scinde horsemen on the principles here laid down, and their excellence thus taught became proverbial.

"*Commander of a regiment.* He should be steady in system, that which demands change must be bad: change is in itself an evil of magnitude. He should issue as few orders as possible; there is scarcely a greater evil than long and frequent orders. He should enforce the orders he does issue, a habit of obedience is the great spring of military arrangements; but when subject to constant orders men's minds, especially young minds, become fatigued and heedless: disobedience, or at best, inattention follows, for no commanding officer can be a constant spy on his officers, —nor would it become him if he could. How then can this natural weakness of men's minds be met? By not overloading them, by short, simple, and few orders, by seeing to their execution and making severe examples of the disobedient in matters of consequence. Sharp reprimands for slight neglects are necessary, not because the matter signifies much in itself, but that a habit of disobedience grows, and steady checking makes men dread disobedience more than the trouble of duty: they reason thus—the orders are few, but necessary, I am bound in honour to obey them, and neglect subjects me to unpleasant treatment. When this feeling arises a lieutenant-colonel has little to do beyond admonishing the careless; and on service he will find that while others are overwhelmed with exertion and yet disobeyed, he and those under him scarcely feel the difference.

"This is real subordination, real responsibility. It is not saying to a lieutenant-colonel I hold you responsible that succeeds; the same speech goes through each gradation down to the drummer: and when the thing is not done, the lieutenant-colonel, being responsible to the general, cannot say, the major disobeyed me, for that would bring the general and the drumboy face to face to settle the matter, which would be the reverse of responsibility. The colonel should be able to say to the general: I cannot see this order executed with my own eyes, but having taught my officers the

necessity of obedience I will be responsible for its execution. Here is the true 'chain of responsibility,' which is not to be found by throwing your own duty on the shoulders of your juniors. Let the commander do his own duty, that is the great secret, neither rewards nor punishments have so much effect as example. In battle a leader who cries Forward may see his men fly disgracefully; but he who sword in hand rushes on the enemy will generally be followed.

"The fewer reprimands the fewer punishments, and more effect; nothing more disagreable to oneself, nothing more useless than *scolding*—it is weak and contemptible. The voice of a commander should seldom be heard in anger, and then it will be feared and heeded; if frequent it will excite ridicule, often indignation: its course is first teazing, then impertinent, ungentlemanlike, finally unjust and insulting; then an apology is due to the misused person, and you are no longer respected. No man can behave unlike a gentleman, to a gentleman, without rendering satisfaction; but a commander is not expected to fight a duel for executing his duty, however harsh it may be, in a gentlemanlike manner. I have told a man he was a blackguard because I had proof of his being so, and it was my duty not to mince the matter: had he challenged me, as he did not, I would not have fought. But if in a passion I had called him a blackguard when he was not, then, having lost my dignity of office, the consequences must have been fighting or begging pardon, both disagreeable things: thank God I never had to do one or the other. Such are the results of habitual *rowing*, but an occasional touch up is invigorating: only let it come out at once like the devil, hail, rain, thunder and lightning! When this is justified by the matter, it never creates enemies or discontent. British officers won't bear insult, but they know that duty must be done, and idle fellows are thus worked up. The soldiers are the same, and this makes them fight so well. They all go into action as comrades, not as despots and slaves.

"1809. *Soldiers' Marriages.* This subject requires much arrangement and attention, and receives none. It affects the health, morality and strength of our army in various ways; such as desertion, population, and other points. My general ideas shall be set down, but I have not considered the subject much, nor am I able perhaps to discuss it properly: an able man could however serve his country materially by taking it in hand. Marriage should be encouraged, but no woman should be allowed to embark with a service expedition. Going to the colonies or foreign garrisons would be different. Regiments should generally be stationary in England, keeping to their own counties, in each of which a woman's barrack should be built, and a manufactory should be established, or at least some means for industry with schools for the children. The boys educated for the army, and the girls, if they married soldiers, should have a government portion. These barracks should have a superintendent, to be also the barrack-master, with rank of captain, and always an old or disabled officer. Under him the schoolmaster and mistress, the former a retired officer or non-commissioned officer; the latter a widow, or wife of a deserving retired officer or non-commissioned officer, who would have obtained a commission if he had remained in service. Thus would many children be well reared for the army in military villages. Desertion would nearly cease, the women would be too comfortable to behave ill, and the men, mostly married, would not have money for drinking, and would be more healthy: their wives, rescued from debauchery, would have more and stronger children, and their joint labour would enable them to live well.

"This arrangement for children is founded on a calculation made by my father, and given by me to Mr. Windham, at Mr. Fox's desire: it would shew a great public saving, when the expence of the boys is balanced against the bounty now given to an equal number of recruits, with the expences of sending them to regiments. The population would be

increased instead of being reduced by the size of our army, which would itself be augmented in numbers and efficiency by increase of health:—we have now often twenty thousand men ill at once from debauchery! Increased also by the increased number of boys, for most soldiers' children now die for want of care. Then, having the regiments formed of two fighting and one recruiting battalion, always near your women's barracks, with very few officers and a reduced staff, the army could be kept complete; for the boys would supply common casualties, and to meet those of a severe campaign many men would enlist under such a system. Abolish flogging and they would almost pay a bounty instead of receiving one.

"These thoughts, poured out confusedly, require to be digested with care, but the object is certainly attainable. I will return to it again after discussion with some capable man who has extended military ideas. Mr. Windham tried to shew that he had such ideas, but failed from lack of military knowledge, and his scheme is generally trifling and feeble, with an entire ignorance of soldiers' character and of military finance: indeed this entire ignorance on these two points, is the clearest part of his plan! I should like to converse with him on the subject; for among our generals there are few who would think of this question, fewer who could give one information: and as to extended military ideas for improving our army I won't say how many there are who know anything of military matters, beyond reprimanding and powdering their officers:—except laboriously clubbing a brigade, which their brigade-major, by another great effort, gets right again with help of the adjutant, unless his horse throws him!

"*Dress.* Soldiers carry more than is needful. On service a soldier should have a short cloak of good oilskin, lined with strong linen, very light and reaching to the knee. A cloth waistcoat with sleeves, double-breasted. This in winter would be warm: in summer, the breast or facings

being buttoned back, it would be cool and it should have flap pockets."—Here follow details useless to transcribe, as they will never be adopted however valuable.—"As to razors, combs, black ball &c. I hold them in contempt. One pair of scissors could clip the beards and hair of a whole *corps d'armée*. If any soldier chose to carry a pair of worsted socks he might do so, but few old soldiers march with them. Marshal Saxe has more sense in what he says on that subject, than he has credit for: more than when he insists on the beauty of a Welsh wig!

"*Baggage.* This being one of the troublesome parts of an army, strictness is necessary in preventing more than the allowance being carried; and the allowance should be reduced with an unsparing hand, more especially with regard to general officers. All troops should embark with as little as possible, and how to reduce the soldier's kit has been shewn. The present allowance of baggage to company's officers is enough, and to all ranks above a major too much. A lieutenant-colonel wants no more than a major, a general very little more, and there is no reason why a general of division should have more than a general of brigade. Whatever the allowance it should not be exceeded, and should be carried on a prescribed plan. The baggage-master-general should have a deputy in each division responsible for the regular quantity, form, and mode of carriage, being according to order; and with power therefore to destroy all overplus. Baggage should not however be destroyed without an appeal to a general officer, when any denial of its excess was offered; but this appeal should not extend to general officers, or their staff; for as they invariably break through all regulations greater strictness is required: the baggage-master should towards them be subject only to the decision of a court-martial in case of any glaring act of injustice.

"Rigid inspections of the animals should be made by competent judges of their strength; and commanding

officers should be made responsible for their officers being well supplied, according to the government allowance for purchases. It might be better to furnish the officers with animals, obliging them to keep those delivered, or others equal in value; this would however be more expensive, and perhaps the giving a choice to officers would be best. Such arrangements, with severe punishments for disobedience, such as dismissing a general officer from the staff, a hint *pour encourager les autres*—would render the baggage of an army movable and rapid, instead of the cumbersome confused mass it is. But to facilitate its movements, the men who guide and command it, and who should not be changed except for misconduct, ought to be better organized. The baggage-master-general should be a field officer, and a fellow who would quarrel with the commander in chief and every general under him; one who would never allow himself to be convicted of civility to an aide-de-camp, and very rarely to anybody else; one who would keep all fellows in order, except the commissary, to whom he must of course be civil. If a man could be got who would quarrel with a commissary he would be worth his weight in gold; a light weight that, for he would be half starved, and, being therefore always cross would be invaluable. Many other points might be discussed with advantage about baggage, but the principal objects should be—the reduction of baggage in the higher ranks; the regular size and shape of trunks or panniers, with pattern saddles and cordage, to prevent overloading and enable the baggage-master to detect irregularities by sight. Order and rapidity of movement would thus result, and as the poor animals would never be weighted to their full strength, wounded men might be saved by them on an emergency."

This sketch for reforming the British baggage system, was realized more than thirty years later in Scinde. His baggage corps there was an advance in military organization scarcely less important than that of the introduction

of regiments in lieu of the undisciplined masses led by feudal chiefs to war. It was a creation of genius which would have doubled an army's force and rapidity of movement, saved thousands of soldiers' lives, and been, consequently, œconomical as it was efficient—both in the highest degree. But though found excellent in practice as it was in theory, it was, because it was his creation, and avowedly to mortify him, destroyed by the Bombay government, when he quitted Scinde! This great military organization remains therefore in abeyance, to gratify the miserable personal spite of the directors, and their governor-general Lord Dalhousie—men unable to understand the worth of what they trampled on: the Parthenon destroyed by barbarians!

"*Freedom.*

> Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
> Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

"What must he be, who, with half his worth gone, recovers his freedom?

"*Gibbon.* He says—'The principle of a free government is irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.' What freedom can we boast of then, when our members of parliament hold places under government? When our peers are placemen? When the power of voting at elections is restricted to a certain number of persons, instead of being the right of the people? When a seat in parliament is so valuable as to make it worth while to expend £100,000 to carry one election? When the riches of the Treasury can be applied to the venal inclinations of a parliament? When the higher officers of the executive are identified with those in whom the legislative authority is vested? And when the innumerable executive officers in the lower classes are held by voters who elect the legislative body, at least that part supposed to be the chief bulwark against tyranny? Our legislative is not only nominated by the executive but is

in fact itself; the two powers exist in the same men, and the attempts made to assert freedom and the real spirit of the constitution is called treason! everything that is bad. Very natural however is this—we cannot expect thieves to condemn their own robberies. Ministers and opposition are alike interested to preserve this dreadful system, menacing destruction to the British constitution; this system of aristocracy devised to make the crown a cypher and the people slaves. The remedy is to reform abuses by short parliaments, and an equal distribution of the right to elect members, having no placemen in the house. Able men have said that these things would be effectual, and I have heard no convincing argument against them.

"*Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini*, written in 1824. When at Rome and Naples I thought those towns might be reformed, but was assured it was quite impossible by Sir William Gell, with whom I had an argument and whose talents do not appear to me above the blue-stocking description: however, knowing so little of him I may be wrong. The recollection of what had been accomplished by Rienzi was not then fresh in my memory, but reading his story again convinces me I am right and Gell wrong. All that Rome requires is a free press, which would have indeed less vigour, less enterprize than the tribune, but would be less corrupt, more persevering, and would not die: he cured by the actual cautery, the press would be only an alterative, both would be best. But the press would soon produce a Rienzi in a town full of men with high natural talent and well-cultivated minds; full of noble feelings also, though great blackguards, because it is a moral impossibility they should be otherwise. If you were to keep the most delicate lady in London for a week in a stable, she would smell as strong as a postilion.

"Rienzi forced the nobles to retire to their estates. If this was done now, and none allowed to live more than three months in the capital, except those whose estates were in

the most dangerous parts as to health, where would the robbers be? Would the rich people, now shut up in their palaces at Rome and Naples, then suffer gangs of robbers? Would the peasantry prefer robbers to nobles who spent fortunes amongst them? In a year, necessity and interest combined would find means to destroy robbers; and in a few years cultivation would begin to conquer malaria: even the Pontine Marshes would be rescued from agues and frogs. What has been done there proves what may be done.

"Naples has no excuse for the non-residence of the nobility on their estates. It is said the immense population of that magnificent town would starve! This curious doctrine will hardly be maintained by any one but Sir W. Gell—starve from increase of cultivation! Reading Rienzi's story I find, what Gell pronounced *impossible*, was actually done by the tribune, and with a rapidity and effect more sudden than I had myself imagined possible. It is nonsense to say that a despotic government can be awed by the nobles. Unless the despot be a fool or a coward he may always have a devoted army, and a devoted populace; your nobles may thus be cracked like lice, and their estates confiscated, to be a source of riches to the despot if he be an honest man and wise, but certain ruin to one who would use them to bribe his soldiers; for he would thus make them robbers first and finally traitors. But the despot who seeks real fame by the honest, and perhaps only certain mode, that of engaging the affections of the people, would divide the confiscated estates amongst the relations of the nobles he has destroyed, and thus gain new friends to his power, as being dependent on it. These friends of the despot would be the dead traitor's nearest and dearest connections, men who under any other distribution would form new conspiracies; but self-interest is a plaister to heal even wounds inflicted by injustice, and it more readily cures those given by a salutary state measure.

"All revolutions, to be effectual, must involve some changes

of property to avoid the horrors of a counter revolution. What has saved France from the returned Bourbons and their flights of runaway nobles and priests, ready to pounce on the land like carrion crows on a dead horse? What but the large band of resolute landholders who would rise were the least of them deprived of his share, stolen or bought! From this we may learn that a despot is safe who divides the property of the nobles he destroys amongst others; and what is to hinder the king of Naples doing this if his nobles are too powerful? Add a rigid œconomy and fair imposts on exports and imports, avoiding as much as possible internal taxation; have a well-disciplined but small army, and of foreigners for a few years, because subjects are too closely connected with private and public robbery to act with vigour as a police:—recruit it however with young natives after a time, and in twenty years it would be a national force, and have the ideas necessarily produced by long and vigorous execution of good laws, namely, that laws are not a dead letter. They are now generally considered so in all parts of Italy, save where General Church commands. In all other parts the law is only an excuse for men to wreak personal vengeance, and as most of them think a stiletto less expensive and safer they use it.

"But if all the nobles were sent to their country houses for eight months in the year, and many were executed for breach of laws, their estates being given to their *blood relations*, with an order not to appear in Naples for five years, country seats would soon rise all over the kingdom. Farms would require hands, and the 50,000 lazzaroni of Naples would with good management diminish. By good management I mean corrections through a thousand channels—no one measure could purify that stagnant mass. Amongst the most obvious would be colonizing other parts of the kingdom, and recruiting the marine force and the army from them; vigorous execution of the laws, establishing schools of industry, and

enforcing laws against vagrants and idlers:—finally a free press which would soon let you know a thousand secrets for clearing away the pests.

"The more I see of the countries of the world the more certain it appears to me that morality, private and public, is the *sine quâ non* for good government; and the *sine quâ non* of morality is a free press. The fear of exposure deters man and woman from crime: both will risk death, any punishment, to gratify the ruling passion; we risk death for trifling gratifications; but fear of exposure acts constantly, and no punishment is more just, being generally exactly suited to the crime. Sometimes it may be hard, being like all things liable to exceptions; but it would be difficult to shew an unjust outcry raised by the press against an innocent person, which the same press has not sooner or later exerted itself to redress. It also holds the tribunals of justice to such correct principles that the injured find a redress there even against the press, which thus corrects itself. What makes the higher classes of English society more moral than those of other countries, but being the butt of the press? The English peasantry are not superior to that of other countries in proportion, The peasantry are in all countries the best classes, but English gentlemen and noblemen certainly far exceed in honourable feeling the same classes in other countries, whereas the Spanish and French peasants are as good fellows as those in England: not so independent however, because no newspaper will expose the oppressor and report the poor man's sufferings.

"Whatever evils spring from a free press will in the long run be remedied by a free press. No other institution can say this, nor has any other so few evils to correct. In all things human there exists a perfect arrangement, a truth, because God creates not imperfections. I speak as a believer not a sceptic. The universal search after this truth is

best aided by a free press, which sifts and sifts till it reaches the desired point; and it unites talent and dulness, bad passions and good passions, prejudice and sound judgment in the pursuit. Whoever first hits the truth gains at once an ascendancy over his opponents, however feeble he may be, because a thousand pens of power start up to aid him. In a word, a free press is an emphatic term for unceasing enquiry, unceasing pursuit of truth and right, unceasing exposure of wrong. My opinion is that if the earth is to be regenerate and good-will towards men to be universal, which I do not altogether believe, it is by a free press the Almighty means to work. War indeed it may put an end to, if it gains ground all over the earth, but that will require time sufficient to tranquillize the fears of all half-pay officers of the present day!

"*Languages.* The mode of learning languages might be facilitated had those who teach any desire to do so; but the fear of losing employment will not let them smooth the road. For French, take any book, a play would perhaps be best, write a grammar with as few rules as possible, no compound tenses, in short omit all that can be omitted, and take all examples from the book chosen: then, and this is the main point, let a dictionary be written containing all the verbs in the chosen book, with their various moods and tenses. A dictionary would be required with all words used in sentences from the chosen book: it could be easily made from a common one. I would also have a vocabulary, not with dialogues but simply single words, or perhaps with the auxiliary verbs added. With these books a person, having learned to pronounce, could teach himself, for the great difficulty to beginners would be done away: not a word would appear in their book that they could not find in their dictionaries. Idioms would be explained, and they would be ready for their exercises. Their grammar would be short and clear, like Cobbett's, aiding them generally, and containing examples with which they would be well acquainted.

"Plays are best for teaching on this system because more colloquial; and when power is acquired to read a volume in which the learner knows every word, the greatest labour is got over, and he will be able to read all the works of the same author with little trouble. Thus advancing step by step he will not be appalled by difficulties, which deter many not over-persevering minds, and many patient minds also who have not leisure. To children it would have the advantage of encouraging them; and they would be pleased that with little trouble they could find all out by themselves, and with words or sentences all taken from the same book.

"*Lawyers.* Why are lawyers generally supposed to be rogues? I believe because they have to deal with contending parties: one side must lose, consequently disappointment and other motives, often bad, make them blame the lawyers. But often both sides are inclined to be abusive. Are lawyers then really the rogues they are supposed? Of course there are many honourable exceptions; but why are they worse than their neighbours? Because the nature of their profession places them in a state of constant temptation, particularly before they are known, and when, to use the words of a clever man, they cannot afford to keep a conscience. Fame, interest, often want, urge them to things they would not otherwise do. Have I a worse opinion of lawyers as men in consequence? Certainly not. All men are equally weak, and do alike in like situations. Wherefore I respect lawyers as other men, but never trust them in their profession more than my own ignorance renders necessary. My belief however is, that a lawyer who is really an honourable man, must either have been so fortunate as never to have been tempted; or a man of most perfect class of character, having gone through an ordeal few men can sustain.

"*Nations.* A nation should be like a wasp, keeping everybody on the fidget, harmless if let alone, stinging on the slightest insult. But for this the treasury should be full.

EPIGRAMS BY MY FATHER.

ON THE MAN, WHO BEING MADE A PEER FOR LOSING CORSICA TOOK THE ARMS OF THAT ISLAND, THREE ETHIOPIAN HEADS.

"We laugh with scorn when, beaten from the field,
A coward emblazons trophies on his shield.
When the paid cuckold, callous to the jest,
Displays the golden antlers for his crest.
And when, unheedful of his tattered ears,
A thief the pillory in his scutcheon rears.
But when the peer, opprobrious boast!
Assumes those arms the recreant viceroy lost,
Indignant honour spurns the titled knave,
And in the negro's head detects the slave."

TO A CORPULENT LADY PAST HER PRIME.

"You ask me, your servant, to give you in rhyme,
Some apt definitions of space and of time.
If your ladyship looks at your rear and your face
You 'll gain excellent notions of time and of space."

"*Strange dreams.* At the siege of Charlston my father, leading his grenadiers to the trenches, observed that his lieutenant, Alston, a very brave man, was dejected. What is the matter Alston? I am going to death! Why say that? I have been often wounded, and always the night before being so I have dreamed of hunting deer of a peculiar form. Last night they turned on me. I shall be killed. Nonsense man! Alston shook his head. It was dark, and the town quiet the whole night, not a shot was fired, the relief came in the morning, the grenadiers retired, and when at some distance my father said, Alston false is your dream! No! true! I feel it so. At that instant some loose straggling shots came from the town, and Alston, struck by four fell dead: no other man was touched, and four were the number of the deer he had dreamed of.

"Another. General Fox went to Flanders with the Duke of York; his wife was confined soon after his departure, he was away more than two years and never saw his child; yet

he suddenly dreamed, not only that it was dead but that it was visible to him, and he knew its features: he mentioned the day and hour of its death, taking its appearance to him as the test, and he was exact. Some months afterwards he returned to England. Mrs. Fox had changed her home, he entered a room in which he had never been before, yet instantly recognized it, and all the furniture, as being what he had seen in his dream: it was the room in which the child had died, and he fixed on its picture there, saying That is the child I saw in my dream!

NINTH EPOCH.

In 1815, Napoleon's outburst from Elba, the most astounding exploit that ever established one man's mastery over the rest of his species, shook the world: Europe arose in arms. This commotion of war drew Charles Napier to Ghent, where he awaited the great impending battle, not called by duty but seeking it as a volunteer. Napoleon's rapidity baffled all calculations, and Waterloo was fought almost before the French passage of the Sambre was known at Ghent: thus the eager volunteer could only join in the storming of Cambray. But when the British army reached Paris, the French were still resistant, and Charles Napier assisted in a combat, where the superiority of the British infantry, officer and soldier, over allies and enemies, was signalized in the following remarkable manner.

A large body of Prussians attempted to drive the French from a suburb, where they occupied one side of a street. For hours a fire from the windows went on, each side suffering severely without any marked advantage to either. The Prussians were then relieved by a much smaller number of British troops, under Sir Neil Campbell, with whom Charles Napier went as a volunteer. The continuous fire, before heard for hours, now ceased, but the blows of pickaxe and hatchet succeeded, mixed at times with a stifled sound of musketry and occasional shouts, and in an hour the French were driven away. Campbell had forced entrance to a house on the French side, broke through the partition walls and stormed each building in succession, thus gaining his object with a furious but calculated rapidity, and with far less loss than the Prussians had sustained without success.

In Paris Napier stayed but a few days, to see the remarkable objects of that interesting period, and then with a stoic's contempt for pleasure, returned to the military college. His usual fortune as to accidents did not fail. When sailing from Ostend the ship sunk at the mouth of the harbour. He swum to some great piles, grasped one and struggled for life, yet with little hope, for the beam was too large and slippery to climb and each swelling wave overwhelmed him: while thus slowly drowning, he was saved by a shore boat. His letters describing this accident, the storming of Cambray and Campbell's combat, have been lost, and with them his keen observations on the events passing at that great epoch of the world's fate; but the writer of this biography can add to the story of the time some facts, shewing how entirely unsound was the stately-looking edifice of Tory policy, then exhibited with such insolence of boasting. Great and imposing the structure appeared, but it was only a *whited sepulchre*. Even their own soldiers secretly rejected the despotism so violently imposed on the world as a restoration of freedom! imposed but not so accepted, as reform in England and revolutions in France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy, have since demonstrated.

As field officer in command of the British picquets, stationed at several barriers of Paris while the negotiations for the king's entrance went on, the writer, for two days and a night, saw how the public mind within the city was swayed to and fro. Multitudes were continually assembling and dispersing with all indications of violent emotion; single men would harangue crowds, and be replied to by opponents; shouts and scufflings were frequent; and political agents were constantly passing to and fro by the barriers, carrying information for the expectant royalists behind the allies' camp. More than once those persons seemed to be assailed by crowds, and on one occasion a tall man of remarkable appearance, evidently not a hired agent, he was

too daring and vehement for that, was suddenly surrounded by a mob and apparently slain!

The feelings of the British soldiers were unequivocally shewn. Proud of their long victorious course against the French, they yet respected the latter as brave enemies, and had a profound admiration, even love, for Napoleon. They thought of him, not as a foe but as a hero standing alone; a soldier to be hailed by all soldiers; as a man who had enabled them to gain the greatest possible glory by fighting him: a master in war, and the fast friend of warriors. Their instinct as fighting men was for him, and as freemen against the Bourbons. When Louis the Eighteenth entered Paris, the writer, his post being at the head of the picquets guarding the Barrier of St. Denis, was asked by the captain on duty there, if he was to salute? I have no orders on that head and give none was the reply. The king came up, crowds thronged forward, and the words *vive* and *Roi* were heard on all sides; but the last was generally preceded by the words *L'Empereur et*, pronounced in a low tone. The British soldiers being left to themselves brought down their musquets from the shoulder, and placing their hands on the muzzles, fiercely regarded the approaching king. He seemed surprized, but soon his countenance assumed a look of such malignant ferocity, so fixed, so peculiar, as never to be forgotten. A number of mousquetaires in burnished cuirasses, their faces convulsed with anger, then rode up, shouting, gesticulating, and brandishing their swords: but close behind the picquet was a wall, and the swarthy veterans, hard as the steel of their bayonets, and with wits as sharp, knew the advantage. Keeping their bronzed faces bent over their hands, their eyes glared sternly, yet no movement indicated that they were even sensible of the mousquetaires' presence, until the latter closed within a few paces and seemed dangerous: then suddenly, all their heads were lifted and streams of tobacco juice flew towards the shining cuirasses, whereupon the courtier soldiers followed the chariot of the

king. A shout of delight arose from the crowd, and many well-dressed women embraced the British veterans.

Military College. In England Charles Napier's life became very cheerless. War was over, he was on half-pay, and his future was unpromising; yet he still laboured to form himself for high exploits, as if conscious that nature had designed him for greatness, however late the hour: his note-book shews that general literature, commerce, agriculture, civil engineering, and building, especially structures for the poor, political economy and international law were subjects of study, as well as war and government.

"Farnham, November. Dearest mother. Life is a game of chess and we clear the board fast. I fear I am destined to be king, and see all fall around me; yet my turn must come, and the longer it is delayed the more welcome at last. Wilhermen is dead, and his death gives food for thought rather than matter for letter writing. If there is not another world his troubles are finished; if there is his enjoyments have begun. A strange intelligence preceded the news of his death, for which it is hard to account, except by the law of chances. Without any cause to bring him to my recollection, I had been thinking of him, and speaking of him incessantly for two days, and had just made up my mind to write to him when his death was announced. It gives me pleasure to hear that Colin Campbell — the duke's follower—and Robe are the commissioners for prize money. The first has, they say, made a fortune already; my belief is, not a very large one. He is a good hard-working soldier, and has had almost the whole army patronage in his gift. Out of twenty officers, his cousin Neil Campbell saw the list, Colin Campbell recommended seventeen.

"June 1816. Dear mother. As to public affairs it is hard to judge. There are about two millions of people in Great Britain and Ireland in a famishing state, to enable Lord Camden to receive thirty-eight thousand a year, and

expend it on game and other amusements insulting to those who provide the money. It is hard therefore to say how long poor rascals, who think their children's lives of as much consequence as partridge's eggs, may choose to be quiet; or how soon, actuated by an *ignorant impatience of taxation*, they may proceed to borrow from Lord Camden. Your account of the regent's being so occupied with dress made me laugh: yet he is nearly sixty years old, his people are starving, his government feeble, and at these things I cannot laugh. I wish he would make Lord Wellesley his minister.

"July. I am in a wretched way, despite of having taken as much steel as would make a broadsword. We must have our country-house, and I will collect for you pretty books, telling how the Inquisition torture children for not saying Ave Maria before they can speak. The expedition against Algiers will be a joke, all *jeers* are. The Dey has 1000 cannon, which he will manage very ill, and won't get 200 to bear: it won't be a war, but if we send an insufficient force we shall be roughly handled.

"August. You talk of hoping I may be forgotten in the retrenchments, as if my pension were stolen! I shall be sorry to lose it, having been earned, and the loss would leave me little to live on. My government was resigned as more than had been earned; but if I have a right to my pension, they won't take it away it is to be supposed: if I have not a right no wish have I to keep it, the income must be slender that will not enable me to live in content. Nevertheless this shews what our ministers are, who begin by retrenching the incomes of those who have nothing else to live on, and who have previously fought and worked hard for years, on almost nothing, to gain that provision. Retrenching there, but refusing to curtail the thousands they enjoy in the shape of sinecures, besides their large salaries and large private fortunes: and for those profits doing nothing, unless it be telling men with starving children that they are

ignorantly impatient of taxation when demanding that their wives and children may not famish.

"Lord Cochrane has by honest courage done more good at the great meeting, than ever he did before; Wilberforce's canting speech was hateful; but how well the Duke of Cambridge turned off his mistake in reading the first resolution. It makes me glad to hear that the Duke of Wellington has expressed the opinion you mention about Sir J. Moore; and it is a sorrow to me that he is going to France. We want clever fellows, for we are getting on the rocks, and my belief is, that he and his brother are most likely to get us clear: we know Castlereagh cannot. It was pleasant to observe that at the meeting there was nothing insulting to royalty; but the ministers put all attack on themselves in that category: they are going down the rapids, may they come upon a fall like Niagara! Bless you, mother! pray for peace and quietness in the land, and food for the poor wretches starving all over the country.

"August 10th. Beloved mother. I cannot pass over my birthday without reflecting, that for thirty-four years no benefit has accrued to me of body or mind which cannot in some way be traced to you. It is not my way to talk over these things often, but I don't forget them, and like to dwell on them with gratitude. At our age we know not who is nearest the door; and for those we have lost there should be no regrets: the best lot is their lot, we may be assured. We should not weep over the graves of the good: to grieve and pine for that which is taken away, is to be thankless for that which remains; and for which, omitting meanwhile to enjoy, we shall not fail also to mourn. This we are too apt to forget. And on no point is there greater cause for satisfaction than the perfect union which exists among your family: there has never been a schism, nor even a day's coolness amongst us.

"September 16th. Rochefoucault says a man has no comfort so great as finding others suffer more than himself; he

is right: it is the greatest satisfaction to me that the regent is fifty, and that I am only thirty-four! But you are the most provoking woman alive: you tell me you have been ill in a copper-plate hand, and of your being better in a scrawl like mud where a hundred chickens had been walking. As to Lady Bellamont, you have chopped her and the Bible together so that I fear for her character; she cannot well be separated from Solomon's concubines by the best decypherer of telegraphic dispatches; you see the impropriety of your carelessness. Solomon puts me in mind, through Methuselah, of old people. Colonel Ferguson has an aunt *alive* at Richmond. She *knows* Wellington, and she *did know* Eugene and Marlborough! She is niece of the celebrated Lord Stair, and widow of a General Bland, who wrote on military discipline, and was adjutant-general to the British army at Dettingen in 1743.

"November. Tell aunt Conolly I won't attack her friend Lord Castlereagh to her; but reformation advances at the pas de charge and no earthly power can arrest the progress of freedom; the people are in motion, and those who oppose them will be crushed like pebbles under a rolling stone. That the said stone may not swerve from the gravel walks of petition and reform, ought to be the prayer of every one, and especially of those who wish the cause well; for thus all will be gain, and no reaction: that is to say, there will be no going beyond justice. If this does happen, the glory of England will become brighter than the battles of the last twenty years have made it. The freedom of this country being rendered complete, Louis the Eighteenth and his brood will be lost; for our example will be followed all over Europe: that excessive suffering to individuals will result is certain, but everybody who takes physic has the cholic. As to your seeking for an asylum against coming troubles, you shall have my reasons for being in no fear for you. No revolutionary spirit exists in England: the starving people only seek bread. Those who have their confidence,

and generally they place it justly, tell them parliamentary reform and food will come together: it is this they seek. The reformers, Cobbett at the head, tell them not to riot, not to be personal, not to commit excesses; but to petition daily, hourly, one and all, for in that is their safety, their remedy. They see this is true, and the great security against bloodshed and revolution is to tell the multitude truth. Shew the real evils and the real remedy, and they will not be half so dangerous, or so unjust, as when suffering in ignorance of the cause; for it is then they go furiously ahead and nothing can stop them.

"No power ever yet could stem popular vigour in action, and as it is always just at bottom it should be directed by timely information. Let a mob know that a minister is a villain, and give them to know him by sight, and they will not tear an innocent man to pieces by mistake: but if you do not give them this knowledge they will tear any man to pieces that anybody points at; and they will as suddenly fall on his family, aye! even on the street where he lives. All such excesses arise from the infatuation of treating the lower orders as if they were fools, when they have really a greater number of great men amongst them than the higher orders, in proportion to their greater numbers. England is instructed, the people see their remedy, thanks to Cobbett, Burdett, and others; and though these men have their errors, it will be to them we shall owe personal safety, and constitutional instead of revolutionary reform. It is easy to laugh at Cobbett, and to call him all sorts of names, but it is not easy to disprove his great abilities. A reform will be effected, though to resist it Lord Castlereagh would risk civil war I believe: but I do not believe he has power. Should it be so, with three sons soldiers, one a sailor, and another a lawyer, it will be hard if you don't swim, for these are the three finest trades in such cases: so don't trouble yourself with anticipating evils.

"November. God be praised dear mother that you are

not quarter-master-general. If you were, how the dragoons would fly with expresses! What is in that bundle before you dragoon? *Orders your honour.* What have you behind dragoon? *Counter orders sir.* Well, as a dutiful son I must answer you, but am more inclined to quiz you. I won't go to Brighton, I will go to London. I was born on the bank of the Thames and partake of the quality of the water, never good until fermented and stirred up; then, when all other water becomes bad, it freshens from contrariness. So far from thinking with you that my reforming efforts are useless, I hold them to be of consequence. In all struggles the meanest, if he does his utmost, is of use: the drumboy, eight years old, ought to imagine the battle rests on himself and his drum. By becoming familiar with dangers which we cannot avoid we learn to meet, and sometimes to resist them effectually. If a rebellion was a play to which we might go or stay at home, the last should be my choice; but if forced to go, we ought to think and be ready to choose between pit, boxes, and gallery. You say you are of no use. Do you imagine any one would ever have given that great legislator the young Earl of —— such a proper lecture as you did about those villainous game laws? Not one in his society believe me. You thereby planted the seed of improvement in him: if the soil be bad it is not your fault, but there is no reason to think it is bad, and your lecture may change his ideas.

"December 2nd. Old Dalby the mathematical professor, has told me a curious thing. Hops will twine round poles! I know that quoth you. Yes! but they will only twine one way; and tie them, or do what you will, they cannot be made to twine any other way! Is it the same with French beans and other plants of that nature; and is it from the attraction of the sun? that is my conjecture. We are all on tiptoe about Hunt's speech, That shocking man, who dared to say he would *Hunt* the prince regent as if his sovereign was a *rat!*

"December 24th. I see no trifling in Montholon's letter; and Santini's account has every appearance of truth, though the man's feelings may have produced exaggeration; both call for examination and it is refused: which side then exaggerates? The sum of the matter in my mind, and probably in most other people's, is, that the gaoler was sent to insult Napoleon to death and is very joyfully fulfilling his mission, which, taking climate and other things into account, is of no great difficulty. You, or I, or others, who, though in our native climate and at our ease, fret at the common accidents of life, would have sunk under the irritating insults offered to Napoleon. If he has a friend in St. Helena, that friend should, as a friendly act, shoot him; death would be preferable to what he endures in mind, to him more oppressive than to another man. It is hateful to think of this matter, and it forces the reflection, that all of us are in the hands of his oppressors, and at present without remedy."

At the end of 1817 he passed his examination, taking the first certificate, and in March, 1818, took a residence at St. Omer, remaining there until November, but his letters were of no special interest. His spirit was now in abeyance; yet he kept all his faculties in vigorous training for any opening to renown, and to use a hacknied but strictly applicable phrase, his hand was ready for the plough or the sword. The latter was soon placed in his hands.

On his return from Paris he had solicited active employment from the Duke of York, but was, with a full admission of his merits and services, coldly denied. But now, in 1819, he again addressed the duke in a memorial which may be thus epitomized. "He had been twenty-five years in the service, thirteen a field officer; had commanded the 50th Regiment in Sir J. Moore's campaign, and sustained the brunt of the fight at Coruña. The commissions of Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Colin Campbell, and others, had been antedated; and as they were, for the most part, junior majors and younger soldiers than himself, he prayed that his commission might also be ante-

dated to the period of the Coruña battle. This favour he claimed with more confidence, because he had since, as second in command of Sir Sydney Beckwith's American expedition, conducted the most active part of that service, and yet had only received the companionship of the Bath, although two majors of marines, *serving under him*, were made knights commanders; although he had seen more service on other occasions as well as on that, and received many severe wounds."

A rough refusal was given, on the ground that such a proceeding was "*unheard of!*" Yet the memorial had instanced two precedents! but when did truth or reason ever obstruct power without being swept away? To display actual enmity, though felt, was, however, judged inexpedient, and as successful examinations at the military college were then held to give a claim for staff employment, he was finally appointed an inspecting field officer in the Ionian Islands. He was in full vigour of body and mind, for long training had tempered both; but this opening was narrow, and with a genius potent to place him at one bound on the pinnacle of fame, his destiny was to toil slowly upwards against factious oppression.

Passing through France, Switzerland and Italy, the reflections excited by the state of those countries were thus noted.

"France. I cannot get rid of the consciousness that the conduct of England, or rather the English government, has been disgraceful. We are starved at home and lose our character abroad; we injure, we insult, and gain nothing! We broke faith with the little republic of Genoa; we let the great republic of America hang two innocent British subjects. At home our people hunger, and our best men fly to America for food and safety, and from the boroughmongers! Shall we never cease to be insulted and oppressed? Shall we never have a fair representation of the people, and a parliament that will chastise the present government, despite

of indemnity bills passed by themselves? Surely the king and people of England will not long submit to be thus fettered by men who have disgraced them abroad and ruined them at home. A union of monarch and people first struck down aristocratic tyranny; again that aristocracy has passed just bounds, and again king and commons will reduce it to proper limits.

"The price of labour here is on an average above a franc per diem; the price of meat by the pound is eight sous, and the pound is heavier than ours; moreover the labourer is fed as well as paid, so that a franc a day gives him lodging, clothes and saving; the first is a mere nothing, and the second not much more in the south of France: the consequence of this plenty is little crime. There is, perhaps, much immorality. English travellers say so. I have not perceived as much as in England; and though my passage is too rapid to form a fair judgment, my belief is that the people are not less moral here than in England: in the north of France I am sure they are not. How many thousands of rich English travellers traverse all parts of France, all supposed by the French peasants to be richer than they really are, yet we have not a single instance of a robbery or a murder. To-morrow, at Geneva, I shall see what difference is perceptible between the two countries with regard to the poorer people.

"Geneva, 23rd May. This town and people please me better than anything I have ever met abroad: the approach was magnificent, the sky clear, with a view of Mont Blanc to the summit. The people were full dressed for a *jour de fête*, and that perhaps gave a help to their looks which may have prejudiced me in their favour. The country is so beautiful that imagination whispers, 'Live here, leave England and starvation for ever;' but this idea does not keep its ground many minutes in the head of any man who is out of England.

"The people call themselves free, but are by no means

so: they have no freedom of the press and I inquired no further. It was however gratifying to see that their only troops were militia, which happened to be called out for exercise. They were neatly clothed and appointed, and as awkward as a regiment of shopkeepers could wish to be: a volunteer corps in England would I think beat them, but would not look so like soldiers. On this point of having only militia soldiers they shame England with her hundred thousand regular troops in time of peace; yet they have no sea to cover their frontier! We however scorn to take that mean advantage of our neighbours, and have destroyed our fleet! Want of time hindered me from inquiry as to the Swiss government, and indeed the knowledge would be of little value; it would be studying a bad picture for a knowledge of painting. If a man wants to study forms of government and principles of a constitution, he will have enough to do if he examines the English and American Constitution and their working, without filling his head with continental rubbish. Why then are these Swiss people so much better off than the English? They have not a debt of a thousand millions!

"May 25th. Leaving Geneva, my way was along the beautiful lake and over the Simplon; the road in the steepest parts has a slope of only two and a half inches in a toise, and carriages require no drag: it is a perfect road but will not long be so, there are not hands enough employed for repairs. The vast precipices above and below, the overhanging rocks of stupendous magnitude, the wild savage appearance of nature, mingling with all that is beautiful, so far as wood, water, rocks, clouds, snow, ice, sunshine, rainbows, storms, in all their varieties make beauty; in fine all that imagination can paint as landscape is to be found between Geneva and Milan, until the eye and the mind alike grow weary with admiring.

"Milan, 30th May. This town is fine. Of its sights all travellers' books give full accounts, but one, to me was

curious, which no book mentions—six field pieces with Austrian gunners having lighted matches ready to sweep the streets with grape-shot, should the Milanèse express themselves in a way displeasing to the *Tedeschi*, as they call them. What a father of his people this Emperor Francis is! What a happy family! Hate the most inveterate exists, and the Austrians are detested for three reasons, all good. 1°. They are conquerors and rough ones. 2°. Their manners, their very natures are the reverse of Italian; if they took the pains to try they could not unite with them in any feeling or pursuit: but they do not seek this, they insult them. 3°. All their wants are supplied from Vienna; not a shilling is spent by officer or private in Milan. Neither tradesman nor coffee-house keeper gains by them; even their tobacco comes from Vienna, and they smoke it in coffee-houses, where they sit all day, to the annoyance of all other customers.

"The people are not so well off as in France, but provisions are cheap compared with the price of labour. Commerce with France by the Simplon is now interrupted, and thousands are thrown out of employment. That great road was in Napoleon's time covered with waggons of merchandize; now only some solitary carriages with English travellers are to be seen. In this part I observe fewer small gentry's houses; but castles spring up, with large dependent territories, beggars increase, and robbers infest the country. Passing along only one line I cannot call myself a fair judge, but if these bad appearances present themselves on the great road, we may suppose the same system prevails on each side.

"Every peasant pulls off his hat to you on the high road, but there is more servility than respect. Every man finds out your political opinions before he gives his own. Yet from Paris to Milan, one only feeling pervades the middling class and poorer folks, and that is enthusiastic affection for Napoleon. They will accept your politics for their own

on most subjects, giving cold assent to all you say: speak of Napoleon and they fathom you, at first with wariness in France, especially near Paris, but persist, and they give way with all their natural vivacity to unbounded praise and affection for him. At Lyons no caution is used, they tell you at once that he is their idol. In Switzerland they reason for and against him, yet place him above all other men with all his faults, because under him they enjoyed most prosperity. In Italy they have the same adoration for him as in France, and express it openly, fearlessly, and without disguise; saying he was the only man capable of raising their country from its debasement.

"They are justly grateful, because under him all had bread, commerce flourished, and it was apparent that Italy was in course of regeneration: he fell and their hopes and prosperity fell with him. Now enslaved, divided and decaying, they seem to despair, as if the yoke of the Holy Alliance was eternal, and the onward course of mankind spell-bound for ever. They have no rallying point, all is disjointed, and unless some great event stimulates them, the Italians will probably remain as they are, stagnant! The great towns collect all the rich, no rich man lives in the country, there are no country gentlemen, the poor want, and therefore rob, for no one directs or aids them in agricultural pursuits.

"Italy can be improved by forcing the gentry to live in the country; but to effect that, it must be made their interest. A prince who would assist the agriculturist, and have the goodness of heart and nerve to grant a free press, would soon find himself the most powerful of Italian princes. The king of Naples, thus acting, would blow the pope off and be king of Italy, despite of the Holy Alliance. A free press would tell him how to protect agriculture, would tell him also that he would thus have rich farmers, that rich farmers would employ peasants, and so destroy the brigands more than by all the executions. With rich farmers he

could boldly attack the privileged nobles and equalize taxation. Then one step more! Let the people be represented in a parliament, and the hearts of all Italians, if not their persons, would be devoted to him; sooner or later all would be his, for popular opinion cannot be resisted, and a free press would be a match for all the Holy Alliances Europe could furnish. It would convince every Italian that his king's cause was his own, and with the sea on each flank, woe to those who came in enmity south of a line drawn from Genoa to Venice.

"Florence, June 12th. From Milan to Florence the road is very interesting from natural beauty, and the things to be seen in the towns passed through. Bologna, after Milan and Florence, appears the town I should most like to live in: it is a very fine place with an excellent museum. The women looked very pretty and wicked; and the streets have arcades which defend one from sun and rain. Dry cool walks, learned men, good books, good philosophical instruments, and sinful women! but holy withal, being under the pope! what can one wish for more? The beauty of the dames is however in some measure conjectural, for they wear long veils or cloaks, and your long cloak is the finest fellow alive for a woman. If she has a fine eye all but that eye is hid; if a good nose, out pops snout, and not a bit to be seen but that. I saw lots of morsels of beauty in this way, but also fine women; not naked but uncloaked, from head to foot, and a good many too: in short it is a very gay place. The prettiest woman I saw was in a queer place enough, even the anatomy room, where every part of the human frame is displayed in beautiful wax preparations. To me they were disgusting, she seemed to think differently.

"At Florence wages are high in proportion to the labourer's wants: he can earn from fifteen to thirty sols, and pays only three for bread, and four or five for meat per pound. He is in most places fed besides, and can therefore keep his children. Very little feeds an Italian; the end of a

tallow candle in a quart of hot water, with a tablespoonful of oil and some slices of bread delights their insides. On twenty sous they can feast; and a halfpenny will purchase fruit enough to give a bowel complaint for a week: hence the peasantry are not in want, and if they had but a very small share of freedom would be happy, become clean, and industrious. Now they are idle, very! Perhaps climate has a share in this, but I doubt. No! it is the cursed government which lays a leaden hand on industry, and with privileges and monopolies crushes emulation: the spirit of enterprize is lowered, but the people have it in them, and strongly, though now down.

"Here we have a minister. What his exact title is I know not; but hard as that is to discover, it would be harder to discover his work. Here also, as everywhere else, all improvements, all hopes of doing well, all national pride seems to have fallen with Napoleon, who is adored. They may incarcerate him, they may torment him through such an executioner as Lowe; they may do all they have done, and more, if more is possible, but he is still, and will be, the idol of whole nations: millions of men sigh at his captivity and curse his gaolers. The soldier, the merchant, the labourer, the lawyer, the man of science, all but the priest, who lives by the abasement of human nature, regret the fall of the foremost man of this earth. They regret him as one who, while he ruled despotically, animated them, aided them, gave them national resources, energy, and more freedom than they before had. That freedom is now taken from them by men without talent, honesty or courage; who have combined to deprive the human race of the little liberty and happiness left untouched by former tyrants, ancestors of these insulting robbers, whom God will yet confound. We are told the world is to be destroyed by fire, but we have no prophecy saying it is to be destroyed by these hellish pests. England will yet shew the people of Europe a good example of free-

dom, a limited monarchy and a really represented people: if they do not follow they deserve their fate.

"Rome, June. Lo! The Eternal City! where for so many hundred years the greatest rascals on the face of God's earth swarmed in grandeur; and where, in a small way, their descendants seem quite worthy of their progenitors. The first went forth in arms to rob the world; the last only rob those who come to be robbed, and so far are the best of the two.

"The temple of Rome and Venus conjoined was built by Adrian, to show Apollodorus the architect, with whom he had quarrelled, that he could do without him. It was very beautiful, but Apollodorus said the niches for statues were too low by the head. Adrian replied that they were still high enough for Apollodorus, and ordered his head to be cut off. This was right, and a good *moral lesson* for people who criticize emperors. However, with all the fine remains at Rome there seems to me never to have been a general plan formed to throw the city into shape; that is, to unite all temples, built and to be built, so as to produce a general effect. Each great man built his temple, I trace nothing more: but what a city they would have made, if with such talent, taste and means, they had pursued one general plan! This notion of a general plan seems to be more the idea of the moderns, particularly in Dublin and Paris: London has grown too great for it, the expense of buying houses to pull down would be too much.

"June 24th. Saw Pope Pius Seventh, seated on his chair with his crown on, looking as if he thought he and his parsons were to cajole the world eighteen hundred years longer. Seeing him environed by his own troops, and his fat, red-faced, drunken, fornicating, gluttonous, gambling priests, I thought it would be fine to read to him an account of the life, the power, the splendour of the meek the humble Jesus! who was no priest or He would not have been crucified.

"Looking at St. Peter's one is lost in admiration of Michael Angelo's genius: not however, fairly tried in the dome, for it was executed after his death by others. It is of the same magnitude as the Pantheon, but the latter has stood eighteen hundred years, despite of enemies and earthquakes; and there it stands still, like a rock, as if it would never fall. Meanwhile St. Peter's is going to wreck: already its dome has taken a bend, and is propped up by vast cramps and hoops of iron to save it; the first earthquake is its death warrant, if it even waits for that. Mighty will be the fall, and if it hold a pope and all the cardinals at the time, the devil will also have his miraculous draught.

"The position of the oars in an old basso relievo of a galley gave me an idea that the ancients rowed more perpendicularly than we do; it is possible that each man faced the side of the vessel opposite his oar, which passed through a hole near his feet, and that he struck with the broadside and returned with the edge, without lifting it out of the water: perhaps this might be the origin of feathering oars, which is a mere custom in men-of-war's boats. To sweep off an enemy's oars was constantly an object, and on my supposition the oars would be safer, being under the side of the vessel. If the oars were out on the slant, when struck away they would kill or wound numbers of men with the handles; on my supposition they would jerk only to the side, leaving the men in comparative safety: moreover the men could nearly secure their oars by pushing up the handles and bringing the blades close to the vessel's side.

"1st July. The illumination of St. Peter's is fine because the building is so large; but it might be done much better. The lamps are all of one colour, are too few, and not placed to shew the architecture, which is a great fault; not one of the fine columns is lighted, all are dark except a few lamps along the frieze. The change from lamps to flambeaux is really very well done. The girandole of fireworks thrown from St. Angelo failed the second night; an accident

which secures for the unfortunate director a long imprisonment! This can hardly be believed, but I who think priests capable of any enormity do believe, and indeed there are on this point no infidels here. The employment of eunuchs to sing is another fine instance of *holy* morality! How is it that the patience of men has not long since been exhausted?

"Naples. The road here is through a fine country, and as to robbers it is as safe as any English road; when they have appeared they proved very honest plain-dealing, facetious, pleasant fellows, rather tenacious on certain points, but on all others all one could wish them—except being hanged. A man's watch or his purse, or a woman's trinkets, or her virtue, are not indeed quite safe, they make as free with property almost as the Bank of England does; and as for love-making *parlez moi de ça:* they are the most affectionate robbers. With their own countrymen they do take freedoms, carrying them wholesale up the mountains, and sending them down in detail; a near relation receives a nose, an ear, an arm, with a hint that the ransom was not enough for the remainder. Talk of robbers in Italy! why they are all robbers! but as to regular trained bands, there are fewer than in England. Still they are a fine people, and a free government would make them teach the Austrians a lesson.

"Otranto. There is no castle. General Church has, by shooting one hundred and twenty gentlemen of the stabbing tribe, excited a sense of danger as to assassination, if not of its immorality; men now travel in safety through his province, which was the worst, and unless he gets a stiletto stroke he will put them to rights. The men here are stout-looking fellows, and in truth finer-looking soldiers than the Neapolitans are not to be seen; well set up, well disciplined, well appointed, yet reckoned bad! It may be so, but if they are bad, it is only another effect of Bourbon government, which has debased the finest nations of the continent.

"July 18. Landed at Corfu."

He was now under Sir Thomas Maitland, a man of rough despotism and coarse manners, but meaning well to the community he governed. After six years' experience, Charles Napier spoke of him as below, but in his published work on the Ionian Islands bore testimony to the sagacity of Maitland's peculiar policy, and the commendation was the latest.

"Sir T. Maitland was only fitted to govern under peculiar conditions: he had talent, but not of the first order. Narrow-minded, he saw many things under false lights, was constantly drunk, and surrounded by sycophants, who imagined him a god, because he had more intelligence than themselves. Amongst them were however some good men, and one, Lord Sydney Osborne, had no fault save that denounced by a witty Irishman, namely, that he thought the sun rose and set in Sir Thomas Maitland's hinder disk!"

As inspecting field officer, *I have nothing to do*, was Charles Napier's observation at this time: a phrase which he found afterwards to his cost was not agreeable to government; and as idleness was with him a cause of ill-health, he soon caught the island fever, and thus described his recovery to his mother. "Too weak still to go out say the doctors, and as they only get trouble and no guineas by patients they may be right. My head was shaved, my beard is enormous, as big as Ali Pacha's and very black, which with my dark eyebrows gives me a patriarchal look.

"March. Lord Guilford is here, a queer fish, but very pleasant. He dined with Sir Thomas, and entered the room at the head of twelve little men, professors in black, with powdered heads, bandy legs, cocked hats under their short arms, and snuff-boxes in hand. They 'louted low,' flinging and scraping their little crooked legs about with great formality; then waddling, each to a chair, snuffed, coughed, hawked, blowed noses, all fiery red, gave loud umphs! stuffed their dirty coloured handkerchiefs into their pockets,

and sat silent, though brimfull of snuff and Greek, and hoping to be full of dinner and claret. Ogling the door they remained until grub was announced, and then such scraping, such bowing, such Greek, Italian, French and German compliments! All the Greeks would speak Italian, the Italians English, the English French and Italian mixed, the French all the five languages together. At last a fat Scotchman, yearning for dinner, said to himself with a strong voice Ut's vera silly aw this at sax o' the clock. And then two Frenchmen went out backwards, hitting their discs against the sides of half-a-dozen doors, and against each other, and so reached the dining-room, where Sir Thomas and the ladies had been a good half-hour.

"Here Babel began again with the confusion of tongues; for the twelve waiters were of different nations, and each endeavoured to speak every tongue but his own. Hence, when the little black men had tucked their napkins under their red chins, four-and-twenty languages opened with a row, and continued until the little blacks' mouths were filled with hot bad pease soup. Redder then grew their faces as they scalded their throats, and rolled their eyes on the wine, wishing to cool their muzzles, but fearful to drink until invited; when it did come, all the island ducks seem turned into a pool of water: that over, the roar of Babel for meat went on until, finding words useless, signs were spontaneously adopted. Lord Guilford was very pleasant, addressing every person in a different language, and always in that which the person addressed did not understand. An earthquake at Santa Maura for thirty days!"

During 1819 he had visited Joannina privately, and as his talent was not unappreciated by the shrewd old despot Maitland, he is in 1820 found suddenly engaged on a secret government mission to that other celebrated despot, Ali Pacha, whose future fate and that of the Greeks he thus traced out.

"July 1st 1820. Landed at Corfu, after a mission

to Joannina, by order of government. This was my report.

"Ali Pacha having rebelled against the Sultan has demanded assistance from England, but in such a way as neither to commit her with the Porte, nor to cost her a shilling: he only wants leave to enlist men, and the question is, how far the policy of England agrees with his proposal? England must help Ali, or Russia will do so; or Austria will do so: or he will fail, and his possessions be divided into smaller pachalics. England may make him an independent sovereign, not only of Albania but all Greece, from the Morea to Macedon. She can determine his frontier at her will, and by compelling him to accept from her a constitution favourable for the Greeks, she would form of those people a vigorous nation—strong from the nature of the country, strong in a fine race of men, and strong in self-opinion, because full of enthusiasm on getting free from foreign slavery. Such a nation could resist Russia or Austria with effect, which the Turkish government now cannot do.

"It is confidently asserted that there are both gold and silver mines in Ali's dominions, but he cannot work them, because the Grand Signor would seize them: he has certainly had them examined, but keeps all relating to them secret. But the advantage this would offer to England cannot be counted as a motive to induce her to aid Ali, the truth of the story being doubtful.

"If Ali be left to his fate by England, he will seek aid from Austria or Russia. Either power can with a small force secure Albania to him, and take the rest of Greece to itself; or erect the whole into a kingdom, leaving him his present power, as a vicegerent, and taking only his harbours into their hands. If England does not seize this opportunity, Austria or Russia, should Ali fall unaided, will at a future period get Greece. The Greeks look to England for their emancipation. *But if ever England engages in war*

with Russia to support the Turks, the Greeks will consider her as trying to rivet their chains and will join the Russians. Indeed the Grand Signor may be called now the lieutenant of the Emperor Alexander in Greece, while Ali is de facto an independent sovereign and a Greek, and is looked up to by the Greeks as the greatest man of their country. We may use Greece against Alexander as we did Portugal against Buonaparte, but with far more power and without expense.

"It seems unquestionable that Ali is in a perilous state. He is hated for his avarice more than for his cruelty. He is said to watch the progress of every man's fortune for final appropriation; he proclaims the dollar worth five piastres when receiving payment, and seven when paying. From such oppressions none are free. His cruelty does not excite unusual horror, because all the pachas are cruel, and Ali only has suppressed robbery, murder, and plague. The Greeks would not hate Ali if he was fair in his money dealings. The Turks hate him because he is a Greek; and if not a Christian he certainly is not a Mahometan on any point interfering with his desires, mental or bodily. They have now also the additional ground of hate that he is a rebel: the Turkish part of his forces is therefore composed of traitors to him. The Greek part, particularly the Albanians, think him in danger, and though they are not displeased to fight against Turks, they do not like to fight for a Turkish pacha, although he is a Greek. It is thought they intend to kill Ali, if he meets with a reverse in his first battle; then to pillage Joannina, divide his treasures and return to their homes in the mountains.

"The Greeks and Turks in his army detest each other, and have nothing in common but dislike of the pacha. I am told the Franks, whom he has given as commanders to some of his Turks, will be killed by them in the first action. With generosity and discipline he might indeed do much with his Greeks and maintain his ground; but he will give

money only when forced, and then he tries to cheat. His family salute none but Albanians, yet salute them before receiving any mark of respect: they are much afraid of that race and with good reason, for they are the most warlike and not attached to Ali. The Turkish troops are, it is said, more undisciplined than Ali's. If so, it will be hard to say on which side accident will give the victory, but the chances are in favour of the Turks; they are the most numerous, all are faithful, and acting against a rebel: moreover the Patriarch threatens Ali's troops if they fight for him.

"Ali has desired me to ask government's leave for raising troops in England, and my proposal was to assemble eight thousand British troops at Parga before February next, if he can maintain the contest for this summer. With these he might incorporate twenty thousand Greeks; in a month I could make them all fit to take the field, and attack the Turks in their winter quarters. The Greeks would then be hearty in the cause, in hopes England would free them: if the first battle was gained, and the people of the Morea rose in arms, not a Turk could remain in Greece; and even if Ali was defeated, no Turkish army could force the defiles of Mount Pindus. For every road into Ali's dominions may be defended inch by inch; every mile almost, contains a tremendous pass which could be held for weeks, and cannot be turned but by roads equally strong for defence. Of these passes the Greeks well know the strength; they require no manœuvres no discipline, they need only marksmen, and every Greek is that. What the Greeks want is a hope of freeing themselves from suffering under the Turkish yoke. They do not want more than common security for their persons and property, both of which are now at the disposal of every Turk, and they use that power freely in taking Greek women from their families.

"Whether this statement will influence government to aid Ali, or not, I cannot say, but if not England will probably lose the best opportunity of preventing Russia ex-

tending to the Mediterranean that has yet offered. The Turks believe they are to lose their European territory by the Russians, all Greece is ready to rise, and in a position to favour Russia effectually: the Mahomedan faith is hostile to all improvement, and will not admit of Turks acting usefully with Christian armies. With all these internal weaknesses what can the Porte do against Russia? What aid can England give? Much. England may now create a new kingdom, enthusiastic, vigorous, united in opinion, with every requisite for strength, and in form suited for the aid of our maritime power. Perhaps the only way of saving the Ottoman empire, if that is possible, is by forming such a kingdom; for if the Greeks were freed there would no longer be hatred between them and the Turks, and a common interest would unite them against Russia: the Greeks would naturally prefer having the weak Turks on their frontier to the vast power of Russia bearing on them.

"In the present state of the world, Austria would hardly join Russia to dismember Turkey and Greece: were the latter independent it would indeed be no easy matter to do that, though it is so now. Austria would more probably resist Russia, and would with Greece, England and Turkey, offer a strong barrier against Alexander's progress south. The Emperor would hardly risk an army away from the Black Sea before he had taken Constantinople—no easy conquest with Greece and Austria on his rear, an English fleet in the Sea of Marmora and a garrison in the city. The fall of Ali would however touch England seriously on one point. It is generally supposed, that his government defends the Ionian Islands from the plague; and though care will prevent extension of that evil, it will not preclude its introduction if the Turks possess the opposite coast."

From this time he kept his attention fixed on Ali Pacha's proceedings, as shewn in the following private notes, written after a third visit, and when Ali was in rebellion.

"Private Notes, December. At Joannina the vizier's

power and policy was to me a subject of deep consideration. England could give the Turkish empire to Ali, but to do so must join in the contest. If she lets him fall he will throw himself into the arms of Russia, and all the rest of Greece is from religious feeling favourable to that power. Russia must indeed go to war for this acquisition, but what legs has any system to stand on which depends upon peace between Russia and Turkey? It was difficult to get information in Ali's capital. Every man there, before he speaks considers what is truth, and tells everything but that. Knowing that a man requires leading in the dark, and every Greek likes to be a leader, they all strive to keep a stranger in the dark, and tell him that all other Greeks who he may seem to favour are the very rogues of God's earth. This is a natural result of their superior talent and abject slavery. Nevertheless something may be gathered even from such a lying community. Ali is in a perilous position: his avarice is most offensive, it reaches every man who thrives, while his cruelty touches only a few about him; it is great, but short of the cruelty of other pachas: moreover in most cases it is produced by the struggle to repress robbery and murder, or the spread of plague. I will not stand up for his morality or humanity, but he seems the only pacha in whose territory you are safe from plague and robbers: he is the only robber and the Greeks hate him for monopolizing their darling trade.

"When I was at Joannina, eight months ago, his carriage passed me filled with women, and running before it were men with staves striking all persons who did not turn their backs! Now times are changed, the carriage comes, and the soldiers, Albanians, Turks, and others, look at the women with impudent curiosity! I asked how that came to be, and the answer was; he is afraid to offend the troops! Every one knows that a Turk stabs any man who looks at his women even by accident; wherefore this is a great deference

to his soldiers: yet his avarice is superior even to his fear. Such being his state he appears a lost man; but as his enemy's troops are said to be worse disciplined than his, which seems impossible, the event of the first campaign must depend on accident. Ali has however no time to lose. He offered me command of any troops I could raise at his expense, if the English government would wink at his recruiting. Should this happen, my plan will be to assemble eight thousand British men at Parga before January, and adding twenty thousand Greeks, fall on the Turks by surprise: they are never on their guard, do not make war in winter, and will be dispersed in cantonments. One month will suffice me for making the Greeks fit for war, they are quick. The notion of England's guarantee against Ali's injustice, would, with strict discipline and regular pay, produce a force far beyond what the vizier could form alone: Mount Pindus should never be lost.

"If a Greek nation be now established, young and accessible to our maritime power, it may be possible to sustain the Ottoman empire, not otherwise; but England might form a great coalition, and Austria would never consent to let Russia attack Greece thus established. England, Austria, Turkey and Greece, would be strong; but England, Turkey, and Austria, with Greece ready to rise in favour of Russia, would be weak."

To Ali Charles Napier gave plans for the fortification of his capital, tracing out works which would have resisted the utmost efforts of the Turks, who could not bring heavy guns over Mount Pindus. Nor was the British government averse to aid secretly, for he carried with him large supplies of ammunition and other stores for the Pacha, and his own plan for disciplining the troops to be raised was very original. Selecting a squad, he designed to teach them personally some elementary points; then to make each man form a squad and impart to them the knowledge just acquired: that

done, he would have advanced the instructing squad in knowledge, and again set each man to drill his own, thus teaching officers and men together.

His actual journey to Joannina was thus slightly noted.

"May 19th. Landed from Corfu, proceeded towards Joannina. The whole road is beautiful and full of strong mountain positions; the part called the *ladder* is really one, and disagreeable to ride over: I was the only one of the party who did ride; and that only because the wearing of spectacles compels me to look down when on foot, which would have made me lose the view.

"21st, Joannina. Saw the vizier, rode round his works and made a report of them: they would not resist half an hour.

"23rd. Proposed new works, traced the ground and again reported.

"25th. Began a sketch of the works; find the chief engineer, Mr. Carretto, a man of much intelligence, but no great engineer: he however appears to be a good artillery officer, and is the only person with a conception of engineering.

"26th. Set off for Corfu at night, with Colovo, a foreign officer of the vizier.

"28th. Embarked for Corfu. Remained in quarantine until the 2nd of June, and then returned to Sayades with stores, and was by no means amused by the Albanians weighing five hundred barrels of powder, which they rolled over flint stones, and tossed into iron scales as if they were barrels of pork, smoking all the time! Luck saved us!

"5th. Inspected the works, and found a ridiculous fort erected on a spot marked by me. Drew on the plan the work before proposed, and shewed it to the vizier; he would wait he said for Colovo's return to interpret.

"7th. Dreamed that these people have no idea of war or fortifications.

"9th. The vizier ordered me to attend him round the works. Found it in vain to give him my notions without an interpreter: Carreto could do this, but he is engaged. The vizier has good military ideas, but is not acquainted with fortification, and has the Turkish notion that a stone wall loop-holed is sufficient against attacks. He knows what a Turkish army is better than me, and may be right, but if this wall resists the Turks they must combine uncommon cowardice with want of discipline.

"10th. Colovo come back. The vizier says he has ordered the execution of my plans, and had asked to have me remain here for two months. This will not be granted; nor do I wish it, for to teach these people fortification is impossible: they will not even let me shew them how a work should be constructed. The pacha might have a capital artillery if he would allow Carretto to teach his men: he will not. I brought a bombardier, at Ali's own request, yet they would not let him work, though he could have formed a hundred good artillery men for them. The pacha's natural genius is strong, but he has no idea of the details of war, or how to form troops. He has placed his troops well, and he knows they want discipline and artillery; but with the means of having both in perfection he does not know how to go about the business."

The projected organization of a new army was soon stifled by the vizier. Possessing millions, and engaged in a struggle for life or death, he would not be at the cost of safety while danger was not close at hand; but when the Turks crossed the Pindus range in September, when his lieutenants deserted him, and his capital was menaced, he sent to Charles Napier offering unlimited command and money. *Have you fortified the positions pointed out to you when I was at Joannina?* No!—*Then you have neglected to do that in time which would have saved you, and must now abide your fate. You want to give my head to save your*

own, but you shall not. So writing he restored to Ali six thousand pounds given for recruiting: a proceeding which the pacha only comprehended as a folly. But long previous to this affair the Englishman had proposed offensive operations, telling the vizier that he would place him on the sultan's throne in a few months, if he would advance a million of money, admit of a new military organization, and declare the Christians free. Carefully Ali went through the details, and declared the project sound, yet with a miser's madness refused the money: he afterwards offered two millions but was answered *Too late! the Turks are in the Etolian Mountains. You are lost!* The terrible vizier's intrigues and courage sustained him however until 1822, when he lost his life, his treasure and dignity, precisely in the way that the two last had been gained, namely, treachery and murder: cajoled into a false negociation, he was assassinated in his palace.

Three times before his death Ali had been visited by Charles Napier, and each time the latter returned with the conviction that nothing really great was to be expected from the pacha, whose capacity was not of the kind to work up the materials of greatness lying around him. But while regarding him as an accident, he saw signs of power, independent of the vizier's policy, tending towards an explosion which might open a noble course for a better man, and resolved to prepare for opportunity by gaining exact knowledge of the Greeks as a people. In this view he asked leave to travel in Greece, but the authorities at Corfu were so averse, and his own disgust at Ali's avarice so great, that he even entered into negociations for exchanging into his old regiment the staff corps: and again came the strong yearning to be with his mother. Writing from Corfu the 16th of January he says, "I mean to ask Sir Thomas for leave to go home. Twice has Sir F. Adams refused me leave to go to Athens because he is under the thumb of Sir Thomas. It is very vexatious, for

there is certainly a general commotion in Greece, produced by a desire for freedom, and by the working of Russian agents. God knows how all will turn out! but dearest mother, I hope not to pass another year from you: if I do I might as well have been finished at Coruña this day twelve years." However he pressed for leave to travel in Greece so strongly that it was at last granted.

"Journal, February 5th. Left Corfu yesterday, and at night bivouacked on the rocks of Morto. Nothing more agreeable or exhilarating than a bivouac; it is a state of nature with the comforts of civilization as to food and the means of eating it; it combines novelty with exercise, and generally with fine scenery: fatigue makes up for want of a bed, and as every one is employed cooking, or lighting fires all are usefully employed.

"Corinth, 29th. The isthmus is easy to defend. A steep ridge runs from the Acro-corinthus towards Cenchrea: this ridge, the Acro itself, and some works between the latter and the sea, would present a position hardly to be forced. The ridge is very high, it appears a perfect precipice, and could by scarping be easily made so. The isthmus is capable of the most powerful defence, without cutting through it from sea to sea, yet that this cutting can be done there is no doubt. However the difficulties can only be estimated by a careful examination, which is not to be done by a traveller watched by the Turks.

"March 1st. Rode along the ruins of the ancient walls and traced the cut made by Cæsar, which is one-fourth of the way, and may be carried the whole length without difficulty. How far it could be made to answer as a commercial communication I will not decide, but have little doubt of the utility in that way: in a military view it would present an immense ditch which would be impassable. The rock in the hardest part seems of a rotten kind, generally a soft sandstone, and in some places shelly. Following the bend of a natural ravine would diminish the

labour, and in one part the canal would be commanded by Mount Geranion; yet that part of the mount admits of being strongly fortified as an advanced work, and would therefore strengthen the line. I am disposed to think that part of Geranion might be lowered, but it certainly might be made a gigantic *tête de pont* to a great artificial river, which river should be made very wide, and revetted on both sides with the large cut stones that formed the ancient wall.

"The great force in attack is the ricochet fire invented by Vauban, and it could be rarely, if at all, used in besieging this isthmus, because the prolongations of the faces would end in the sea, or close under the fire of other bastions. It would be a siege of years; and a second line of great strength might be made by works either detached or connected from the north of Cenchrea, towards Hexamila, and north of it turning down to the sea: these heights are strong and in one or two places fortifications were begun by the Venetians. A third line would be the great ridge of precipitous rocks extending from the tower towards the Acro-corinthus, and nearly perpendicular the whole way: the deep gully which separates it from the Acro-corinthus is a pass which, if a few works were added, no army would like to enter. The Acro-corinthus is somewhat higher than this ridge, and from thence to the sea is a fine plain which might be strongly fortified, and would be flanked by the Acro-corinthus and the sea. These three lines of such massive works would be no doubt a vast undertaking, but the extent would be only six miles for one, and three and a half miles for the other. And I am not looking for the execution to men hired by a government, but to 200,000 Greeks in arms for liberty, labouring day and night to form a refuge for the whole nation, in which to defy the force of Turkey. A man who knows how to animate an army would make them work with enthusiasm, and they would cut the isthmus like magic!

"March 2nd. Argos. The road here furnishes a succession of strong positions; and in the plain of Cleone rises a hill on which the town stood: this plain is very fine, and the hill commands it in every direction so far as guns can reach. Commanding the main road into the Morea, by Tripolitza, it is a position of importance and strength, where an army forced from the isthmus could rally: it is supported on each flank by rocky mountains, apparently impassable if defended by light troops. There are others in rear to which the army could retire as they touch the hill of Cleone, which appears to have been formerly scarped for defence. This facility of reaching the rocks would secure the army from a superior cavalry, and render the whole position good for an army to receive battle, as its retreat could be made amongst mountains from right centre or left. If victorious, the enemy would be thrown back on the Gulph of Corinth or the Ægean Sea, and cut off from the isthmus if the pursuit was hot: at all events a beaten army crowding into the isthmus would be cruelly handled, especially if he had left the Acro-corinthus untaken.

"From Cleone to the plain of Argos the road is full of passes, every one disputable; and if the enemy had an inferior cavalry he would find the plain of Argos dangerous. A Greek army should try one general action at Cleone after losing the isthmus, because able if beaten to escape; and if victorious sure of destroying the enemy. Should he attempt to pass the position there the Greeks could instantly take the initiative. But he dare not pass towards Napoli, or Patras, while a Greek army lay at Cleone; or I should say in front of the Nemean plains for the maps are so incorrect that I doubt if the remains of a town or hill in a great plain, which is the place I mean, is Cleone: the village of Klegna is at some distance, though the maps place them on the same spot. The road from Corinth to Argos by Cleone and Nemea is practicable for artillery; the torrents would cut it in wet

weather, but it could be easily secured by making bridges, the materials for which are on the spot. The mountain road to Napoli from Corinth is not passable for any but small guns or mules: nor could infantry easily march along it in many places, except by single files. I am doubtful also whether the road to Argos by Nemea would long bear the march of troops in wet weather, as it is a natural not a made road: yet a little trouble would make it sound, and therefore I call it a good road for an army.

"March 3rd. Returned by the direct road to Corinth, through the Arachne Mountains. Saw only a few ruins at Corinth: the greatest seemed a fine aqueduct, that no one seems to know anything about; nor have I met with any traveller who has seen it. Formed of enormous hewn stones it passes underground, and I had no time to trace its course, but it opens on the side of Corinth which is next the sea; that is, on a line drawn from the top of the Acro-corinthus to the landing-place of the Gulph of Corinth. My belief is that it runs under the whole town, round the Acro-corinthus.

"March 5th. My *murmuri*, or leave to ride to Athen comes.

"6th. All the country of Greece that I have yet seen furnishes the strongest positions in abundance; the great difficulty would be to move guns, but industry and resolution would carry a six-pounder wherever a goat could go: it is hard to say where guns cannot go. Mountain guns, four-pounders, are very useful, notwithstanding the contempt with which some inexperienced officers of artillery treat them: this arises from forgetting that each arm must be an aid to the others and all four united.

"March 7th to 11th. Athens. The Piræus harbour is a very fine one, and may be rendered very strong against a land attack: the promontory is not commanded. Should Greece be freed, the isthmus cut, the old port of Corinth restored on the Corinthian Gulph, the Cenchrea port on

the Ægean side, Corinth would be one of the first cities of Greece. She would be the half-way house between the Adriatic ports and Constantinople in peace; and in war, being the key to the Morea, its importance would be augmented.

"The next thing of importance to note is the *Maid of Athens!* She has good eyes, good teeth, and a tolerably brown skin: very like a Jewess. Had I heard nothing about her, she would have passed with me as a pretty girl, no more. She and her sisters have gentle pleasing manners, with that natural civility which is to me more admirable and really genteel in a woman than the highest artificial breeding: when both are united it is perfection. These girls are not affected, nor do they scream, as many of the Greek and Italian ladies do, which is to me insufferable. To say the maid of Athens is not affected is to say much for a girl whose beauty has been spread abroad amongst many nations by Lord Byron's verses; but these poor girls have too many admirers amongst our travellers ever to get married to their own countrymen. I think our people behave ill in paying so much attention; they should either marry them or be off. But though I think we do as much, or more than other men, when we see a woman in distress, or ill-used, we are very justly complained of by women of all nations. We seldom marry those whose rank and conduct admit of no other thoughts; and those, who being married use the liberty their customs admit of, we betray, by boasting of their favours; it is a general complaint, and is true as it is dishonourable: we seem to forget the proverb of *Never kiss and tell.* Now without saying it is right to kiss, I am quite sure it is infamous to tell. The maid of Athens and her sisters have escaped even scandal.

"March 14. The ancient Platea. There never was such a country for defence as Greece, so far as I have seen. The walls of Platea can be just traced, and the

plain is fine; but from thence again get into a country of defiles, less strong however than before. The road runs close to the great marsh Copais; and at one point the mountain comes so near as to furnish a position of great strength against an invader: I speak only of one road, I believe there are three which pass into Attica, but they are divided by mountains impassable for an army: these mountains flank every position that I have passed, and the report of the country people is that the others are the same.

"March 15. Livadia is not in itself particularly defensible, but would form part of a position if the tremendous heights around it were occupied. My time is too limited to be sure, but my notion is, that if a general action were to be fought to save Livadia and Attica it should be where the battle of Cheronea was gained by Philip. Pindus and Parnassus secure the left flank; a branch river and the Lake Copais the right; all the plain is clayey, intersected by a branch of the Melona and innumerable rivulets, and therefore very difficult for guns to pass in wet.

"March 16. Reached the Khan near Thermopylæ an hour before sunset: the road is a chain of defiles ending at Thermopylæ, where I also end my journey northwards. It is not the pass it was, but is still a great point; the sea has receded, but the marsh would defy the passage of an army: the pass is only wider, and could still be defended by three thousand instead of three hundred!

"March 17. Rode to Salona by a road of tremendous defiles: except in the Alps I never saw such defiles. There are small plains in these beautiful valleys, which are very rich; that near Salona is a vineyard and the richest one I ever saw.

"March 18th. Went to Delphi to visit Apollo, who, as I am not a doctor, or fiddler, or poet, would not receive me, and I left my ticket. The priests might well say The god would defend himself: they could defend or hide their treasures with ease.

"19th. Rode twelve hours, lost my way in the mountains, halted on the bank of the river Phidari, and the 20th reached Lepanto. These two days spent in the mountains were delightful, the country is impenetrable for an enemy, and the beauty beyond description. What a country to be destroyed by tyranny! But this state of things cannot last much longer, in the midst of civilized nations. The Turkish rule is coming to an end, every Greek peasant sees, and feels too, that the cause of his country is his own particular cause: they are indeed in a wretched state of barbarism and baseness, but have points of advantage which will do the Turk's job. 1°. They see what other countries around them are, and know that their own is equally fine, and with great advantages for commerce. 2°. They know what they were, and are therefore more galled by their chains now. 3°. They see what the Turks are. Against them the only bad thing is that the Turks begin to perceive what they are themselves; and if they reform the Greeks will never gain independence: however only a few Turks perceive their wants, whereas all the Greeks know them and will give themselves up to the first power that will send a regiment to Constantinople.

"Corfu. To my regret, I left Patras just a few days before the Greek insurrection broke out. The Greeks may be bad; what can they be under the treatment they get? But my opinion is that they will succeed, yet never having been sure of my own courage I cannot be sure of other people's. If they don't fight hard the Turks will chop them into *kabobs*. I have got leave to go home, expect to carry despatches, and hope to find the road blocked by new constitutions or avalanches: both troublesome to travelling gentlemen."

Proceeding now to England, and still meditating on the career opening for himself through the Greek troubles, he published anonymously a pamphlet styled the *War in Greece*,

which had a large circulation and was indeed a very eloquent and passionate picture of the state of that country and the horrors perpetrated by both sides, commingled with an appeal in favour of the Greeks and a condemnation of their revengeful passions.

TENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

In January 1822 Charles Napier returned to Corfu, and thus resumed the correspondence with his mother. "Sir F. Adam lately asked me, if the command of an island were offered, would I take it and say nothing? My answer was, ready to go where ordered, but I will not take a government as a favour from Sir Thomas Maitland. After many silly compliments about Sir Thomas's high opinion of me &c. came out, that the *impetuosity and violence of my character and politics made him fear mischief, and that it would cause disturbance.* Guy Fawkes! This is the first time I ever heard of my violence in politics except from Tories, who call everybody violent that don't agree with them: however, having the name, it must be merited. Sir Frederick Adam has acted like a gentleman in telling me frankly what he thought and what he heard. He was urgent for me to say I would take an island without discussion, but was told that must depend on the way it was offered. So ended our conversation. You see what Maitland's character must be, to imagine a man's politics can influence the execution of his duty: it may be inferred that this is his habit."

Notwithstanding this rough discussion he was, without any concession, appointed on the 12th of March 1822 to be military Resident of Cephalonia: that is to say the despotic lieutenant of the lord high commissioner: they were a conception of Maitland's and thus defended by Napier, in a published work called *The Colonies.*

"The islands were full of political and private factions, which had been recently in arms, and had shed blood; the

natives therefore could not be safely entrusted with power: it would have been to support faction in perverting law. Maitland, residing at Corfu, required representatives in the other islands, and as he could not give all places to Englishmen, made his Residents very powerful to controul. But he also imposed great responsibility. They were placed to protect the people against feudal oppression, before which, from remotest times, the law had bent; and the feudal chiefs were still intent to make both the law and Maitland bend to their passions: wherefore he created himself dictator, and his Residents despots, but to sustain not overrule law."

Being now absolute in command, Charles Napier, whose intellect had been long armed for the encounter, at once commenced reforms social and political, and the construction of public works on a scale equally gigantic and useful. Everything indeed, sensate and insensate, required a vigorous interposition of corrective power; for social relations were at the lowest point compatible with any civilization, and the topography opposed the greatest obstacles to amelioration. The Black Mountain and that of Kanilangada, the first more than five thousand feet high, domineered, and with their tongues and connecting ridges formed valleys too isolated for traffic. The inhabitants viewed each other as strangers, and even made war at the instigation of their seignors, who were tyrannical and bloody: one had not long before put twenty prisoners to death in cold blood, and the law was silent! indeed it was common for a seignor to sit in court and direct the judges. Lawless judicature was however very prevalent, and the state of the prisons was horrible. The fear of plague from the continent was strong, and the quarantine laws sanguinary; yet bands, and even single men, frequently descended on the coast, to murder, ravish, and carry away children for slaves. Agriculture was almost lost as an art, inland traffic there was none, commerce languished, fisheries were neglected, and all the resources of the island were disregarded, though the people were intelli-

gent and apt. With these abuses, and disorders, and natural difficulties, the new Resident immediately grappled.

To remedy the feudal mischief he proceeded to strengthen the courts of law and restore the dignity of the judges.

To dissipate the enmities of the valleys and effect a general association, he resolved to pierce the mountains with roads.

For improvement of agriculture he aided the labourer with loans, instructed him by a model farm, furnished easy access to markets, which he created, and in various ways excited the landholder's sense of self-interest.

To facilitate commerce he constructed quays and light-houses, improved the harbour, and established fisheries.

With sanatory objects he drained marshes, swept away old filthy quarters, and constructed wide streets.

For repression of crime he organized a vigilant police on a military plan; and with a benevolent design constructed a prison on the best models, after the principles of eminent philanthropists modified by his own practical sagacity.

All these things he undertook and pushed them forward with such a creative faculty, with so much subtle application of stimulants, and strength of controlment, that an astonishing success attended all his measures.

"Argostoli, March 12th. Dear mother, my kingdom is of sixty thousand people, and martial law exists. That is the courts of justice are closed, and I can send any one to death without trial or appeal. This is a fearful power in the hands of one man; but feeling no inclination to be unjust or cruel, it does not annoy me: I even like it. If compelled to hang any one, it shall be done on the perfect conviction that it is right to do so: the Creator cannot then be displeased with the created, for a want of a judgment which He has not bestowed. The desire to act with honour is all that is in the power of man. My hope is not to be very cruel; but they have here a horrible trick of maiming animals out of spite to the owners, and whoever thus tortures

animals shall pay for it with his own skin. Added to this power there is no small responsibility and exertion; for your Greek is litigious, and all the financial, as well as the criminal and military business is on my hands: do not therefore expect long letters from one who has scarcely time to eat, or take exercise. My predecessor is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything! I live for some use now.

"March 18th. I am well, Cephalonia is healthy, and my staff surgeon Mr. Muir is a very clever fellow, and most successful practitioner, having killed fewer people than any other. Government house, a magnificent one on the water edge, has a bathing room. I have a horrible deal of state to endure; to hear how I am loved by the Cephaloniotes, and to say how I dote upon them is absolutely necessary. I don't much mind the receiving of deputations, except that it wears out my embroidered coat; but it is a bore to have every mortal one meets in a populous town bowing and scraping. My prayer is for martial law to end, for their litigation puts my patience to a severe test: six hours daily are given to their causes. They will however be sorry when it ends, as I settle four or five suits daily, and they have no advocates to pay; whereas in the civil courts these causes would have taken months, even years, and rogues to be paid all the time! The prisons or rather dungeons are truly disgusting, and I have taken measures to relieve the miserable wretches shut up in them: the Black Hole of Calcutta was probably worse, but could not have been much worse than one dungeon, where thirteen men were almost suffocated. Seven I took out, and if no other good comes jail fever will be thus prevented, and the poor wretches will be more at ease: better hang than have them as they were this morning.

"April 17th. To describe all done and to do is impossible, but it amuses me much: power is never disagreeable. I am building a lazzaretto and a quay; neither on my own

plan, but they interest me almost as much as if they were. Would that Lord William Bentinck were coming as commissioner, for then our infamous prisons and roads would have a chance of amendment. I have not command of a shilling for these things; and though Sir Thomas is so far right, he ought to do the needful himself: the island is lost for want of roads, and the prisons are disgraceful to civilization. My work is too hard to leave me otherwise than well, and things have already got into a little better state than they were before my coming.

"I was compelled to go to church a few days ago in great form, and to sit half an hour hearing myself prayed for. Besides being king I am bishop here, and all the convents and churches are under my orders: the priests cannot kill a fowl without my written order. On my church procession I passed the prison and liberated five prisoners whose crimes were not great; half-civilized people like these things, and this has put me high in public favour. Now tell me your goings on dearest mother: every moment left me for thinking of you is so applied, and with regret that my otherwise pleasant life is passed far from you. Meanwhile I am working hard to get a new barrack built, and mean to execute it myself, and hope to save many soldiers' lives, now yearly lost by bad lodging and the vicinity of a marsh. The lazzaretto is nearly finished, and my quays are begun; and I am going round the island in a boat with a tent for land in rough weather.

"June 2nd. Martial law is over, and no longer chained to a desk, I have two hours' riding for one of writing: this is well, and I am well, when there is time to ascertain, but that is so seldom that I may have been ill without knowing it. No one is sick when they have enough to do, and I am going to begin a great work which you may thus judge of. Cephalonia is divided by a range, called the Black Mountain, said to be 5000 feet high (5380), and it cannot be far short, for snow remains through half the summer.

The roads are dreadful, and my intent is to make a good one. The peasantry are summoned to work without pay, a *corvée* one day in the week for each man. One road has been already carried by me over a precipice to unite two fruitful districts; it was a short but laborious job, and the people were very angry at the work, but now it is done are delighted. Idle rascals who said they should be starved by losing a day's work for themselves, now stand smoking and jeering their neighbours on all the other days!

"You must know that the Greeks have, from bad government, come to that strange state, that the instant they are treated justly they conclude it is a humbug and try to be beforehand: to deal with them demands caution and care in finding out what ought to be done, and then bullying all who resist. Such tricks are played as would kill you with laughter, but my despotism grows stronger; they like it, and it must be owned that I indulge their liking: however by mixing with them all is good-humour. Three villages lately came to remonstrate against my road; five to approve: had I listened, the argument would have gone on for ever. They were told that the road must be finished first, and every man absent from the *corvée* should be imprisoned, and his village fined: but, as there could be no doubt from what they said, that it would be very useless when finished, we could then have a hundred hours of argument. Why were the three against the road? they were at war with a fourth which will be benefited by it. Why should they work for their enemies, who on a former occasion would not work for them! Having to deal with this spirit there is nothing so simple and useful, and satisfactory as knocking both sides down!

"June 10th. Health besets me. Up early and writing till eight; then feed and work in office till twelve, sometimes till three o'clock, swim, dine, and then horseback visiting the road-making. Sometimes on horseback at twelve

o'clock; for having many public works in hand, other business must at times lie by for a day, but getting up at four o'clock brings up lost time. I take no rest myself, and give nobody else any: all were getting too fat, and my workmen must be watched or they would do nothing. I do watch and work. I have begun to dry up a portion of a large marsh near the town: this gives great satisfaction, as the summer sickness comes from the marsh. Expect no letters from me save about roads. My head is so full of them that I think more of McAdam than of anything else, save a pyramidal pedestal for Maitland's statue; that is very interesting because it pleases the people who consider the statue itself a great effort of genius: their pride is great on this subject, and my dislike of old Tom will not lead me to make war on his statue. This life is pleasant for me, very much so; but my constant desire is to see you again: however we are not in this world to moan and groan, but for work, and whoever works for good does what he ought to do. There is nothing so good for everybody as having something to do; it diverts the mind and preserves health: therefore read, and amuse yourself dearest mother, amusement is even better than business for old people. Read novels, laugh, cry, scold, eat, drink, and even get Crib to give you a few lessons in the fancy way.

"I am called *despotis* or tyrant. It is curious that the word should still be used here with this simple meaning, while it has by the learned of Europe had an odium attached to it, which was not the case of old: but it is only in the country, not the town that the word is applied to me. Well, there are sixty thousand people here, and not a cat or a dog have a quarrel but they come to the tyrant to settle the matter. The people are very much to my liking, but the greatest liars in the world."

At this time his affections were deeply wounded by the loss of his old and dearly-loved nurse, Susan Frost, who

had broken her thigh-bone in the socket by a fall, and died with great suffering: a long, a brave, and virtuous life was thus terminated.

"June. Dearest mother, you shall not be afflicted with my lamentation, that which we must bear we do bear. My dear Susan's death was a great shock, and I would not write, hoping for leave to spend the winter with you: but so many works are now on hand, that no one with less exertion could carry them on, and a change in the head now would cause loss to the public and to individuals. Two months more however will probably complete the buildings, and the most difficult parts of the roads; that is the passes over the two mountain ranges: my other plans demand time which no exertion can shorten. It may be long before we meet, but the time will be passed in doing what is useful for sixty thousand people.

"June 27th. The judges torment me: fools are made judges, and clever advocates bully them; hence unjust and stupid sentences are daily passed. My demand on the general government is to make the clever advocates judges; but they are great *radicals*, and so it won't be done: what folly! Everything goes on well for the Greek insurgents, so far as we hear, but our information is defective. My friend Captain Balaska, has been killed by Ulisses, another famous captain: they are jealous of any one who gets a little fame and kill him. My hope is still to go home at Christmas, but my roads must be first finished. I am unpopular at present. The gentlemen were mad for roads when they thought the poor people were to make them by *corvées*; but when told they also must work or pay, they were in arms: it shall however be crammed down their throats. The poor people are willing, the *gents* unwilling, but I am *despotis*, and the payment is trifling, my own is greater than that of the richest native. Every priest is made to work or pay, which delights the poor people!"

Such great works and reforms could not be achieved

without overcoming serious obstacles, and the Resident was not only the designer, but the actual pioneer of his roads: he and Captain Kennedy of the Royal Engineers took the lead at all dangerous places, and more than once owed their safety to accidental shrubs which they caught when slipping from rocky ledges. At first Kennedy was only known to his commander as an officer under his orders; but soon a friendship arose which was never for a moment clouded during the life of one, and is not now forgotten by the other. Captain Kennedy's aid was invaluable. Engineer and architect, his energy was immense, and his capacity evinced by beautiful lighthouses and other constructions in Cephalonia. Since then his efforts to establish agricultural schools in Ireland, and his remarkable public reports as secretary to the Devon and the famishing commissioners, have displayed his capacity as an administrator: so have his large views on the rail system proper for India, given when appointed consulting engineer in that country; and subsequently his Bombay and Barroda line of railway, of which he is the surveying, organizing and directing engineer.

During these first Cephalonian operations, Maitland had gone to Italy for health, Adam became his viceroy at Corfu, and soon displayed his incapacity for governing. Regarding pomp as vigour, and meddling as activity, the practical talent and simple habits of the Cephalonian Resident necessarily displeased him; and the success of the Cephalonian works still more so. For he also had undertaken road-making in Corfu; but with enormous expence and petty results, contrasting strongly with the works in Cephalonia, where the utility was great and the œconomy marvellous: indeed most of the works there repaid their cost. Thus nettled, Sir Frederick commenced that species of underhand official warfare, which men of small minds and great power always cunningly conduct against superior spirits with success. Maitland's rugged genius had however truly estimated that of his Resident, and, though at a distance

kept Adam's littleness in subjection: he was at this time therefore more irritating than mischievous.

"August 10th. Another birthday dear mother! they come like a poor debtor's visitors, often and unwished. The sculptor has come with the bronze statue of Maitland, nine feet high, and is delighted with my pyramidal base. He calls it large, rude, well-proportioned and unlike all common pedestals, and will not have anything changed: it is not quite finished, for it is not a minute's job to cut a pyramid out of the solid rock, twenty-five feet high, forty-five feet on each side, and containing two thousand cubic feet. My other works go on capitally, but Sir F. Adam, for want of larger faults has fallen to work on my mustachios! An official formal order has come from the adjutant-general to shave: the answer was, *obeyed to a hair*. One can only laugh at the gambols of an ass. He is said to be jealous of our works here, executed at half the cost of his in Corfu, and this assault on my whiskers looks as if it was so.

"September 12th. A sudden order come to prepare a large fortress, called *Asso*, for the Suliot nation, which has emigrated. Asso is capable of containing three hundred thousand people: yet our government knew nothing of its existence until told by me! It is as strong as Gibraltar, and was built by the Venetians as a refuge for Christians against the Turks. There the Suliotes are to be, and only twenty-four hours' notice given to me for preparation and shelter. It is curious and interesting to find a whole people thus emigrating; and how strange to find myself chief of the Suliots, and have their treasure, for all their arms and money are to be placed in my hands: probably it will be necessary to kill some of them to produce order. Cephalonia wants people, and the Suliots are the best of the Greeks; but this emigration will leave the Turks a large disposable force to act against the Morea. The general was here last week with two frigates, and some

smaller vessels, and for three days my home was in *beaucoup de confusion*, like the French debates!

"Miss Napier, September 27th. The death of Lord Londonderry shocks me, as an event by which you, my dear Louisa, and his poor wife will suffer much. We do not regret death for the person who dies, but for those who survive to suffer. Whatever my feelings towards him alive were, with him they die, and nothing but feeling for his wife remains. May God give her that strength He seldom denies to those who lose their loved ones! Her mind is too vigorous and elastic for very lasting suffering, but she has no children which makes the wound deeper: her whole life shifts. Well, she has tasted of the common cup, of which dear sister you have had a large draught. Your desire for a heaven of cats and children is amusing: but let me give you an account of the Suliots.

"There are more than fourteen hundred, and above half are *Palikars*, old warriors. They wear the beautiful Albanian dress, and their faces are the colour of a tea-urn; they are well made, not large, and are ignorant of every trade but robbing, and making war, as robbers make war, and have a chief for each tribe. They came starving and dying of sea-sickness, of want, of fatigue, having been crowded in little boats under a broiling sun: my first step was to get the women and children ashore, and at last all landed and were fed. They are to be placed in a fortress, which is so large that they will have fields and vineyards within, and be four hundred feet above the sea on a steep rock. No Palikar deigned to carry baggage, their poor wives had to do that, and said such was the custom, and for their husbands to break that custom would be foolish. Many of the women carried the arms of dead husbands and brothers; but there had been more women killed than men, the latter having by sallies escaped shells which fell into Suli. Their arms are magnificent, and great presents they have offered to conciliate my good-will, which they have however got on

cheaper terms. They have begged me also to receive a history of their recent war, written so that the world might know they had acted bravely and honestly. It is easy to deal with them, so obedient and well-conducted are they.

"The Turks behaved infamously about their treaty, and would have broken it and destroyed the Suliots but for our men of war, who secured the hostages on board. What is to become of these people? My wish is to form the men into a regiment. The labour of getting food and building wooden huts for them has been very oppressive to me, and eight or ten have died of fatigue before they could be sheltered. Their appearance at my conference with the chiefs, who stood in front with their hardy-looking warriors in rear, was very picturesque. They have given me three thousand dollars to pay for their expences, and as it has been done for one thousand they will be agreeably surprised."

These Suliots were not docile on all points. Just emerged from terrible trials, they did not like to give up their arms, and claimed the right of following their own customs amongst themselves, without heeding the island laws. This led to a difficulty. A Suliot killed a woman and being claimed by the police the whole body refused as a point of honour to give him up. It was untoward, for they were a terrible people when aroused; and their fortress crowned a rocky promontory which had a sheer descent to the sea on all sides but one, where a narrow neck, equally precipitous, joined it to the mainland. How were they to be dealt with? Intent to have the criminal without spilling the blood of men acting on their view of honour, Charles Napier blockaded the place, giving the Suliots to understand, that if the man could escape within three days he might and so the matter should end: adding that means were prepared to intercept him, and the trial should be one of vigilance, not force. This being accepted, a chain of active Irish soldiers was immediately drawn across the neck

of land, forbad to slay, but exhorted not to let a Greek overreach them.

The first night passed quietly, the second was dark and stormy, but at one o'clock a wild Irish shriek of triumph rose above the tempest, and then *the Slot! the Slot!* I have *the Slot!* followed in ringing tones. Up run the supporting guard, and the shouter was found stooping over the precipice, swaying to and fro under the driving blast and rain, but holding his musquet downwards with the bayonet pointed against a naked man, who was hanging on to a ledge with both hands. This was the Suliot, who had thus painfully and dangerously drawn himself along, until the keen-eye and rapid action of the soldier vindicated Charles Napier's always avowed notion, that in the British army are to be found men, who will overmatch those of any other country, in force, courage, intelligence and dexterity. One day and night remained of the convention, and the Suliot was suffered to return to his people as he came; but next evening the neck of land suddenly blazed, from side to side and for some way down the precipice, with large paper lantherns, placed in three rows, so that nothing could pass unseen. Then the Suliots, admitting defeat, gave up the criminal, who was tried and hanged, to the great disgust of his countrymen: not objecting to his death but to the manner of it and the cause, saying, It was shameful to take the life of a brave man for the killing of a woman! Long afterwards, in Scinde, a similar crime and punishment drew forth precisely the same sentiment from the Beloochees, shewing how much alike warlike barbarians feel and act towards women, whatever may be their race or country: the treatment of women is the sure measure of civilization.

Notwithstanding this feeling, the dexterity displayed, and the good faith as to the convention on the second night, excited the Suliots' respect and admiration; and the care and goodness displayed in securing their subsistence and tending their sick were acknowledged with gratitude. When he re-

turned them two-thirds of their money, they would have given him the overplus, and were amazed at his refusing it. And when on their final departure he restored their fine arms in good order, those precious heir-looms of their race with which they had performed so many daring actions, they hailed him as a father, and to this day his memory is cherished in their rugged mountains.

But it was not towards the Suliots only that he displayed his subtle policy in reconciling vigorous rule with cautious and humane forbearance. There was in Cephalonia a powerful signor, noted for turbulent and unscrupulous violence, to whom the curb of law was so offensive that he went off to his almost inacesssible valley, and prepared for resistance. His wife remained at Argostoli, and at first sought to conciliate the Resident by gifts, which were returned with a respectfully sarcastic letter. Her husband thus baffled, resolved on force, and as he was very strong in vassals, and a rugged country, serious military operations would have been required. The Resident had been exhorted by Maitland to a rigorous repression of such recusants, and was not averse to striking down feudal tyranny by a blow at this most formidable of the signors: nevertheless he proceeded with his usual benevolent dexterity, to avoid bloodshed. Knowing that the countess was the real chieftain by blood, the count only so by marriage, and consequently without solid hold on the clan, he waited on her with an appearance of mystery and interest, telling her that malicious enemies had accused her husband of evil designs. These he described minutely, to shew her how sure his knowledge was; adding, that he paid no attention to such scandal and had only come to put her on her guard; but suggested that it would be wise of the count to live in Argostoli as an answer to his maligners. To this he added assurances that his disbelief in the rumours was founded not only on her high character and peculiar power over her vassals, but also on the count's good sense, which would

have taught him that troops too numerous to be resisted would at once crush any resistance, and his own death on a scaffold would inevitably ensue. As foreseen, she instantly forbad her vassals to disobey the count, and he was compelled to reside in Argostoli. This crushing of so powerful a man broke down the whole feudal framework.

"His mother, October 9th. The sickly season has passed, and by dispersing the soldiers during the bad months not a man has been lost from the summer fevers; correct therefore is my notion that the packing of our soldiers in small rooms is the cause of ill-health: but many poor fellows will die before his rulers will act with common sense. I happened to have a range of new buildings just finished for a lazzaretto, which enabled me to do what has been done, but next year, it will not be available and some twenty or thirty soldiers will lose their lives. The regiment now here, lost last year forty from fevers, besides women and children: this year the whole number in hospital was but forty from every complaint, and at the worst period. Meanwhile all my public works go on like lightning: it gives me hard labour indeed, and the difficulties are not a few, but patience and assiduity conquer all things. I am building a bridge which excites the people's curiosity, they never saw one before, having but one river, which is fordable except in floods. My bridge however spans a chasm, and Kennedy, who is an excellent architect, is the constructor. The dungeon here is dreadful, and there are six people sick out of the forty confined, whereas my garrison of five hundred men has only twelve sick! This is terrible, but soon our new prison will be built, and an end put to this indecent neglect of justice and humanity. Meanwhile Cephalonia is turned upside down with the quantity of my works begun, and gradually being completed. No going home for me now: it would be wrong to leave a place where so much good is being done, until all is so advanced that it must go on.

"My market-place is roofed:—one step. My lazzaretto

almost finished:—two steps. My pedestal is a tremendous job, but two months more will finish that also. My roads will not be finished by me: four years are required with me, and six years without me won't do the job. The two months demanded by the pedestal will also suffice for laying the foundation of the prison and raising it so high that it must be continued. It will not cost less than eighty thousand dollars, but will be beautiful as well as useful. The courts of justice, of police, and the treasury, will all be included in the building; and the front will have a portico of eighty-seven columns, each of a single stone eighteen feet high. When you, who are an architect in your heart, recollect my Lennox blood, and how it loves building, you will call me a good fellow for wishing to give up all this for going home to you. The only things that bore me are the church and convent affairs: excepting however a beautiful nun of sixteen, who dislikes being one very much, and I have blowed up her old devil of an aunt the abbess for making her one. Nay! more! I told the girl's friends that if she would run away with a handsome young Greek, I would as head of the church, stand between her and all harm: my hope is she will do so, though, now martial law has ceased, my power is not so despotic as it was.

"October 16th. My great object is still the prison. In these countries a prison constructed on any principle of humanity is unknown, and I am desirous to make the first step, which is in all improvements the most difficult: men will not adopt them till they see them; and the want of power, knowledge, will and energy, united, prevent the first step being taken. I do unite these qualifications. My power indeed is not quite decided, because it depends on the government at Corfu; but every hour I expect to receive authority. Hence if this opening is allowed to pass, blame will attach to me for the mass of misery endured in dungeons, and this not only in Cephalonia, but in all the surrounding countries: for when they see a good prison its fame will spread, and

new ones will be made on the plan. One instant in our prisons would make you faint, yet human beings are doomed to live twenty-one years in a place you could not endure for a moment: one man is doomed for thirty years in irons!! But about three months will now enable me to gain a firm point as to my works: the lazzaretto, the pedestal, the market-place, the quays, the roads are all far advanced, and a piazzetta has been finished. You see that you must expect me awhile longer; and incessant activity and bustle here is heart's ease to me, giving no time to be sick or sorry. The eternal judgment-seat to punish delinquents is the worst part; yet even that is interesting when one acts with feelings for justice: it is painful to punish, but pleasing to protect."

Notwithstanding this incessant occupation he was not content. He disliked the Corfu intrigues; and though Maitland's general system had risen in his estimation, many parts were offensive. He received also from Adam many petty thwartings and disgusts, which, joined to his desire for seeing his mother whose age disquieted him, augmented his dislike to remain: he asked for leave, and even thought of retiring on half-pay to obtain greater freedom of action in joining the Greeks, whose revolution he never lost sight of.

"Argostoli, November 29th. Sir Thomas Maitland is in my house. On asking him for leave of absence, he said, Lord Bathurst has ordered me not to give any Inspectors leave, therefore it is not in my power to give you leave. Then Sir Thomas my mind is made up to go on half-pay, and I wish to go to England for that purpose. No Napier! I will not accept your resignation, it is not in my power: but if you will write me an official letter it shall go home, and you will have your leave in six weeks. It was written, and the enclosed copy you must send to Sir H. Torrens, asking him whether the leave is to be given or not. If not, whether it is possible to exchange. If not, beg of him to accelerate my going on half-pay. You know that no obligation binds me to Sir

Thomas Maitland. I took this island because ordered to do so; and though liking it, took care it should be clearly understood as an order, not a favour. Why I am such a favourite now I neither know nor care, but think it an odd sort of affection to hinder me from doing what I so earnestly wish to do: at forty one is not a child to be taken care of. Maitland says Hume would kick up a dust about it; but will not Hume do so equally six weeks hence? Certainly Sir Thomas Maitland has some secret object which cannot be fathomed.

"His brother. January 1823. The Turks were repulsed in an assault on Missalonghi, and a chief called Odisseus, one of their ablest, is in march with 5000 men to aid the besieged. Mavrocordato commands in the town, and is the only gentleman amongst their chiefs, except Yipsilanti, who is a goose. The Greeks have taken Napoli di Romania, but after giving up Corinth without a shot they may do the same with Napoli, which they acquired by treachery. At the battle of Petra, near Arta, they abandoned the foreign corps, who alone fought, and were cut to pieces by the Albanian Turks: not more than twenty escaped, amongst them their general, Norman. Colocotroni is a ruffian acquiring riches, but decidedly the chief in the Morea: he is without talent, yet bold and bloody, ridiculing all discipline. The chiefs know well that discipline would ruin them; and their followers listen only to the chiefs, who all fight with musquets: the great merit of the famous Marco Bozzaris is the being a good shot. Prince Mavrocordato is very different, but dares not offend a chief, for the followers would then quit him, perhaps deliver him to the Turks. However the cause gets on, step by step, and it is a wholesome throat-cutting war of opinion, in which the Greeks will tire out the Turks. The latter might finish the affair in a month, but their brutality prevents submission; and their ignorance and cowardice, gives licence for the Greeks to make as many faults as they please. Poor Moses suffers! the Turks take all his

monishes; and the Greeks occasionally roast small quantities of his flesh alive. One said to me—By Got Mr. Reshident they bornishes me alive for the man of Stamboul! This alluded to a Greek report that the Jews had dragged the patriarch's body through the streets of Constantinople: a lie to excite massacre!!

"Our politics here are all changed as to the Greeks, why is not explained, but we are quite conciliatory. My people go on well, and are surprized to find that an Englishman can be a gentleman; an idea which from circumstances unnecessary to mention, had been rendered nearly traditional. A hatred of the Jews has extended from the continental Greeks to Cephalonia, and being fanned by designing fellows was becoming mischievous, but I stopped it roughly; and stopped also the piratical descents on the coast by making an example. Such courses are very common. They take off women and children, sometimes merely to violate and leave them on some lone coast; sometimes their victims are never heard of again, and few persons will live in isolated houses near the sea.

"March 3rd. If my leave is refused, and my resignation, which is possible, my stay shall be short. My coming here was with views which have been partly fulfilled, and go I will, with or without leave. Ponsonby refused to become a Resident unless he got eight dollars a day; indeed all but me complain that they cannot live on the four dollars. Sir Thomas refuses this, properly it appears to me, for a man can live on the lesser sum comfortably.

"March 22nd. The Greeks are so full of triumph and constitutions, that Mavrocordato is *ungeneralled*, and his army has gone home for two months, just when the Missalonghi success gave the means for destroying the Turks' power: had he marched at once on Lepanto and Prevesa both would have fallen. A *person*, to whom he wrote for advice, told him that was his game; but his soldiers having gathered plunder went home. Meanwhile his year of power

closes, and for two months Greece is without a chief: the Turks will thus be prepared for another campaign, yet their game is up."

The person was himself, and his advice was accompanied with the subjoined memoir displaying his mastery in war.

Plan of Operations.

"The first principle of war is unity, the concentration of moral and physical forces—that is, to unite in one man, much power, and as many men in one body as can be to secure a favourable ending: the greater divergence from this principle the more doubtful will success be. All history teaches the necessity of confiding command to a single man, that he may direct the warlike energy of the nation with full effect. It would not be difficult to shew the reason of this, but it would be superfluous, as this memoir has to deal with facts only. Wherefore as long as a Turkish soldier exists in Europe, the Greek government should not occupy itself with constitutions. It should create a dictator, and Prince Mavrocordato is worthy of that charge: his successes give him a right to it, and his plan of campaign should be as follows.

"1°. Bring every Greek soldier to Corinth and construct a work across the isthmus, following nearly the line of the old Greek wall. Seven thousand men should suffice to conduct this work far enough to resist a Turkish army.

"2°. The castles of the Morea and Romelia, held by the Turks, ought to be besieged; if the last had been attacked vigorously after the success of Missalonghi it would have been easily recovered.

"3°. Patras ought to be attacked as an important place of commerce, and from its proximity to the Ionian Islands. Coron and Modon might, in my opinion, be abandoned without danger to the warlike neighbours of the south—and Corinth, once free, might be defended by the guard of the isthmean wall. These operations completed, there would be

established a secure retreat for the Greek army in case of defeat; it could then operate in advance with activity, directing its movements so as to possess itself of the strong passes which exist on the line from Zeitoun to the Gulph of Arta.

"Thermopylæ, Argirocastro, and Heraclea, are the only passes through which a Turkish army could penetrate this line, which extends almost sixty geographical miles. Three little detachments, with a few mountain cannon, could easily defend these passes, which have at every mile straits which are very strong, though not so famous as Thermopylæ. No lateral movements could be made in that country without discovery; and to pass the chain of the Pindus an army would meet with so many obstacles that its movements would be known sooner than they could be completed. The principal strength of the Turks would thus be discovered, moving on any of those passes, which would give the Greeks time to concentrate in opposition. In case of defeat they could easily retreat to the isthmus or the castle of Romelia, or both; but if the Turks moved in force, and with rapidity on Corinth, the Greeks at Arta would have to throw themselves into the castle of Romelia.

"Hitherto the defensive advantages only have been noticed, to shew the security with which an army might occupy such a line, but not to advise defensive operations. On the contrary! My opinion is the Grecians should unite towards Pharsalia, where the roads of Tricala and Larissa join, and march against the last place; pushing however small detachments on Tricala to distract the enemy, to prevent the union of his forces, and to secure a retreat for the army, in case of defeat, near the straits of Pindus and Arta. But if this attack on Larissa succeeded, the Greeks ought either to besiege Prevesa and Joannina, or pursue the enemy and march on Grevno; and as much may be attempted after victory perhaps both might be done. The capture of those two places should be less for booty than the ordnance

there. But since the plan to be adopted would depend on the extent of the victory, I will suppose the army assembled at Grevno towards the end of the campaign. There it would occupy a fertile country, would cover the plains of Thessaly, be copiously provisioned, and in a condition to organize its departments, and establish a more rigid discipline. Detachments should also be pushed towards the passes near Gortza, Monastiri, Astrova, Vodeno and Vadar, fortifying the straits and passes of the rivers on the same line, and trying to get possession of Salonica, which ought then to be well garrisoned and well fortified. Telegraphs and beacons would insure communications with all the posts, and thus situated the Greek commander, making exact calculation of the time required to concentrate on one point, could give battle. He could moreover, with safety await the movements of the enemy, and also the time when his own dispositions would enable him to move towards Constantinople. But whether he ought to let the enemy advance until embarrassed between the rivers and the mountain passes, and even to the plains of Grevno; or dispute the passage of the Vadar is not so material as to require a detailed discussion in this general memoir.

"Such are the operations which appear available against the Turks in their present state. The advantages would be the liberating a large and fertile part of Greece; securing by field fortifications all the passages thereto, and rendering a second invasion difficult: finally, gaining time for the better organization of the army, which must suffer much from want of money and from fatigue to be followed by sickness.

"Supposing the Greeks entirely defeated in Thessaly, they could retire to Corinth, and the castle of Romelia, disputing all the passes of Livadia. In many places there fifty or a hundred men could stop an army for several days, the country being one of the strongest in the world. The Turks, if they reached Lepanto and

Corinth must besiege those towns, operations difficult for troops that could not take the open city of Missalonghi! Neither Romelia nor the isthmus could be blocked up like Joannina, and they would save the Morea from a Turkish invasion by land: this is assuming that the Greek army could be entirely discomfited when acting offensively. In the actual state of the Turkish fleet I am very sure it could not reduce a fortress, so long as the garrison was provisioned; and therefore it cannot be too often repeated, that the safest operation for defence the Greeks can take, and the best preliminary for an offensive campaign, is to fortify the isthmus of Corinth and attack the castles of the Morea and Romelia. Until the first is accomplished their operations will be uncertain and without solidity. If Egripo is in the Turks' hands it ought to be attacked, and fortified to prevent the invasion of that part.

"In concluding these observations it must be repeated, that the giving power to one man is absolutely necessary: this is shewn by the recent loss of time, of success, and the great hurt to the Greek cause, since Prince Mavrocordato so gloriously terminated the siege of Missalonghi. When his courage and talent thus saved the Greek cause, and all his activity was required to follow up his victory, he found himself a simple citizen, and compelled to abandon military affairs to attend to those of the senate; it will now be impossible for the courage of the army and the prince's talent to repair the increasing losses from the stupid policy of that senate. This however is only a general sketch, the details belong to those who command, and to go more into the subject here would be affecting a knowledge of the military art that would only prove ignorance. The Greek government should procure professors of military drawing, to extend topographical knowledge.

"His mother. May 6. Just come back from a visit to my friend Stovin at Zante: he is going home with half a

dozen others; everybody but me, which shews how correct your informant was when he told you, the refusing me leave was in conformity with a *general rule.* However, rule or no rule, here I am, having finished my fourth year in the Ionian Islands, all but seven months: sharp work for a man's constitution thus to lay in *liver* for the close of life. Zante is a beautiful little spot. We have valleys more beautiful, but Zante has its scenery close around the capital. Heraclea here, is finer than any part of Zante, but nothing save goats can get there: wherefore Zante has more fame. The pitch wells of Zante are curious, and in the same state as when Herodotus wrote: he describes them exactly as they are now. I have stopped a massacre of the Jews here, all prepared for the love of Jesus! The Greeks have in consequence called me King of the Jews, and say the latter gave me twelve thousand dollars for protection. Would it were true!

"June 18. I want to hear how you are dearest mother. You are old and I am far from you. In war this would be necessary, in peace it is stupidity and weakness: but man's nature is ever to do what he afterwards regrets, and so shall it be with me every hour passed in Cephalonia this summer. However, having said I would stay, so shall it be, lest men should say I fled from malaria. The Turks at Constantinople insult our flag, and seize our merchant vessels because they are built by the Greeks! And Lord Strangford, the ambassador, advises our merchants not to go to Constantinople in such vessels! England is thus insulted on the sea by Turks, who have not a hundred sailors in the world! A few days ago a Turkish ship took five Greeks out of one of our boats, our flag flying, and hanged them! Sir Frederick Adam has sent a brig to demand satisfaction, and we ought to have blood for blood: a nation should have terrible vengeance for such insults. If this business falls into our ambassador's hands,

every one knows how it will end; but as diplomacy is now the fashion it probably will.

"June 26th. As I am always thinking of you dear mother my pen goes whenever a boat leaves the island. My liver hurts me; an effect of torment, like the geese of Paris who are worried to make their livers swell. The general rule quoted to you, was a rule to torment me in particular. Two Residents have gone home. My leave has been stopped because of Hume repeating in the house what I told him, namely, *that I had nothing to do at Corfu.* Yet he did not mention my name! My resentment is too great for talk, so mum!

"August 10th. The Greeks get on from Turkish folly, not their own wisdom. My works go on well, but corvées are unpopular and demand severe punishments, which is very disagreeable for me. Take care of my beautiful sword; a Suliot chief drove it through a Turk, his blood is on the blade, and good Christians should respect the weapon: it is also a good sword though it had not smitten the Osmanli. Lord Byron is here, and I like him very much.

"August 20th. Lord Byron still here. He is going to Greece, but it is hard to get there, harder to get back; and if the Turks catch him off goes his poetical nob! He lives in his ship, but comes ashore to my house. Las Casas' book amuses me: he is not very clever, but like Boswell paints his man in private life. It is not the life of Las Casas at St. Helena but of Napoleon; and it is the only knowledge of Napoleon in private life yet open to us. Johnson was known only as a private man; but Napoleon was an emperor and a warrior, and also a gentleman, and in this latter character we have him from this book. His glory, his public history was one of horrors, of blood-spilling caused by others, by English ministers with their coalitions and continental coadjutors. Now Las Casas has shewn the

man as he was, good, kindly, generous, unaffected. Napoleon will go down the stream of time as an amiable as well as great man.

"October 5th. Cephalonia has been shaken almost out of its skin by a succession of earthquakes: no one hurt but all frightened. The English don't much care, but the Greeks won't sleep in their houses. We hope the French and Spaniards will war like Kilkenny cats. We hope also that Cadiz will be so famished that the people will eat the king and royal family. To behead a king is vulgar, but to eat one will render the annals of the age entertaining, and instructive in two arts, freedom and cookery: and then also it may be said the Spaniards have had their bellies full of tyranny. No answer yet about my leave, and my constitution is shaken and home is necessary. Lord Byron tells me he has touched up the Duke of Wellington in Don Juan: he means to write one hundred and fifty cantos and he gets two thousand pounds a canto! Good trade, a poet's!

"October 14th. Lord Byron still here: he lives at a village called Metaxata, very retired. A story has been trumped up at Corfu, that he and I had quarrelled; it is totally false, and we both know it was invented to make it appear that even I, who am reckoned a very civil person, could not agree with him! Rascals!

"November 13th. Liecester Stanhope is staying with me. He is deputed by the Greek Committee in London, who appear to me to be a set of ninicoms, and certainly know little of Greece or Greeks. I like Colonel Stanhope much, and strange to say he is not a dandy. Lord Byron is still here, a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could: he had the smallest head of all,

and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate, and kind to every one in distress.

"November 29th. My leave come at last. This saves me much worry, which to a man whose liver, nerves, and temper have been enduring irritation for a year is of some importance. I want rest sadly."

In the foregoing letters his works have been touched upon, but their vastness and difficulty have not been shewn. The road over the Black Mountain was above a hundred miles long, in elevation little below Napoleon's road over Mont Cenis, and constructed with better gradients. Yet its author was no monarch with unlimited power, unbounded financial means, and the choice of a thousand engineers to back up his genius. He was a subordinate, controlled and thwarted by an envious superior who niggardly supplied him with money; yet his success was that of an unfettered genius. Abating all difficulties, he with extreme economy overcame extreme parsimony; and many of the works, such as his market place, were very remunerative. The difference of cost between his enterprises and those of the same nature undertaken in England and Corfu would be incredible, if vouchers did not exist in proof: what in England would cost a hundred thousand pounds he executed in Cephalonia for ten thousand, allowance made for difference of living, which was but slight. But the objects of his government were so various, that the greatest versatility of mind was requisite to push on towards all. One day he had to draw up the most minute instructions for the labourers and overseers of the road; on another to make plans and estimates for the military defences of Argostoli; on a third to lay down rules for the courts of justice, and to correct the sophistry and erroneous conclusions of judges, of which the following translated letter to those of Cephalonia is an example.

"Judges. It might perhaps be thought to become a military man, when addressing you respecting the duties of

your profession, to offer some justification; but when I discover frequent irregularities to arise in your proceedings from pernicious customs, and at the same time remember that the well governing of this island is confided to my care, I release myself at once from every sentiment of diffidence as to arguments pointed out by a common intelligence, and which any man of reflection may judge of without the need of legal knowledge. Every irregularity, or violation of law by a judge, is of much greater importance than if it was committed by another person. A judge should never consider himself a legislator. It is not within his competence to say a law is good or bad; he has not authority to modify it or to change it; his duty is to declare that which the law prescribes, and to apply it. How can it be ever sustained that a judge should act according to his conscience, if by accident there does not appear any immediate harmful result from his violation of legal forms, or from the principles on which they are based? The mere fact that a judge has deviated from the letter of the law is a great evil; it draws with it an assumption of power, discretionary power, which it is the object of law to take away from a judge: laws are made to prevent him from acting according to his conscience, and to force him to act according to law.

"The conscience of a judge would be an unfortunate rule of law, and very uncertain: woe to the people governed by the conscience of judges instead of fixed law. I do not say, or mean it to be understood that the gentlemen I have the honour to address are not men of conscience; but as Resident of this island I have not to guide myself by their consciences, but by their administration of the laws; for which they receive from the public chest seventy-five *tallaris* per month. You know, only too well, gentlemen, that the post of a judge would not be occupied by any one of you, nor that of Resident by me, except by reason of a certain number of *colonatti* (pillar dollars) participated in by us each month; and whereas those same *tallari* come out of

the pockets of the industrious part of the community, it is necessary that we should merit that reward, by fulfilling the law, and the duties confided to us by that community. When we fulfil our duties we are well esteemed by the public, when we fail to do so we become the worst of mercenaries, and instead of being the most respected, become the most despised members of society.

"From these motives, sirs, I frankly give you notice of my resolution to watch your conduct with all possible attention; and to be, so far as my capacity will carry me, a constant and close observer of your judicial proceedings. And I promise, that henceforth, if any amongst you be discovered in neglect of duty all that depends on me shall be done to deprive him of seventy-five tallaris per month; without, however, touching his conscience or his reputation, they being, as already said, beyond my official competence: those especial felicities shall still be enjoyed by him, but without seventy tallaris each month. It is perhaps superfluous to say, that these observations have arisen from the irregularities of individuals for whom I personally bear particular respect, but who, from a long habit of considering the convenience of gentlemen as more important than the execution of the laws, have forgotten that the law should be superior to any other consideration; and that its power and dignity being confided to them it is imperative to be examples of exact and respectful obedience to its behests.

"The justification offered by the signor, Doctor Dallaporta, in a recent case, appears to me unsatisfactory. It was his duty to proceed to the place where the corpse was found, and there, seeing the prescribed forms were being violated by the curiosity of the bystanders and by the tenderness of relations, he ought to have interpreted to the spectators the sense of the laws. He should have instructed the country people, and others present, in their duties on such occasions, should have fully explained the legislative

reasons for the ordinances which have been passed, and sought to convince them, that inquests of this nature had been established for the advantage and protection of the citizens. It must be admitted that this was the right way to proceed; certainly no one can deny the advantageous result that must follow such a discourse, directed towards the multitude by a man of the talent and the character of Doctor Dellaporta. Feeling for that gentleman high esteem and respect, these observations must be considered, as they truly are, directed not against individuals but against customs of this island which it is my duty to uproot: my resolution is not to tolerate them on any occasions."

This vigorous controul excited all possible opposition from the courts; yet it was soon felt that impertinent outbreaks of contempt for the qualification of a military Resident to censure legal proceedings were unavailing: he defended his acts of power with reasons of equal power, several honest advocates supported him, and the courts of *injustice* were reformed. But while thus pushing the island forwards, as it were with both hands towards prosperity, his mind was deeply, though secretly intent on taking a leading part in the Greek revolution then raging, and gradually he had prepared a way and means to do so on a well-considered plan. For he was in communication with many sound, well-conditioned and influential Greeks; had obtained the confidence and good-will of Prince Mavrocordato; and had established a favourable reputation amongst the continental Greeks by his government of Cephalonia and treatment of the Suliots. He had moreover assured himself of the aid of many British officers, who were ready to serve under him, and devote to the cause their valour, knowledge, and pecuniary resources: he invited no adventurers. All his coadjutors were men desirous to give freedom to a country whose records and literature had first awakened and then nourished their own aspirations for fame.

His plan of operations was, if he could obtain acknow

ledgment and support as a commander from the Greek committee in London, first to fix himself at Napoli de Malvasia, or some other stronghold in the south of the Morea, where he could defy attack from the Turks. There he designed to gather men willing to be controuled and disciplined, having beforehand combined the means for collecting them in number according to the pecuniary resources available: for being resolved to command as well as lead, he would have no more soldiers than he could pay. With a regular force, thus formed, he designed to force his way as a conqueror to Corinth, and there establish a great base according to the plan laid down in his notes on that isthmus. The arrival of Lord Byron augmented his ardour in the cause, without abating his prudence, or obscuring his judgment by undue excitement: he always knew how to abide his time in war. But animated by the same object there arose, between him and Byron, a mutual liking and an intimate intercourse. The poet soon perceived, and appreciated the qualities of a man capable of the deeds which he had sung of; and the soldier was not slower to detect, beneath the dreamy brilliance of Byron's imagination, the vigour and constancy of a great and generous man of action.

In their social intercourse Lord Byron's whimsical seekings for humorous excitement were a source of great delight to Charles Napier, though some of them he checked as exceeding just bounds; but many diverting passages of fun he used to relate, especially the constant teazing of the captain of his ship, Scott of the Hercules. To put this strong, rough, honest seaman, whom he designed for the hero of a Don Juan canto, in a passion was his supreme pleasure. And the captain, who understood no joking, always attributed his tormentor's vagaries to the influence of "*they damned Zodiacs*" meaning Suliots: telling his employer also, that he would have none of his heathenish tricks, such as landing horses on a Sunday. Lord Byron expected much from Colonel Napier's ability in war, and

some proof of their mutual regard and general views will be a fitting close to this first period of the Cephalonian government.

"From Lord Byron, Metaxata, September 9th. My dear colonel. I return you your somewhat desponding correspondent's epistle, with many thanks for that, as for other and many kindnesses. I have had two from * * *, dated Ancona and addrest to me at Genoa, in the old style, but more sanguine than Signor Pavone's. All this comes of what Mr. Braham pronounces *Entusy musy*; expecting too much and starting at speed: it is lucky for me so far, that fail or not fail I can hardly be disappointed, for I believed myself on a fool's errand from the outset, and must therefore, like Dogberry, 'Spare no wisdom.' I will at least linger on here, or there, till I see whether I can be of any service in any way: and if I doubt it—it is because I do not feel confidence in my individual capacity for this kind of bear-taming, and not from a disbelief in the powers of a more active or less indifferent character to be of use to them, though I feel persuaded that that person must be a military man—that I like the cause at least and will stick by it while it is not degraded nor dishonoured.

"You have been so kind to me (as indeed all our compatriots here have been) that every additional trouble I should give you would be, in the gospel phrase, another 'coal of fire' on my head. The first time I descend into the valley I will call, and I hope whenever you come up this way you will look in and see how comfortable we are under your auspices. "Ever yours, NOEL BYRON."

"To Lord Byron, September 21st.—When I consider that your lordship is one of those men who mark the age in which they live, I own to feeling guilty of presumption in offering you my opinion after reading the letters you sent me this morning. I see no great assistance given by these letters, and continue to hold the opinion I first formed, that

a foreign force is the only thing which can give a speedy and decisive turn to the war—all is chaos. Tricoupi's letter is the best I think, it takes a general view of the war; but Colocotroni's shews the necessity of physical force to keep the Greeks in order. The Turks would easily be disposed of. But from four years' acquaintance with the Greek character, and more particularly since I have had the government of this island, I am quite satisfied that their object is to get more of your lordship's money, which they think more of than they ought—for they seem to consider you a mine of gold. Having done so they will pay no attention to a word you say: the damnedst idiot amongst them is satisfied that his abilities are far superior to your lordship's, though he will conceal this vanity while he thinks to get money.

"To give the government money will be to throw it away; it will go into Colocotroni's pocket, or that of some other chief. Were I in your place I would unite my own funds with those of the committee, and, with all that was collected, pay the two hundred Germans, said to be at Napoli de Romania, and also a body of men from England as numerous as the funds will admit of—reserving some money to pay those Greeks who are fugitives from the northern provinces, and will flock to your standard. With this force seize Napoli and open the gates to all the people of Greece, but exclude the warlike chiefs. Invite all the civil chiefs, whatever faction they belong to, but hold the sword and the purse yourself. Let no money be paid to chiefs: as they have hitherto lived so let them live; but pay the soldiers with your own hands, and form a body-guard of the most trustworthy. A few enlightened men, like Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, will see that you are doing what alone can do good, and they will stick to you and support you; particularly while you hold sword and purse, which secures your power, and the faith of the mass of men. Once established in that impregnable fortress of Napoli, and allied with Hydra &c. use every means in your power to conciliate,

short of giving up the purse, which in your case I would not trust to my own brother. You might then send forth troops under the constitutional banners, with orders to plunder all chiefs but not to injure a single poor person. Allow the leader also to conduct the war against the Turks as he might, giving him, if you could not accompany him, as much money as would serve to pay his troops for a certain time, but telling them how much he had, and when he was to pay them: they would force him to be honest when pay-day came.

"In this way I think you would collect around you all enlightened Greeks, whom your money would conciliate and your body-guard maintain in obedience. And as you would only demand this obedience in what was right, and would have relieved them from anarchy, what right would they have to complain? Thus you might disarm or destroy the warlike chiefs and their families, the government would gradually consolidate and take a liberal form, and you might then give over the purse and the sword with safety, if your general was successful. Indeed you would be obliged to do so, because you could only retain it as a sovereign, and I question whether the army would consent to that unless you were your own general. Then indeed you might clearly possess yourself of all you conquered: but yourself, or your general would perhaps find your fame and safety both encreased by remaining simply members of a republican government. This scheme may appear at first a wild one, but if your lordship thinks it worth while to give it full consideration you will, I think, see that it is both a humane and a practicable one; and far the best that Greece could in her present confusion desire. One danger however will exist—that of being assassinated by the warlike chiefs the moment they perceived what you were at: but enterprizes of this nature have always some point of danger, on which one can only say with Hotspur 'There is danger in everything.'

"As to myself, I would willingly go to Greece, but will only go there if I can live on my own income, which ceases if I am struck out of the army list by the king; therefore I can do nothing until it is ascertained whether this would or would not happen. At one time my idea was, that if the committee would secure the value of my commission in the event of my losing it I would take all the chances, but on reflection I would not do this. If by going on half-pay I can serve the Greeks without further loss, whatever small stock of military knowledge I could offer your lordship in such an enterprize should then be at your disposal.

"P.S. By your letters it is evident that Prince Mavrocordato dares not trust himself in the power of Colocotroni, and not at all that he has become really unpopular."

Lord Byron's opinion of Charles Napier was displayed in the following letter addressed to the secretary of the Greek committee in London—"1824. Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous of me to speak; of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge, as well as from all rumour and private report, that is excellent as his military. In short a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He is our man* to lead a regular force, or to organize a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army? Ask anybody? He is besides, the personal friend of Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope and myself; and in such concord with all three that we should pull together, an indispensable as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present. To enable a regular force to be properly organized, it will be requisite for the loanholders to set apart at least fifty thousand pounds as a reserve for that particular purpose, perhaps more.

"NOEL BYRON."

TENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

In the beginning of 1824 Charles Napier returned to England, writing thus to his mother on the journey.

"Ancona, January 14th. My voyage here, eleven days, was most boisterous; we were driven into almost every port of Dalmatia, and rolled about like Jonas in the whale's belly. Devil of fella for fish dat Jonas! said a black preacher. I arrived at night, sea-sick, cold and miserable, to be thrust into a large chilly quarantine room, with stone floor and stone walls, containing for furniture only my wretched portmanteau, not quite so black but nearly as miserable-looking as myself. Next morning such pains assailed me, chiefly in the chest, that almost I gave up the ghost. It seemed a violent inflammation of the lungs, yet I could not help laughing at a picture formed in my mind, of a long, thin, starved Italian child of physic, coming to feel my pulse through a tobacco leaf, and ordering me a *tissanne*, and two *pillules*, &c. This is exactly what would happen, but after the laugh my cry came; for thinks I, a joke is a joke, but such a fellow smites mortally. So my plan was suddenly to seize Galen by the neck, and having thus put him in quarantine make him bleed me until I cried stop! Waiting however two hours to be sure of my course, the attack proved to be only rheumatism, and is now nearly gone. Henceforth my comforts shall go with me. Forty-one years have I played *hardy*; but for the next forty-one, feather beds, turtle-soup, green fat, diseased liver of tormented goose, and porter shall be welcomed."

Lord Byron's letter placed him in direct communication with the committee for the Greek loan, that combination for freedom and stock which Moore has marked for immortality in the *Ghost of Miltiades*. He soon found that they neither desired his services, nor knew how to conduct Greek affairs themselves, save for London intrigues and popular noise. Their ignorance was signal, their pretensions great, their absurdity almost incredible. One of their feats was the freighting a ship with Newman's water colours, to encourage the artistic talent of men who were striving for life, and wading in blood from one horror to another towards independence! From such pretenders he quickly turned, and sought to enlighten the public by publishing a sequel to a former pamphlet, entitling the new one, *Greece in* 1824—*by the author of War in Greece*.

His intercourse with the committee may be judged from the following correspondence which also throws a light on the character of the English government which, judging by Lord Panmure's treatment of General Beatson, does not seem to have improved.

"Mr. Bowring, February 29th.—I see clearly the vast responsibility which would attach to my going to Greece as one of the commissioners. I also see clearly in what a commanding post it would probably place me. A deep consideration of the subject has given me sufficient confidence in myself to make me think I could fulfil the duties confided to me; but, as I before told you, I cannot afford to lose my commission. My military means are a thousand pounds yearly; by going to Greece I lose the whole. If Russia declares war against Turkey, England and Greece become enemies and I fall to the ground, without a profession, or the means of existence after thirty years' hard service in the British army. Now, as I have no ambition to sing *date obolum* without the glory of Belisarius, it will not do for me to go to Greece. You see I am more calculating than enthusiastic, indeed I possess but a small quantity of the latter quality. Pray

let me hear what Mr. Canning says. On Friday I shall be in London, unless what you hear from Mr. Canning hastens me up. I shall take the liberty of paying the postage of this letter; for if I cannot aid the Greeks, I will not diminish their funds even a sixpence!"

Mr. Bowring thus replied.

"London, March 1st. I have your favour of yesterday. I had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Canning on Saturday. I said all I could about you, but he repeated, *Napier has got his answer*. I could make no further impression: so Lord Bathurst's answer was no doubt one on which there was a previous understanding with the other ministers. I therefore dare not advise you. I think the independence of Greece is now so far settled that you would not be hauled over the coals, in consequence of any representation from the Porte. However we will talk of this when we meet."

"Mr. Hume to Colonel Napier, 10th July. I am anxious to have your opinion as to what would be considered a proper battering train to send out to Greece for the reduction of Patrass, and other forts which hold out, as I am anxious to give immediate orders for the preparation of the requisite number of guns and mortars for that purpose to be in readiness for the first ship. If it were convenient for you to give me a call on Monday morning about eleven o'clock we could have some conversation on the subject. You are aware of the importance of the subject and therefore will not delay."

This communication was thus endorsed by the recipient. "Square the list of guns and stores needed for a siege, with my opinion of spending money so foolishly. The guns were not sent. How prone men are to buy fiddles before they know music. C. J. N."

The government had only been asked to let his taking a command in Greece pass unnoticed: this was refused, yet some months afterwards Mr. Canning, adopting the secret

despicable reports of spies, worthy of their employer, assumed that Charles Napier had betrayed his trust as an officer, and Lord Bathurst called privately for an explanation.

"London, November 26th. My lord I should think myself unworthy to wear the uniform of his majesty, which has been my clothing for thirty years, if I was capable of compromising the government by any proceeding of mine as Resident, or as full-pay lieutenant-colonel in the Ionian Islands. I endeavoured rigidly to execute the commands of government in the letter and spirit of my instructions with all the energy of mind and body I possessed: to do less would have been a dereliction of duty and subversive of military discipline.

"Disagreeing with your lordship in political opinions, there is still one point on which I believe we are agreed: we are both his majesty's subjects, and though far removed from your lordship in rank, we are equally bound to fulfil our duties to the sovereign. What your lordship has heard I know not; nor is it material, because I will tell you all I have done or thought, and I have both expressed and written my opinions as a military man with respect to the defence of Greece.

"When no longer Resident of Cephalonia, and being in London, I was asked to go to Greece as a commissioner for the Greek loan; I refused as being on full pay; and to say the truth, what I saw of the Greek committee so disgusted me that from that time I have never had more to say to them. Since then I have been offered a high command in the Greek army by the Greek deputies. My answer was—that I could not accept their offer unless they made it worth my while to quit the British army. The Greeks, as I expected, refused: but that I could ever think of becoming a sort of concealed agent for the Greeks as Resident of Cephalonia, your lordship has done me but justice in believing to be *false*.

"When I left Greece and had given up the Residency of

Cephalonia, I promised Lord Byron and Mavrocordato to be of what service I could, in explaining the real state of Greece to the committee in London. I saw and heard this famous committee—from any further connection with which the Lord deliver me, though I feel for many individuals composing it the highest respect and regard. As to the Greek deputies, I have for Orlando a personal friendship, and I mean to continue it. And in all my proceedings, thus fully stated to your lordship, I feel confident *you* will find nothing to disapprove: perhaps it will also remove from the minds of your lordship's colleagues the impression that I could be a traitor to the confidence reposed in me by his majesty, through his lord high commissioner.

"I shall conclude by requesting of your lordship not to consider this letter as written for the purpose of preserving the Residency of Cephalonia; or as the recantation of any sentiments ever expressed by me. No. With respect to the Greeks as a nation, I admire the people, their courage and their cause; but I consider no soldier can indulge his opinions at the expence of his duties; fortunately, for me both go together here, satisfied as I am that a strict neutrality is the best policy for England and for Greece. If, however, your lordship's colleagues either doubt my conduct, or wish for my employment to give to a better man, in God's name let them use their acknowledged power to employ men they think best calculated for the king's service. For my part I scorn to deprecate the wrath of any man who suspects my integrity; and I entreat of your lordship to give way to any feelings your colleagues may evince on that point. My character is well known in the British army, and calumnies either in London or the Ionian Islands will pass away. With a strong sense of obligation for the kind manner in which your lordship has so frankly communicated with me, I have the honour &c.

"C. J. NAPIER."

This satisfied Lord Bathurst. Mr. Canning's mode of acting was different.

Captain Kennedy, being on his way to Cephalonia by sea, entered into conversation with a German named Rippenthal, who told him, that Cephalonia was under *a* Colonel Napier who was very much mixed up with the Greek revolution. Is he? *Yes, and I have made a particular report of him to Mr. Canning.* For what? Why some time ago he went to Missalonghi incog., arranged affairs with Mavrocordato, and then went off, breaking quarantine and neutrality; but it is all known to Mr. Canning. Are you sure? Oh yes! quite sure. When did it happen? Such a day, such a month. Well! Colonel Napier sent me that very day to Missalonghi on public service, and it is odd he should have been there himself also without my knowing it: don't you think you have mistaken me for Colonel Napier? Oh! that must have been the case: indeed I was not there, and in fact never saw Colonel Napier myself; but my correspondent wrote to me that it was him, and so I gave information to Mr. Canning.

This story was afterwards frankly told to Charles Napier by Rippenthal himself; and a short time before, a person of knowledge, in England, had warned him to be on his guard, as *one* of the ministers was prejudiced against him! "I was," said he, "indignant at Mr. Canning, who with good reason I believed to be the *one* minister, before Rippenthal's tale confirmed the fact. Then I wrote a letter to Lord Bathurst, which was not intended to soften Canning's feelings towards me; for his enmity was as indifferent to me as his approbation. The German's tale cleared the matter and Mr. Canning's cause of prejudice became known. Captain Kennedy had gone to Missalonghi on public service in a government boat, had reported to the supreme government, had with him the proper health officer to guard quarantine, and was in full uniform! Yet on this false report of Rippenthal, false in every particular, and given

on hearsay, Mr. Canning was ready to injure an old officer and take for granted that he had betrayed his trust! What security is there that he did not injure me with the sovereign also? The king's justice only! he would not condemn an officer unheard!"

He now published a short but elaborate memoir on the roads of Cephalonia, containing descriptions of those magnificent works, with perspective sketches and maps, remarks on the best sites for barracks, and on the health of the troops, and the nature of malaria, with statistic tables. Upon the soldiers' barracks, and the means of preserving their health, this work contained very valuable rules, which long afterwards in Scinde, and as commander in chief of the Indian armies, he endeavoured to realize, and partially did so, but was baffled generally by superior authority wielded in utter disregard of humanity:—for truly has Spencer written in his Fairy Queen, Nothing is so fell as wrong armed with might.

Sir Thomas Maitland died this year, and Adam succeeded as lord high commissioner. Having only known the latter in a secondary state of power, where his true qualities were held in abeyance, Charles Napier, always prone to give credit for goodness where absolute badness was not apparent, had accepted outward profession from Adam for inward worth. Now he was to know him in supreme authority, and to find him false and foolish; inert in all but ostentation, contemptible in all but treachery, which was however deep enough to render him dangerous. Sir F. Adam is dead, but so is Sir Charles Napier; and while both were living he in a public work called *Colonization*, told Adam what he was and what his actions were. The only answer was an attempt to suppress the work! Wherefore a just indignation shall not be suppressed now.

While in England, preparing his work on the Cephalonian roads, he had resided in the country and made himself practically acquainted with the working of the old poor law: he

also communicated with philanthropic reformers of prisons, and obtained plans and theories from them; rejecting however what experience had taught him were but fallacies. Thus mentally reinforced for governing, he returned to Cephalonia. He had not been idle with his pen, but of his private correspondence in England one specimen only remains, and the reader will recognize in it an old friend.

"Cookham, September 29th. Blanco is able to travel and shall go to you for his portrait: he will not try to get loose in a stall stable if with another horse, or a cow, and will look better; for when alone he puts more wrinkles in his nose than Solomon had in any place. Give him a carrot and it will excite gratitude and good-humour: his best looks are put on when any one plays with him and makes him gallop in a field." His return journey to the islands was thus described to his mother.

"Manheim, December 30th. Not far from Coblentz. Cæsar is supposed to have passed the Rhine, and it would please me to stop a few days to trace his movements.

"Ala, January 8th 1825. The cold on the Brenner Mountain was bitter: in the high regions of the Tyrol one finds out that there is no pleasure in getting nearer heaven on this side of the grave. The scenery exceeds in beauty any I ever saw, except in Greece; there it is finer because the mountains are higher, or at least the valleys are lower, so that the banks of rivers are covered with oaks and elms, while in the upper regions the pines begin. The Tyrol is all pine; and as to the people of every part of Germany, honour to Cæsar for killing so many of them. Stupid, slow, hard animals, they have not even so much tact as to cheat well. We always detected their awkward attempts, except at night, when cold obliged us to submit; for phlegm prevents their feeling cold when a man of another nation would be frozen: you might bury him, before the German would collect ideas enough to say he was cold. Out of these regions we soon

descended to Italy, where we found civilized beings, warm weather, and the human face instead of the German visage. But the Germans use their horses well, which is a great merit, and so it ought to be for it is their only one.

"Well! I am in Italy again; and to spend two months on the Adige between Sterzing and Verona would be very pleasant, it is so very beautiful. The Adige rolls dashing along among rocks in a vast chasm, for the banks are full a thousand feet high, and in most parts perpendicular, yet with great masses of rock and wood. The width of this chasm may be a hundred yards in some places, at others two or three hundred; but everywhere it is an immense ditch, whose sides are exquisitely picturesque and sublime. Mountains are always beautiful objects, but when covered with such enormous rocks hanging over your head, with a foaming river at your feet, they excite a pleasure far beyond what a more open, though perhaps a more beautiful country can do.

"The Tyrol has another kind of beauty. There the road winds north and south, and the sun at noon-day throws such strong lights and shadows as I never saw equalled: one mountain is black as jet, and just beyond it out starts a vast jutting mass of granite many thousand feet high, covered with mosses, brushwood, pines, coloured earths and slabs, all as brilliant as diamonds, under a strong sun. The cold and the rapidity of our journey prevented my drawing; indeed fingers could do little when, as we spit on the leather of the carriage it froze at the moment of touching. But to talk of drawing such scenes is nonsense! Jones himself could hardly do any justice to them. The only bad thing of that road is, that it leads from Italy into Germany. Inspruck is very fine also, but not enough so to make up for its inhabitants. I am now among people who suit my nature better, rogueish enough, but merry, saucy, pleasant laughing fellows, who if they do cheat you serve you at least, and don't sulk: a German is all sulk, and does nothing

for you."—George Jones, spoken of above, is the royal academician, for whom Sir Charles Napier had the greatest esteem; and a well-founded admiration for his cultivated mind and great talent.

"12th. Just arrived at Venice, which is a wonderful place.

"Zara, Dalmatia, 31st. After sad weather and some danger put in here. The *Borea*, the most infernal wind of these parts, has however ceased, and we shall have steady weather, not your English changes, twenty-four in a day: I am a changed man.

"Corfu, February 15th. Arrived yesterday after a sad passage of twenty days, unheard of in Adriatic annals: people thought we were lost. Sir Frederick tells me my stay here will be lengthened. This is disagreeable as my wish is to get to my own kingdom; however when a man has occupation, and is kindly received by every one, he need not much care where he is.

"Corfu, March 10th. Lord Guilford is here again and very pleasant: we go to Cephalonia together. He goes about dressed up like Plato, with a gold band round his mad pate, and flowing drapery of a purple hue! his student's dress is very pretty, and said to be taken from ancient statues.

"March 24th. Sir Hudson Lowe's colonel, Gorrequer, is here. He called on me, but got not his visit returned. It is not my intent to consort with gaolers, though I have brought out the model of a gaol. Tell Lady Castlereagh I have sent her an Athenian ring, with a hope she will accept it for *auld lang syne*.

"Cephalonia, May 3rd. Once more amongst my own people who pretend to be very glad to see me. My building at Luxuri is very beautiful, and my prison will begin when Kennedy comes: no building can go on without him. All my road money has been dribbled away and nothing to shew for the loss; it is surprizing that the plain way of going

to work is so little attended to. My plan was to have as few things as possible in hand, but to keep them going by vigilant, laborious superintendence. In my absence the quantity of work has been doubled and dispersed, while the superintendence has been reduced: the result is confusion, expence, inertness: hardly has a thing been done. Five strong parties were at work under me with five overseers, and either Kennedy or myself overlooked them constantly; they were employed to render places which were impassable before, passable: now twelve weak parties with twelve expensive overseers are working where a good road existed, to make it better! The prisons have one hundred and twenty culprits:—with me they never exceeded seventy. Forty men are on guard:—with me eighteen sufficed. In short though little is changed in name, everything is reversed in principle.

"How entirely all things depend on the mode of executing them, and how ridiculous mere theories are. My successor thought, as half the world always think, that a man in command has only to order, and obedience will follow. Nothing is more easy than to order, consequently nothing so easy as to command. In this light nine-tenths of the world view the matter, never dreaming of the constant reflection, constant watchfulness, writing, reading, consultations and other details required to insure obedience and give vigour of execution to the most common commands. Hence they are baffled, not from want of talent, but from inactivity, negligence; vainly thinking that while they spare themselves every one under them will work like horses. My report to Adam is nevertheless *all right*, for my determination is not to make difficulties but to remove them: indeed my greatest are of Adam's own creation, for he has himself the knack of using the wrong end of the wedge.

"May 25th. My subjects of Argostoli gave me a grand dinner; and my subjects of Luxuri have asked me to a fête. These dinners don't agree with *old Cornaro*. Luxuri wanted

to give me a piece of plate, with my new market-place embossed thereon: I refused. A gift from a town to one who holds power, when no extraordinary occasion calls for it, is not very gratifying. That I have done much for Luxuri is true; but only by correcting an erroneous opinion formed by the general government, namely, that it was politic to ruin Luxuri in favour of Argostoli, and this does not call for public acknowledgment. There is great rivalry between Luxuri and Argostoli; had I accepted the plate, the other would have decreed some greater mark of honour, and thus faction would have furnished my sideboard.

"We have found a stone quarry, quite white and easily cut, far surpassing the famous Malta stone; it will supply the columns for my market-place, each of a single piece. This will be very handsome. My long smart quay is nearly finished, and looks well. The judges give me most trouble: we are badly off for honest men, to the detriment of the poor peasant, who gets more law than justice. However we have now got a new president of the tribunals who seems an honest man: it was this place I wanted Richard to occupy. I am glad that he and his wife have come out of Ireland, that land of horror and oppression. Poor Jews in Egypt and, alas! no Moses! The Greeks are going on badly. Eighteen thousand drilled Egyptians and Turks have taken Navarino. It is on a hill, sloping to the water, and an island commands the whole town on the sea side; the Greeks left that island unfortified, the Turks seized it, and Navarino was no longer tenable. Mavrocordato was in the place and escaped through the midst of the Turkish fleet at mid-day! However two frigates, three corvettes, a brig and four transports were burned by the Greek fire-ships.

"June 1st. We have found a quarry of the finest alabaster, and know not yet how to turn it to account; but the quarry of building stone will give revenue, for already the other islands send for it, and a good road is being made

to the sea for passing down the large blocks. Amongst the people here there is much distress. The gentlemen starve the peasantry by usury; from fifty to three hundred per cent a poor peasant pays for borrowing a few dollars: if a gentleman lends a guinea the borrower is a slave for ever. All do not do this, but enough do to cause great distress. Usury laws may be bad in civilized states, but in the state of this island they would be good. Things must be made to suit: a good law, paralyzed by the state of society becomes in some cases a bad law, in others a nonentity. There is a villain, now in my room and looking at me writing, who has a whole village in his debt, paying three hundred per cent and unable to free themselves; they would but for him be rich and happy: now they starve! Things will mend I hope, but unless a press is allowed, little good is to be expected until Greece is free, and she is now in a bad way. Blanco embarked fat and fresh as if but six years old. My bill for him, and baggage is *only* one hundred pounds! How honest John Bull in the city touches one's pocket. Thirty of this is for Blanco; twenty for king; seven for insurance; the rest is cheat and devilment. However anything is better than cutting Blanco's throat after sixteen years comradeship: I may go to perdition, but not for Blanco *anyways*. My poor good old beast!

"June. My subjects of Luxuri have given me a magnificent dinner in my own market-house, the room being above a hundred feet long. There was also a boat-race. One boat was moored far at sea, while close under the window of the market-house a flag floated with my name on it; and from the flag a lane of several hundred yards towards the distant boat was formed by two rows of ships and small craft, chiefly filled with ladies. Four twelve-oared boats started and came dashing in towards the goal in a beautiful and exciting manner, for there was a dead calm, and they strove to break each other's oars.

"On the other side of the room the windows looked on

the market square, where from a large booth six men threw provisions, and handed wine to the mob, for four hours: you see how handsomely the affair was conducted. About eight thousand people received me with cheers on landing, and I could not help saying to a foreigner near me,—how lucky it is not for my execution; these things are all accidental and equally entertaining to the spectators. We drunk horrid Greek radical toasts, such as Prince Mavrocordato, Orlando, the cause of Greece. But to neutralize that, we *screeched* for the king and Sir Frederick; and as to the Resident, his health was drunk every half-hour while we were sober; every half minute when drunk, and my fear was they would take to kissing him. The Greek way of feeding the peasants while the gentlemen feast has a kind appearance, and belongs to old times: there were some six or eight pipes of wine given to the people. My retreat was sober and dignified, but my eating was more than kingly, certainly more than was Cornaro."

At this time he became a full colonel by brevet: so did his brother.

"July 6th. Not sorry to be a full colonel, but less pleased at my own than at George's promotion, as he wished it so much. As to my works here, they go on. Twenty columns have been cut, in single stones, from my quarry; they shall be boiled in oil to hinder the sea air injuring them, and when cooked they will be sausages for the giant who bobbed for whales. I have built eight bridges since my return, and made a road from the quay to the town of Luxuri, three miles. My long quay, a mile long, is completed and looks magnificent. Meanwhile to bless us we have got a bishop appointed; an excellent pious man, who formerly lived by sheep-stealing, which he now calls his *pastoral life*. His depth of learning and length of beard are both admirable: he piques himself on a thorough knowledge of the canon law of Justinian, which chiefly rules the Greek Church, and he assured me the said Justinian wrote the Code Napoleon

out of friendship for Buonaparte, as they had been at the school of Brienne together. Disputing this fact, I asserted that Justinian was king of England in the reign of Solomon, and that an ancestor of mine had been sent to Jerusalem to teach logarithms to the architect who built the temple. This greatly disturbed my bishop's theory as to Brienne; but he is comforted by Adam giving him about twice my pay, an extravagance not to be accounted for.. I am only fourth in salary here, though governors are generally the best paid. We Residents are however paid enough, it is the others who are overpaid.

"An Englishman, named Thistlewaite, arrived here just as Adam had ordered our money to have English names. The *punts* did very well; the *tchillinks* not amiss; but the *farthing*, and *Thistlewaite*, gave the Greeks rheumatic jaws: indeed only those in the deep hawking stage of consumption could lap their tongues round the last name. We have however sent for a cargo of oysters to help out Thistlewaite: when he comes in sight all the Greek mouths are convulsed. I told the regent his name was pronounced Puzzle-Pate, and he addressed him in a grave speech as Signor *Piozzle Pate*, he being a schoolmaster!

"August 5th. This is the middle of the sickly season and we have not yet lost a man except by suicide which, strangely enough, is caused by the climate: no less than five cut their throats, and all merry good fellows who never barked, or bit, or shewed any signs of madness. I have arrested two judges, feudal chiefs, who were made judges against my wish. Having detected them leaguing together to put a poor man in gaol for debt, out of which he could never have got, and my proofs being complete, I trust with confidence to have the lord high commissioner's support. If they are dismissed and punished it will have a better effect on the courts of justice than any law against bad judges. The high rank and power of these men has caused a great sensation at their arrest. Some think I shall be baf-

fled, others not; but the astonishment of the people that *the Metaxa* should be laid hands on for a poor man without known protection, is very great: they expect the Black Mountain to dance! Should Sir Frederick Adam fail in firmness the feudal chiefs will exult, and the old Venetian system of government rise higher than ever. The old Venetians here, assert that their friends will intrigue at court and humbug Sir Frederick, who will approve of what I have done, and then let the matter drop. Works go on. The market-place will be quite finished in three months; and so will a lighthouse, in shape a Doric column, sixty feet high besides pedestal, of our new stone. The roads also are again in progress, but to get matters in trim has cost some sharp punishments, not pleasant to me or my friends.

"I don't think much of Mr. Brougham's pamphlet on education. What loss of time writing now to encourage education, when it rolls on like a flood, defying check! Mr. Livingstone's penal code delights me, seldom have I read a work with more satisfaction. Jeremy Bentham is a clever fellow, I don't argue that; but what I have seen of his writings apply to a more advanced state of society than we have. Nothing but a free press can do good radically. A few days ago a criminal cause was tried, sixty-eight witnesses were examined, and gross perjury proved against every one! Yet it was not a question in which political feeling entered. The press, and the press only can correct public morals. We governors, not being legislators, have only to exert ourselves to check oppression, act honestly, and not fancy all is to be done by acts of legislation. There is not a single evil in Cephalonia, which cannot be traced to legislation. The great secret of government is to be honest and just.

"October 4th. This day the first column of the market-place has been removed from the quarry, four miles, where before never a road existed. Now there is a fine one with five bridges of my own work. Very heavy and large the

columns are, requiring many horses for each. The summer has passed and hardly a man lost from malaria; and this from the arrangements made by me, according to the theory in my *Memoir on the Roads*." Here breaks out the Rabelais vein, terminating thus "What a great relief nonsense is to a man who has been working hard: I have a quantum in me beyond the ordinary run of men, and if it had no vent my death would ensue from undelivered jokes. I am delighted to hear you are so well dearest mother, and that you bore the comet like an angel; by the way, no doubt exists in my mind that comets are souls of good post-horses, who still ply their trade, carrying angels charged with dispatches.

"November. Sixty thousand people are under my care, but my dealings are generally with the bad, and it is necessary always to remember this to avoid being entirely disgusted with human nature. A military chief is always in contact with good soldiers as well as bad; but a civil governor has little to say to the honest part of the community; and here also the English seem as bad as the Greeks. There was a great feast on the patron saint's day Gerasimo. I had made a fine avenue to his church and convent, nearly a mile long, and sixty feet wide"—since destroyed by wilful neglect. "The Greeks are in raptures with it, and have got a story that St. Gerasimo appeared to me, saying, *Be my friend and I will be yours.* They believe this, and as I drove to the convent, six miles, thousands prayed for me, and blest me in passing. Not only the poor but the rich implicitly believe me to be favoured of Heaven and St. Gerasimo. Being asked if the saint's visit was true, I said, Yes! but would not declare what he said, but assured them my life would shew it, for he had foretold strange things. I gave money at his shrine, and therefore hope he will treat me like a gentleman."

Here his correspondence for the year ends. In it Charles Napier has spoken to others, but that he may be

thoroughly known, his private record of facts and feelings, shall shew how he spoke to himself; exhibiting the mastery with which he conceived gigantic enterprizes, and which his after life proved, he could with sweeping power have executed. In this view it must excite admiration to observe with what simplicity of plan, he proposed to overthrow the great Ottoman empire, when its armies covered the land, and its fleets the seas on which he designed to act. These notes go back in date to his last landing in Corfu.

"Private Notes, Corfu, March 1825.—This is my third advent here. My regret is great at having neglected to record exactly what has passed since my first arrival in 1819. A dozen times has England been quitted for foreign countries by me, and Greece has been visited four times; three being to Joannina during the life of Ali Pacha. Of these journeys slight journals have been kept, but not notes of what was seen, and thought, and done by me, which might have proved useful to others, or served for the amusement of old age when memory fails:—"that fiend, to whom belong, the vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song." Yet life without memory, despite of the terrible power of these lines, would be a dreary waste. Looking back is agreeable to me; looking forward more so, because in that there is hope, a charm which past life has not. I am now forty-three, and have done little that will outlast my existence: should I reach a hundred years, people will only ask:—What old beast is that? The answer will be God knows! who ever heard of him? *Voilà un avenir bien triste.* Still, as old Cornaro says, if one don't eat too much, there is enjoyment in this world; and there is always *hope!* happen what may a man of fortitude never abandons that! I like life: it has not perhaps offered much to me as yet; but all men have their trials, and it is sure to end soon enough. My desire is to live to a hundred, if without *twaddling*, that is to say, not more than I have done all my life: no man gets much out of that line.

"I left England last December, and on Christmas day reached the Rhine, and passed through the Tyrol and Venice. The Venetians are filthy, proud, insolent and jealous, almost as bad as the Spaniards: but I speak of men only, women of all countries are good; or, if bad, are such *pleasant fellows* that it don't signify on which side of the ledger their conscience stands. There is no need to wish Venice any other ill than continuing between the Germans and the Adriatic—the one destroying her people, the other swallowing her houses. Yet she is a fine old lady and 'tis pity she should be devoured by Germans. Now I am once more amongst the merry Greeks, who are worth all other nations put together. I like to see, to hear them; I like their fun, their good-humour, their Paddy ways, for they are very like Irishmen. As to cleanliness they cannot brag; soap and water, or small-tooth combs are not *more* used in Greece than in other countries. Yet they are cleaner than Italians, and don't love dirt like the Venetians; they only suffered it out of politeness when the last were their masters, and are now leaving it off in compliment to us: all their bad habits are Venetian; their wit, their eloquence, their good-nature are their own.

"A four years' war against the Turkish empire carried on without resources, civilization, or arms, and hitherto successfully, speaks for the Greeks. They have plenty of faults and are very wild; but that is just what they ought to be. Having had no kindness from the world, and much ill-usage, they are not steady under freedom, they bound and leap like a newly-launched ship: soon they will take in ballast, and guns too I hope. Allow them twenty years to right, and then if left to themselves they will do: meanwhile I fear they will not be let alone. *Fra tanto ecco mi qua*, enjoying their good company, their fine climate, their magnificent mountains, their pretty scenery, liking them, and all belonging to them, and wishing all belonging to me here. No. Not here in Corfu, but in Cephalonia, which is so dear

to me, that every hour not employed to do her good appears wasted.

"Strong is my desire, again to see my two great roads of Kanilangada and St. Liberales, and the Samos road. If ever anything has been done by me worth my hire, which is doubtful, it is these roads; and considering the means at my command, and the great height of the mountains, they were bold undertakings: my expectation of success almost failed, yet they are there, and will remain for a thousand years. Young George may go some day and look at his uncle's work, when the worms are making inroads on the old fellow's pericranium at the top, for my wish is to be buried on the summit of Liberales in the old chapel: not caring for church or chapel, but to lie on the top of the road. Many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me at the last day when they remember the old road. Well! now for other things. In this note-book I shall now run on in my own way, sometimes merry, sometimes sad, one thing and another as the fit takes. Few will ever see it, and it shall be the picture of my mind thrown on paper, with just so much reserve as is necessary on certain subjects which need not be made known to strangers, should accident throw it in their way: no prudent man will put all that passes in his mind, down on paper, and perhaps events may arise interesting to me which it may not be safe to speak of.

"Cephalonia, April. Came here with Sam Pechel, in the Sybille: he is just the same as when, twelve years ago, I passed five months on board his ship, warring on the American coast, a war of folly and piracy, uniting all that is bad without a redeeming point, not even that of success! The people here seem glad to see me, and if the seeming be false what signifies? it is just as pleasant, because my conscience tells me they ought to be glad, seeing how hard I have worked for them. My landing was amidst firing of cannon, and all the humbug of rank in its own circle. My arrangements have been upset and extravagance has

prevailed, to say nothing of roguery, which is always hard to discover, even when one's hand is in. Strange that men will risk all for the sake of cheating the public! Why does an innate love of fraud exist? Why is the best man he who conquers it, all having the tendency? It is lucky to have much to do, for I seem alone: would to God I could travel like an Arab with all my folk around, pitching my tent anywhere, and everywhere at home.

"May. I have reduced the expences about £100 a month, yet no public work has been neglected or lessened, nor anything retrenched but folly: all indeed going on faster, and all owing to my limbs and eyes—that is to say I ride, I see, and don't take things for granted because they are said to exist. If my eyes were as good as my horse *Turk* my work would be still more useful. Yesterday I rode over all the Black Mountain to find, and did find a cave for filling with snow, to give the people ice during the summer; for this 14th day of May vast quantities of snow are on the mountain. A year's work is now required, for my roads, when half that would have more than sufficed but for neglect. A mine laid with 150 lbs. of powder will however soon open one of the turns well, and save the poor peasants some heavy labour under the accursed corvée which pains my heart. This *angheria* or, as the soldiers call it the *hungry*, is very bad. Plase your honour thim *hungry men* don't work at all, at all. Yet without this angheria, the roads could not be made, and the peasants themselves would suffer more than any other class: they alone live in the country, and each is a small landowner, drawing every necessary of life from Argostoli. Strange as it may appear, the Cephalonians get even their vegetables from the capital, where two or three gardens supply the whole country. Daily comes the poor man from the most distant parts to buy, when he has the finest garden ground lying waste around his cabin.

"What pleasure it gives me to do good to this delightful

island: with those dear to me I could spend my whole life here without a wish to leave. Its climate, its beauty, its good people, for with faults like others they are kind and good; the improvements which, as a Resident and a private person I could daily make, render it interesting to me. What I do now is as a king, carrying on great works which have perhaps a proportionate interest; but then they require much time, much patience and energy, to force them through against the idleness, roguery, and natural feelings of men. There are many drawbacks, however, and I go through a great deal to effect my objects, and may not live; at all events not be here to see even their completion, much less their useful effects: whereas as a private person to instruct villagers in gardening to help them forward, and enter into all their wants are quiet pleasures nearly as useful, and gives daily satisfaction. Nevertheless, as a whole I would rather make roads and build prisons, lighthouses, and tribunals, than be the good man of the village, though the last is perhaps the most Christian life!

"September. The Greeks have offered to place me at the head of their army, wherefore I will set down all that has passed, that if it takes place the causes may be traced to their consequences.

"In 1820 the government sent me to Ali Pacha, who, by the way, gave me a Turkish sabre. I took large military stores, and had orders to advise him, at his own request, as to the defence of his capital and territory. He was a strange fellow. Cunning, cruel, resolute, enterprising, and faithless, he was fitted for the day and for the wild race he ruled, if we can call fit what is not directed to improvement. He was obeyed, he could obtain obedience: but he sought not to improve either his people, or his country, being selfish in the vilest sense, and having only for object, the gratification of lust, of eating, drinking, and above all avarice. Love of money made and unmade him: first it made him hoard

until his riches gave him power, which enabled him to increase those riches: but when the hour of danger came he would not expend his money and so fell. Thinking his troops could be kept faithful from fear without cost, he collected the wives and children of the leaders in his seraglio as hostages. I told him, that being a stranger my judgment might be wrong, but such means would only secure their vengeance, perhaps not even that; and that he ought to spend money also. He said he did. This was false, his people were starving: I saw him buy up bad flour to feed the men working on his fortifications! Two able Franks were well known to me, Gobernati, a Piedmontese; and Carretto, a relation of the famous Vendean chief La Charette: they were excellent officers in their way, but both ill-treated by Ali, and kept actually in want, he even descended to cheat them in trifles.

"His treasure was averaged at fifty millions sterling in cash and precious stones, probably ten times the truth: but he had vast riches, more than enough to make him king of Greece, and his natural talent was great. Not however of the highest order or he would have succeeded in his rebellion, for the game was in his hands; but his genius was shackled by cruelty and avarice which deprived him of the Greeks' confidence. They would still have followed his standard, if he had acted with wisdom, but it was not in him; he was not civilized, and could only comprehend war as a barbarian: as he had made it all his life. Things that would have secured victory appeared to him doubtful experiments of great danger, for he feared giving opportunities for vengeance in return for his cruelties. He would have been too powerful for that, but the habits of a long life were not to be overcome even by so resolute a man and so pressing a danger.

"I brought him stores in abundance, his magazines were full; he had quantities of cannon, and though Joannina is in a plain, mountains and the sea surround Ali's territory.

I proposed to form for him a complete artillery corps of fifty pieces, which were, with all appurtenances, in his magazine; and also to drill and organize his troop, which he called thirty thousand but never shewed me more than five thousand: however, all he had could have been organized before the Turks came. To this was joined a plan for the immediate establishment of telegraphs at each pass, but he would not let me examine his country. With this power of communication my advice was to push to each defile, and as far beyond as possible, small corps, with orders to harass the Turks in flank, and when the latter reached the pass which they designed to force, to close on their rear and cut off their communication. Every pass was to have men strongly entrenched for defence, while his main body assembled in the plain of Joannina. All this I offered to do for him. No! Ali would not. He would not have a regular army, though it was his only safe course and might place him on the throne at Constantinople; he would not have his mountains entrenched nor telegraphs; he would do nothing, it was *too expensive, he was too poor!* The Turkish army therefore passed the mountains unopposed, and Ali was besieged and taken, hoarding to the last! His avarice was incredible. He made me calculate the cost of measures which he approved of, but always rejected them, thinking my design was to get money: he had no conception of a man acting without a view to money. His ministers, Mantho and Colovo, entered into my views and did all they could to forward them, but in vain! He was not really a great man.

"One of my proposals was to go to Brindisi, where the Neapolitans were about to discharge a regiment of German cavalry, and two of Albanian infantry, because the revolutionary government wanted money, not men in arms! For a mere song those disciplined soldiers would have been made over with arms, clothing and accoutrements; and they would have been delighted to come, for starvation stared them in

the face. The Turkish fleet had not then entered the Adriatic, and Ali had a number of small vessels. His son Moucktar, a good fellow for a Turk, was then shut up in Berat by the Montenegrins, and I proposed to take with me agents for settling the money affair, and Ali's vessels to land me and the three regiments at Durazzo. From thence I would have marched with them and any wild palikars Ali chose to add, against the Montenegrins: they could hardly have resisted two thousand regular troops.

"His son would have thus been freed and we should have returned to Joannina, where a respectable force of about ten thousand disciplined men might have been speedily formed, with a well-appointed cavalry and artillery, able to beat any Turkish force that could pass the defiles of Pindus or Albania. Now Ali might have no confidence in me as a general, but there was no need to give me command, that was a secondary question. Had he undertaken the enterprise, and proclaimed himself a Christian, he was certainly no Mahometan, and king of Greece, he would have succeeded, for every Greek chieftain looked upon Ali, virtually, as his sovereign. Fifty thousand pounds would have done it all, and he had the materials. There was nothing to buy except the disciplined soldiers of Naples, and he told me he could easily spare three hundred thousand pounds: yet he would not give the money. He afterwards repented and wrote to me, but too late; General Church's regiments the Neapolitan ones, had then been disbanded at Barletta, the Turkish fleet had reached the Adriatic, and the daring, able Ali, fell a victim to his own avarice. Even at the last, when besieged in his seraglio before he retired to his island, some Suliots who had been with him, told me he tried his dirty tricks to cheat them in weighing out their provisions. He thus lost the greatest opportunity that, perhaps, ever fell to a barbarian: had he possessed a better heart and been civilized he would have changed the Turkish lynasty. But other events were

coming with shadows long and distinct: Providence seemed averse to make such a savage the instrument to free the Greeks from their curse, and restore peace with its blessings to their lovely country.

"One day during my private visit to Greece, walking near Ali's seraglio at Prevesa, two Albanians followed me, wild savage chaps with shaggy sheepskin capots; their looks were disagreeable, and being near a dead wall and alone I quickened my pace: my pistols had been left at home, for the first time since my arrival in Greece! They did the same, nearly treading on my heels, which alarmed me, and my regret was bitter for the absence of my little pistol companions. However, not thinking a knife in my back a desirable attention, I turned so quickly that they came bounce against me, and in pushing them off, my eyes watched their hands in expectation of a stab. One snatched my pocket-handkerchief, put it under his cloak, and then drew a knife. Now with a barbarian you must take the ascendant at once, if you can; so I seized him by the collar, struck him sharply over the head with a little switch, and in a loud voice told him to give back the handkerchief or I would shoot him with a pistol: he obeyed instantly, his companion at once joining me in the order! Then retiring a few steps backwards to avoid a sudden stroke from their knives when my back was turned, and shaking my switch menacingly as if I had no fear—I was in a hell of a funk—I gained a few paces. They stood consulting, which added to my apprehensions, wherefore turning a corner with a 'catch who can,' off I set at such speed, that what with my fears and natural activity they had no chance of overtaking me.

"In the evening, while walking with the British vice-consul, we came on my two gentlemen, eating their supper in the street: one jumped up and run, the other, he who had drawn his knife, fixed his most determined and villainous looks on me with a steady impudence and ferocity never

surpassed. He would not answer the vice-consul, who wanted me to have him arrested, but I refused because the pacha was then courting our government, and the poor wretch would have been beheaded or bastinadoed. He indeed looked so boldly in my face, and shewed such pluck, in his fashion, that it went against my feelings to have him killed or maimed for a dirty pocket-handkerchief: it was dirty, for I had a cold. His brains should have gone indeed in defence of the *muckenjer* when he snatched it, if my pistols had been ready, but coolly to have his throat cut by the pacha's governor was not to be done; especially as both pacha and governor were worse thieves than he because they had more power: that is to say, practically worse, for none of the three would hesitate to rip up a woman with child, for the price such a bagatelle stood at in the Albanian market. It was weakness in me, for he has doubtless since committed horrid deeds in the troubles that have occurred; but to let him discover the *great secret*, with help of a sharp scimitar, at that period was not to my taste. This was the second time I was nearly stabbed in my life: the first was at Bembibre in Spain 1809.

" Returning now to the Greeks. I clearly saw the signs of a general rising in Greece, and gave information of it on my return to Corfu. And my visit to Ali had taught me much. It shewed me what the Turkish government was, and what a Turkish chief and his troops are. The secrets of the East were opened to me in the splendid little court of Joannina, where its riches, its force, its costume, its barbarism and cruelty, were all displayed in full proportions; for who was stronger, who richer, who more cruel than Ali Pacha? The sultan only! The rule of this satrap was therefore a model for study. I saw he would not figure in the approaching revolution; and though a stranger, unknown to the Greeks, I felt certain they would eventually require the assistance of a military man in

the storm about to burst forth. Hence with a presentiment that my aid would be useful I resolved to study the Greek character and wants. I saw the universal ignorance, and saw Ali the slave of his very groom, whose existence depended on his breath; he could not give me a horse unless the groom was feed: Ali gave an order and thought it was obeyed, and had he been told it was not, the groom was dead! but it was the custom to fee and therefore could not be avoided notwithstanding the Pacha's orders.

"Seeing how fit and unfit such people were for war, I longed to lead them and resolved to do so. The idea constantly arose that my destiny was to command a Greek army against the vile Turkish horde. Not able to say why, it yet seemed certain and I abandoned myself to the idea. Veli Pacha, an abler man than his father, ordered a play of jereeds for me; it was beautiful and warlike. Some Greek peasants picked up the jereeds; a dangerous service for several were ridden over by the Turks; but though bruised, they seemed to think nothing of it, still less did the Turkish ruffians care. I thought to myself, why do ye submit to this? Why do ye not tear them open, *even with your nails!* I will join you and teach you to extirpate these beastly Turks. From that moment the idea of Greece achieving freedom took possession of my mind. This was before my official visit to Ali: when that took place and I saw Greece about to arise in strength and glory my resolve was to join her, if it could be done with advantage to her just cause and honour to myself. The talent of the people and their warlike qualities excited my admiration, for a Greek seems born a soldier, and has no thought but war. Their vanity and love of glory equal those feelings with the French: but the Greeks are more like the Irish than any other people; so like, even to the oppression they suffer, that as I could not do good to Ireland the next pleasure was to serve men groaning under similar tyranny.

"On leaving Joannina my mind was full of Greece, and how to serve her, and my feeling was, that time, patience, and prudent conduct, might so raise my character amongst the Greeks, that they would call me to head their armies. Full of such thoughts, on approaching Arta I said to myself, Shall I succeed or not? Let chance decide! *Quo fata vocant.* I always confided in it, and seeing a large thistle, all gorgeous, prickly, and shooting up high, said, If I can reach and cut off that thistle's head with my whip I shall command the Greek army some day; if not my fate is to jog on my own sad wormlike life: striking at it then, and staggering my horse in the attempt, for it was far off, I cut it clean down, and from that hour have remained confident of going to Greece and succeeding. How weak is human nature! Why should this feeling influence my mind? Yet it has irresistibly done so.

"From that period my efforts were directed to acquire gradually the confidence of the Greeks, foreseeing it would be a work of years, but might with patience and hope succeed. Feeling then as belonging to them, I defended their cause on all occasions, and published the pamphlet called *The War in Greece.* Previous to this however, I had visited Greece to note the country most fitted for war, and likely to be the scene of action. Having before seen great part of Albania, Joannina, all the course of the Thyamis River, Suli, Arta, and Prevesa; I went also to Patras, Corinth, Megara, Athens, Argos, Napoli de Romani, Platea, Thebes, Livadia, Cheronea, and Thermopylæ. From thence up Mount Œta and down to Salonica, or Amphissa; thence to Delphos, and so through the Agrapha Mountains to Lepanto. My plans were then formed, and judging that the revolution would soon break out generally I reached Patras and returned to Corfu, where intelligence had already arrived of the bursting forth of that event at Patras, three days after my departure! This was however nothing to me: my task was to wait long and patiently, ere mixing with a people too

vain to admit foreigners until misfortune should shew them their ignorance. Every Greek robber thought himself a perfect general; and yet to me it was clear that good or bad events would be accidental on either side. Wherefore I gave no heed to the war as it went on, knowing it must go on, and details would not influence general principles: defeat would lurk behind victory, and in the despair following an overthrow I could see the groundwork of success. My conviction was that Greece must finally be victorious, but that her hour of glory could not be tolled unless foreigners taught her how to war, and defeats made her hearken to the stranger. In this mood I went back the first time to England and returned.

"To be a Resident then became an object. Feeling able to govern an island better than those in power, I yet would not ask for one, being too proud and too angry with Sir Thomas Maitland: my rank forced them to employ me. Then being in contact with the Greeks the thistle flourished! I felt that with high, resolute and honest conduct, popularity would accrue or proof be given of my unfitness to govern. My 'prentice hand succeeded, because I followed public opinion, that irresistible force which narrow-minded men attempt to stem, and fall doing so. I went with the stream but hit hard blows while swimming down the current: they were hard, but always just or intended to be so, and for the good of the people, never for private objects, never for myself, and the Greeks were too clever not to estimate such conduct rightly. Thus when Missalonghi was in great straits I seized a Greek gun-boat, which might have hurt their cause, and earnestly a good-hearted English captain of a man of war begged me to let it go. I would not, though very unhappy at the necessity, until it was freed by orders from Corfu: fortunately no harm was done, and my pleasure was great to think my duty as Resident was also done without hurting my friends. Again: when the Suliot nation arrived, they were most rigidly treated, according to my orders,

which were unavoidably severe. Kind and just however I was, though a little despotic, for they were a wild set of fine fellows: they appreciated this, and with them also I was popular, and with all the Greeks.

"My proposal to Ali Pacha was the second great plan of war, addressed by me to governing powers, both rejected with folly, though undoubtedly calculated for success. The other was made on my American expedition, where our landings on the coasts of Maryland, Virginia and Carolina, made it soon manifest to me that we did no good to English fame, no real injury to America. I was then but thirty years old, but having seen much of war was confident of being able to execute whatever entered my imagination as feasible. My plan was as follows: may it yet be executed! Seeing a black population of slaves ruled by a thin population of whites, the blacks thinking the English demi-gods and their Yankee masters devils, I said to the authorities Give me two hundred thousand stand of arms, and land me in Virginia with only the officers and non-commissioned officers of three black regiments, that is to say about one hundred persons accustomed to drill black men. Let the ships with store of arms lay off while I strike into the woods with my drill men, my own regiment, and proclamations exciting the blacks to rise for freedom: forbidding them however to commit excesses under pain of being given up or hanged. The multitude of blacks who nightly came to our ships, and whom we drive back to death or renewed slavery, shews that we can in a week assemble a million—certainly one hundred thousand before any force could reach us, indeed before the American government can be aware of our descent, as we shall lie hidden in the forests until the influx of blacks discovers us.

"All the blacks can use arms, and in twelve hours can be organized in regiments and brigades, each commanded by an officer more experienced than American militiamen; for the American regular forces were then in the north, and even

they had but small experience at the time. When this vast mass shall be collected and armed, we shall roll down to the coast, and our large fleet can pass us into the Delaware country, out of which we shall instantly chase the whole population. Then, with half our fleet in the Delaware River, with provisions in the Delaware country, and a handful of corn or rice is all a black slave will want for that occasion, we shall people the deserted space, set all the women and children to cultivate the ground, and with our enormous mass of males, will have entrenched a position across the isthmus in twenty-four hours, for the fleet will supply us with tools, powder, cannon, engineers and marines. Such was my proposal, nothing could have approached us, and in a month a drilled army of two hundred thousand men, well appointed, would have been formed with one hundred thousand in reserve, to supply losses. At the head of that army I would have sallied from our lines and taken Washington, while Sir George Prevost from Canada followed the American army, which must perforce have retired on the first alarm either to the Indian country or to the south : the British force from Canada could then have joined my black force at Washington, and we could have dictated peace. Had this plan been accepted, two things must have happened : we should have dictated peace, and abolished slavery in America !

" This proposal was not even noticed : yet I heard afterwards that the government gave three reasons against it. 1°. It would be a bad example for our black slaves in the West Indies. 2°. We should not know what to do with the million of blacks liberated. 3°. Horrible excesses would be committed by the slaves. These reasons were false and foolish. Had we not in the West Indies a force which effectually kept our own poor slaves from rising, though suffering from our horrible cruelty ? Could not the liberated blacks have been easily established in some convenient locality ; on the borders of Canada for example to ward off American

invasion; or have been sent to Hayti? And in Canada is there not land to locate, not one but one hundred millions?

"As to horrors, war is full of horrors. No large army ever did or can move without horrors! Accursed be they who make unjust war! but the blacks could be held in more rigid discipline than our own troops, and there was no reason to think many horrors would have been perpetrated. Some! yes! so much the worse, yet on whom? Slave-holders! Men on whom God's justice would have fallen, through the medium of the poor wretches in whom they had outraged his laws and their own image: they would have reaped as they had sowed! But the fact was that the dread of such a measure was so great at the time that the whites fled from those parts most in danger, and would have wholly absconded on the first alarm: numbers of slaves came to us as it was, and not one instance of vengeance by them did we hear of. At Hampton horrors were indeed perpetrated, for which England ought to blush; but for which no person was punished by the commanders. At that place the negroes joined us and pointed out the plunder, but I neither saw nor heard of their committing any atrocity. The reasons against my plan were that of ignorance. Sir John Warren told me at that time, our government had asked him—if *light frigates drawing little water could not sail up the St. Lawrence to the lakes!* Is it to be believed that the Admiralty did not know that the Falls of Niagara are not suited for sailing whether up or down! What people to govern a great empire! Thank God we now have Wellington at our head, and it is to be hoped he will take the road a man of his genius should take."

TENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

CHARLES NAPIER'S judgment in waiting on the Greek revolution was soon vindicated. One year after the rejection of his services in London, the leading men of Greece adjured him to command their army, and even to meddle with their government. It was at a time of great depression, when Ibrahim Pacha was ravaging the Morea and the Turkish fleet blockading their coast, that the Greeks thus turned towards him for safety. From Mavrocordato and Tricoupis in Greece, from Orlando and Luriotis in London, and from others of the islands, came letters saying, that his capacity and energy, his military knowledge and resolution; and still more the nice judgment with which he had performed his duty to a neutral government without losing the good-will of the Greeks, had attracted the attention of the Hellenes and they expected their salvation from him. Greece wished for and expected him. Such were the phrases used, and they were enough to stimulate a great spirit to a rash course; but truly he said of himself, that a wild enthusiasm was no part of his nature: he could grasp and appreciate all the calculable chances of a great enterprize, and dare anything; but he would not accept of any uncertainty capable of being solved beforehand. Upon this occasion a correspondence with his brothers displays his views.

"Argostoli, September 14th. When a man's mind is resolved, there is little use in the whys and wherefores: my conditions for accepting command of the Greek forces are these, and you are authorized to act as agreed upon when they are fulfilled.

"1°. Twelve thousand pounds deposited in your hands for me, as remuneration for sacrificing thirty years' service, rank and future prospects.

"2°. Two thousand pounds, to be paid in the proportion of one thousand to each of two scientific officers who have agreed to accompany me, and who are masters of modern Greek.

"3°. One hundred and fifty thousand or at least one hundred thousand, to be secured to the satisfaction of Mr. Ricardo, for the exact payment of the soldiers during the first six months, or as long as that sum lasts.

"4°. Ten thousand musquets, bayonets, pouches and belts must be immediately sent to Napoli de Romania, each pouch to contain sixty rounds of ammunition.

"5°. The twelve thousand pounds for myself is to be considered as definitive, and precluding any further demand on my part for pay, allowances or remuneration: for that I bind myself to the Greek service, except in the event of a war with England.

"6°. At least five hundred Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotsmen, equipped and armed like British soldiers, are to be sent to this island to accompany me to Greece.

"These conditions are nearly similar to those before offered by me in reply to a like proposition from the Greek government. At that time they were rejected, but are essential.

"September 15th. Things are nearly arranged. The money for myself, for the two officers, and for the soldiers' pay, together with the ten thousand stand of arms have been offered. I am to be head of everything military, not even the government is to interfere. This assurance came with many letters, by a confidential agent who had full powers. I am invited to interfere in their political arrangements as my strength gathers, and even to take them all into my own hands when time is fitting. The £12,000must be paid on my verbal promise, for if I am not to be trusted on such a matter, how can they trust me with power? It will, however,

on this point be well to consult William and Bickersteth"—the late Lord Langdale, for whose powerful intellect and lofty disinterested character he had the greatest admiration. "It will, in my opinion, be wise also to speak openly to Sir Herbert Taylor. The Horse Guards can have no objection to the sale of my commission after thirty-one years' service: if they have, to stick at such a loss in the game I am playing would be absurd, for it is a dangerous one. However moderation and caution go far, and my real fear fixes on the want of exertion in the deputies as to sending arms, ammunition and money: all other matters are but secondary. Their politics I will not mix in, my business shall be the single act of beating the Turks. No temptation, no flattery shall draw me into their politics: a man may do that when he has a formed army, but not when he has to create one in face of an enemy.

"Many gentlemen of these islands are, it is told me, resolved to go under my command, and to them shall be left the care of supporting me with the government; they are all persons of influence and good character, who were oppressed by Maitland for their interference in the Greek cause. The whole of the *Capitani*, Colocotroni included, have joined in the invitation to me, avowing a readiness to serve under me. Lying villains! It will be horrid to flatter these men, yet one cannot affront force without force: however a civil manner, with honest conduct, makes so many friends that villains are more easily baffled than people think. If this matter cannot be managed my failure is certain; but my conviction is that it can, or I would not go. As to the money for myself, accept no promises: no Greek ever tells truth. But the Greek deputies must be made to understand the necessity of my being accompanied by a strong force of foreign bayonets; they are the only arguments that will be heard in a country torn by national dissensions, and oppressed by a cruel enemy.

"November 4th. A proclamation has just come out from

the English government forbidding us to take part with the Greeks: this does not alarm me, but if it stops the Greek loan it will stop the money necessary for my ulterior operations, and my bargain must not be struck. If the loan goes on and the money is forthcoming, I have no fear for the ultimate result. If Napoli di Romania falls the Greek game is indeed over, and Missalonghi can scarcely last long; but all is well while Napoli holds out, and a loan can be raised; the proclamation will not stop *me* then; but it has made the Greeks indisposed as they expect England to go further against them. Ibrahim Pacha gave quarter at first to women and children, who were saleable: now he destroys all, and means to put an Arab population in the Morea. If the money for myself is paid, and the proclamation stops the loan and supply of arms and troops, and that I am actually out of the army, I am clearly entitled to keep that sum according to my express condition; but not being inclined thus to deprive the Greeks of that money, if they can supply the arms and money for the troops, go I will; not otherwise, for unless what can be done, and what cannot be done is clearly before me, no stirring for me: I will not run after impossibilities. But again: if the money and arms do arrive, my knowledge of the actual state of Greece enables me to say there is good ground for believing we shall free the Morea, and more: the supplies must however come before Napoli falls. If my commission is sold, tell Orlando to send me everything he can of money, that it may not be squandered on the Greek fleet, which cannot get Ibrahim out, though it might have prevented his getting in."

Here ceased the negotiation. The Greek government was worked upon by the members of the Greek loan committee, principally Mr. E. Ellice and Mr. Hume, men well qualified to mar any military enterprize: by them the Greek government was compelled to apply the money wanted for an army under Napier, to establish a fleet under Lord Cochrane, which, as foretold by the former, could do nothing effectual

even under so justly renowned a commander. This wasteful mismanagement would probably have ruined the cause, if the European powers had not patched it up by that abortion called the kingdom of Greece. Yet the Greeks themselves would not resign the general of their choice, and still offered him personal remuneration in larger measure than before. But to degrade himself to a hireling adventurer was not in his thoughts. To rescue a brave and noted race from misery was his ambition; not for glory, but from beneficence and a feeling of strength to accomplish that noble object. Being now foiled in that, he turned his attention entirely to the public affairs of the islands, and finding Adam was projecting a loan on false principles offered a memoir, some extracts from which will indicate the extent of his studies in that branch of government.

"*Memoir.* Bacon in his essay on Colonies says, 'Speedy prosperity is not to be neglected, so far as it may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further.' In this view all money, above a small sum retained in the treasury to meet unforeseen expenses, should be employed: but to borrow money for increase of production when a large sum exists in the treasury seems absurd. The progress of improvement should be steady, and vigorous; all projects should repay expences, and follow, not precede, public wants. Improvements should be gradual, when forced they cost too much and generally fail. The exertions of a state under an energetic administration with good management are natural; those stimulated by foreign loans are unnatural and detrimental. The continental Greeks borrowed money, but if they did not do so they would suffer more from the Turks: it is a choice of evils. With the Ionian Islands it will be a choice between good and evil, good being an unincumbered revenue and large surplus, the evil a loan. It may be said, all this will by a loan be obtained in three instead of ten years: not so. Forced improvements outstrip wants. Men are astonished at wonders but do not

use them as they ought. Improvements which follow wants are blessings, those which are forced become whims and mischievous. Craftsmen are required in great numbers, and must be brought from a distance, or taken from private employers, in either case distressing the country by extra cost, and eventually by starving artizans: it is better to do well than much, and very difficult to do both."

Sir F. Adam rejected this advice, but his extravagance was so known that capitalists would not lend. Indeed his object was only to minister to pomp, and the building palaces, of which he had three in Corfu: one of them was afterwards appropriated for a lunatic asylum but was found inconvenient, which drew from the Cephalonian Resident this biting sarcasm, *that it was not constructed for so many!*

Vexation from another quarter was at hand. The Duke of York's ill-will towards Charles Napier was always apparent. It had been evinced by tardiness of promotion, rough rejection of well-founded claims, and the withholding of honours, and now was displayed with broad injustice in the following manner. In Cephalonia the 51st Regiment was quartered under Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, an officer who in a long course of service had failed to convince any person but himself that he was a soldier. Garrison duty was then onerous for the field officers, and to relieve them, an order of Charles Napier's predecessor, which had been approved of by Sir Thomas Maitland and again by Sir F. Adam, was revived. It was in strict accordance with the customs of the service, namely, to place some captains on to the field officers' rolster. Colonel Rice called it a degrading of the field officers to the captain's rolster, and with a false pretence obtained leave from the Resident to communicate with higher authority on the subject. Under this mask he forwarded charges against Colonel Napier, both to Sir F. Adam and the Duke of York, foully misrepresenting the matter, and misstating facts: the whole in violation of the regulations.

The duke had often before driven officers from the army

for such a breach of discipline; but here, adopting without inquiry both the misstatement and inferences of Colonel Rice, he immediately directed the lord high commissioner to convey his "serious animadversions and censure upon Colonel Napier for having taken upon himself to introduce innovations into the British army, confounding ranks and degrading authority on which discipline depended!" Sir Frederick Adam, astounded at such a grandiloquent confusion of ideas and facts, answered, that if blame was merited he was responsible, having approved of the act, which was in accord with the practice of all garrisons, and was in fact an elevation of the captains, not a degradation of the field officers. Colonel Napier also, shewed at length, in an official letter, how falsely Colonel Rice had stated the matter; how he had broken the regulations by his complaint, and how unfounded was the charge of innovation, seeing that, on an emergency, nothing had been done but reviving an order of his predecessor, with the knowledge of and approval of the lord high commissioner. All this availed not. With a perverseness of authority truly royal, the duke reiterated the facts, as stated by Rice, and still assuming their truth, though solemnly denied by Adam and Napier, expressed his trust, that the former had conveyed his high displeasure, immediately on receipt of the first communication—"*without waiting for the explanation which Colonel Napier was ready to afford!*" Royal Rhadamanthus!

The affair was terminated by a direct command that Colonel Napier was immediately to *rescind and annul his innovating garrison order.* Upon which he simply remarked, that he could neither rescind nor annul what never existed; and that if the secretary to his royal highness would only name the order meant, Colonel Napier's dream that there was no such thing, would end. But not content with this, his royal highness soon seized another occasion for insult: this time to protect moral turpitude and cruelty, for which the following complaint, publicly ad-

dressed to the Resident by some Cephalonians with a demand for his interference, furnished the occasion.

"A poor girl only thirteen years old, orphan as to a mother, her father miserable and wandering to obtain subsistence, was by this father, in hope to gain something by his child's services, allowed to enter the family of Captain ——, 51st Regiment. Instead of being employed in his house, she was insidiously passed into the service of D—— of the same regiment, who had asked for her, and taking advantage of her tender age debauched her. After retaining her for fifteen days, he removed her to a room in the house of a woman he had taken into his affections: then giving the girl sixteen dollars and some clothes he abandoned her in such a state that she fell into total perdition."

The accused officers, far from denying the facts, sought only to palliate their offence and evade public exposure, by charging this girl of thirteen with levity, and extravagant expenditure of the dollars and clothes given to her by the seducer! Charles Napier however, convinced by evidence that the case was even worse than represented in the complaint, put the offenders in arrest and applied for a court-martial. Sir F. Adam, thinking it difficult to frame a charge under the articles of war, referred the matter to his royal highness as one calling for a summary exercise of power. Far from acceding to this, the duke, with a laboured sophistry, evincing throughout a consciousness of wrong and a secret motive, not only exonerated the accused of having committed any offence, but spoke of them as injured persons! Then forbidding any reply, reproved in the severest terms both Sir Frederick and Colonel Napier for having interfered, and ordered that his animadversions should be publicly read at the head of every regiment in every island!

Probably his royal highness's own antecedents in such affairs of gallantry made him reluctant to throw stones; and the tacit rebuke which his previous unjust partiality, had sustained from the unanswerable explanation about Rice,

suggested the prudence of prohibiting any reply on the present occasion. But the reading of the reprimand at the head of every regiment in every island, could only have personal ill-will for motive, and a more flagrant display of hostility, a more open protection of immorality could scarcely be made. So it was regarded by the community. An officer, writing from Zante after hearing the public reading, with concise power thus spoke the general feeling. "All I have to say, is that I know not what to say. What is to become of us? *Are we to be gentlemen or not?*"

Charles Napier's notice of the matter was thus endorsed on the duke's letter. "His royal highness's view is so prejudiced as scarcely to be worth an answer, were I permitted to make one; but I could do so most fully, and to the infamy of the men he protects." Now turning from this revolting display of power protecting vice, the insulted man's correspondence shall be resumed. It recommences in 1826. His first emotion was to throw up his commission and appeal to the public; but void of self-reproach his spirit soon recovered buoyancy, disdaining the wrong.

"January 1st. A happy new year to you beloved mother, all happiness to you, I cannot let the day pass without telling you how much I love you. I am much pleased at having made a garden in a convent, six miles from the capital, with a view to teach the peasants how to garden. Being director of all convents, I took from the largest so much as would pay a soldier gardener, and a Greek lad, whom the soldier is to teach: this boy is so eager that he has a part for himself which the soldier is not to touch. The vegetables are given away, not sold, and spare seeds also: all the nuns are becoming gardeners, earnestly watching the progress of the soldier, who by the way is a very handsome young man. Whether they are attracted by beans or beauty is not known, but it is supposed by beans, as the ladies average about ninety years each. The Greek lad's friends

are already beginning to make gardens and useful knowledge is thus planted.

"February 14th. My wit for torturing is a pretty one, and just now bent to practise on a gentleman of the island; but unfortunately it cannot be indulged because he is unknown: he fastened a kettle to my poor dog's tail with wire, which has torn the flesh off legs and tail, and he is in such a state we fear madness, for he is very queer. Were his tormentor and I in a wilderness, and he the weakest, he should wish all kettles all wires, nay! all tinman and tinkers and dogs at the devil. Is it not horrible to torment such animals as dogs and horses, or any animal, for no reason but the beastly one of giving pain? Jack it must be owned was *bite-iferous;* but only to people who came to his house with, as he thought, malevolent designs: had they slain him at once it might have been excused. To talk of pleasanter things—yet Jack's mishap will intrude,—my roads begin to tell. Seventy miles are fit for riding, and twenty for carriages: and there are such beautiful milestones that the mules stop to admire them, and donkeys gaze with wonderment!

"Now for a Greek story. Having built a very high wall, and being in some fear of its falling, my doubts were made known to the Greek mason, who very gravely answered thus. Excellenza di God he tomble down out of di heaven, because mi no understand what keep him dere: but dat wall he never tombel down. What a good mason this fellow would have been at the building of Babel!

"The fall of Missalonghi has been a sad affair: glorious but terrible. The fighting men, numbering eighteen hundred, cut their way out; the old, the sick, the women and children were self destroyed to avoid worse! Poor people! The Greeks have now but to put all into the hands of Fabvier, a French officer of name, and so far as I trace his conduct a man of talent: he has made mistakes, but apparently not his own, he is not master. My best has been

done here to persuade the Greeks to throw all into his hands. Napoli de Romania will now be besieged: but a friend of the Greeks"—himself, "has convinced them of the importance of Napoli de Malvaria, and they have at last provisioned it, but only for six months: that will do if they keep the sea, and that the Maniotes are staunch, but Colocotroni is now commander in chief which augurs badly."

The horrible storming of Missalonghi was thus described by one of the survivors.

"On the night of Saturday, 22nd April, I escaped from Missalonghi with seven others. In the town, for seventeen days we had lived on the carcases of horses, cats and rats, and those being finished we ate sea-weed, and roots picked up on the beach. These failed also, and after remaining four days without food we resolved on a sortie in four columns, each to sally in a different direction, having the aged, the women and children in the centre. At 9 P.M. four hundred of us rushed out against a Turkish battery, but were instantly cut to pieces. One hundred remained, who took to the mountains, pursued by the Turkish cavalry, and I know not if they escaped. General Tzavella, seeing this disaster would not let the other columns follow, ordering them to remain and perish in Missalonghi. At 11 P.M., the same night, the Turks in mass made an irruption from the battery, entered the town, set fire to all the wooden houses, and massacred all the women and children they met with. The armed Greeks betook themselves to their fortified houses and batteries, but after two hours' fighting left the batteries for the fortified houses; they were fifty in number and supplied with ammunition. Finding themselves in danger of being taken prisoners they fired the houses and were all burned or buried beneath the ruins. In the fortified mills were a hundred and fifty men who defended themselves the whole of Sunday, but at length, worn out, fired their ammunition and all blown up. The infirm, the women and children, had gathered in one place and fought for several hours but finally blowed themselves

up, sharing the fate of their heroic companions. Such is the sad story of Missalonghi's fall."

Charles Napier now begun a settlement of Maltese agriculturists at Pronos, a wild neglected yet fertile district; designing thereby not only to reclaim it but to introduce better husbandry into Cephalonia. It was a favourite project and well calculated for good, but he was instantly opposed and thwarted by intrigues, the movers of which he, could not discover. Old decrepid men and troublesome characters, were sent instead of skilled labourers, and soon became wandering beggars. But to drive him from a well-considered plan was not easy. He renewed his efforts, planted his colony, and placing an active skilled young Englishman, or rather Australian, Mr. E. Curling, at the head, soon brought the farming to a state of prosperity. It spread a knowledge of cultivation, excited the shrewd imitative Greeks, and was moreover beginning to return a profit to government, when Sir Frederick Adam, jealous himself and surrounded by jealous and envious men, stamped it out. This happened however at a later date.

No other events of note occurred during the summer, but many influential continental Greeks, and men of the Archipelago; and some celebrated persons, such as Captain Hamilton of the Cambrian, Mr. Gordon, Trelawney, and others, kept the Cephalonian Resident fully informed of the progress of Greek freedom: all regretting the loss of his services to the cause. Some would have had him relinquish his terms; but he would not, remaining intent on his own government until a dreadful calamity bowed him to the dust. On the 20th of August his mother died at the age of eighty-one. The tenor of his long correspondence must speak for the depth of his affliction; no journals or letters describing his feelings exist; his grief was silent. This event brought him once more to England, where he remained for several months, sorrowing in secret, yet presenting his usual firm front to adversity.

In April 1827 he married a widow much older than himself, but to whom he was strongly attached, and in July he returned with her to Cephalonia, from whence his family correspondence was renewed, chiefly with his sisters: the first was however written in England.

"April 1827. It pleases me dear Louisa to hear that your friend Mr. Robinson, (Lord Ripon,) is to be our master: yet Lord Bathurst was a good one, of whom we had nothing to complain, for he took a fair view, and a liberal one, of our small affairs. Personally this change affects me not, save through the lord high commissioner; but who he is, and what he is, makes all to me, and two good fellows like Adam and Robinson, are not likely to fall out."

His natural sagacity was here at fault as indeed it often was as to men through life, being blunted by his natural goodness and generous temper: always he accepted them as worthy, and even amplified their supposed merits in his own mind, until bad actions aroused his suspicions; and even then, slowly and reluctantly he resigned favourable sentiments. These "two good fellows" did not indeed fall out, but will be found hereafter, conjointly and separately, his bitter enemies treating him at the most important periods of his life with inexpressible injustice. His letter thus continues.

"The whole country seems wild about Canning; his popularity is something wonderful; and when the king and the people join who is to shake him? Why is he such a great man all of a sudden? In the city, amongst the counting-houses, nothing but Canning! Canning! would they cry. One man who directs several steam and gas companies, assured me that Canning won all the battles in the Peninsula: the utmost grace to be obtained for the Duke of Wellington was, that he was present at some of them, and did not always run away. Well, my hope is to have him back at the head of the army."

In Cephalonia he found Paul Buonaparte a son of

Lucien, seeking to join the Greeks: he liked him much, and gave him an earnest recommendation to Lord Cochrane who was then admiral of the Greek fleet. "He is," he said, "the son of a man who refused sovereignty altogether, when most of the great crowns of Europe were in his choice."

"September 24th. Your eloquent men dear Louisa, are not fit for ministers; and the duke's return as commander in chief is delightful. My agricultural colony goes on beautifully, and my table is furnished with vegetables from a tract of country which, ten months ago was a barren uninhabited waste. I feel proud of this colony; it is being of use to our kind to have taken three hundred starving people, fed them, and made them turn a desert into a garden. The people here have had a bust of me made, and say it is very like. This is agreeable, but we always sit beside sorrow. My wife has had a dreadful overturn. I try not to think of it. Bacon is right. A man is more fit for public life without wife or child. Yet when death comes there is perhaps more comfort in love than glory. Poor old Blanco died in the Bay of Biscay, dropped suddenly."

His private note-book recommenced at this time.

"Note-book. I have been irregular as to journals all my life. On most of my campaigns they were kept, but some are lost, and unless something spurs idleness prevails: every one cannot, like Mr. Pepys, put down their doses of physic and effects; nor what one's wife wore each day: a dull day, and most of mine are so, needs no register of its monotony; wherefore my recollections shall be only set down here according to my humour, but I have had many accidents and odd adventures.

"When a boy at Limerick a rascal half persuaded me to be a methodist; but he seduced his maid, she seduced me, and so betrayed the secrets of his principles. Soon afterwards he was detected cheating the public, and turned out of the custom-house. What an insufferable

rogue to have been too bad even for the Limerick customs! I remember nothing good but the pigs and gloves; and nothing pleasant but the women, who were quite delightful, and as wicked as they were pretty: or as women could wish to be. Well, time gives broad hints, though I never take them. The old bore however goes on, and on, and on, and blow after blow falls thicker and heavier and closer. We begin life thinking whom time hits, but I am come to the age in which we look for whom he misses! After all it is a glorious race between eight hundred millions of people, all trying to lose! This leads to religion.

"Every man thinks of this subject, because every man knows he must die, and he is more reflective as he approaches his end. Many people harp on the necessity of *fixed principles*. For moral conduct Yes! Do as you would be done by: but for religion—Jesus of Nazareth! the thing is impossible! Who that ever inquired can have fixed principles? They require proof, and that we have not for, or against any religion—sect I should say.

"None are so dull, but that they might, if willing, understand why their neighbour cannot believe as they do. The greatest fool may find truth if he seeks it, and thus be convinced that no man's religion is wrong who honestly practises what he professes, and does not endanger society. *Judge not lest ye be judged.* Let the orthodox man believe his dogmas, they may be right; but let me have mine without Smithfield fires. Your fixed principles people will not be content with this; principles are not fixed unless they are their principles. But there are no such things as fixed principles; these people mean fixed feelings or convictions: nothing can be fixed without proof. It is a fixed principle that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angle triangle; but to bet on a horse is not so, it is only a fixed feeling that he will win. I believe in a Creator because we are created, and that

He enters into all our thoughts and actions. I believe in a future state, but do not presume to judge what that state will be. I do not, so far as my present judgment leads me, believe that Christ was God, for many reasons: two will suffice. *First.* Believing in a future state, and in a great and merciful God, the tenets of Christ are for me true, without thinking God took man's form to teach them. God has Himself given me self-conviction of a future state by simple means: and if to me, so to others. *Second.* If Christ was man, I can as man follow his precepts and example, for what man has done man may do. But if Christ were God I am hopeless to imitate, and thus cover my frailty—God could resist passions, I cannot.

" In this view I find myself travelling side by side with the orthodox magnate of Canterbury on the road to heaven; only meeting here and there a stile which he gets over one way and I another. We differ greatly though on one point; he would burn me for getting over differently from him, whereas I would not even say he was wrong: but thus travelling, in trying to get out of the archbishop's way I come against a stiff-necked atheist, who thus accosts me.

" So you believe in God and a future state? Yes! worshipful, or rather non-worshipful sir. You soldiers are queer fellows. You ain't afraid of a cannon-ball, yet quaver before a parson. Beg pardon atheistship—am, and ever was very much afraid of a cannon-ball, and never feared a parson, except when expecting long sermons in a cold church. Then give me proof that your creed is true. No friend, I am not able. My faith is made up from feeling, the result of accidents, reflections, dangers, joys, a hotch-potch of things, many of which I can't remember, but they have produced decided results in my bosom. I will even own that for me there is no proof of a future state to oppose to your reason: you would lay me prostrate. But I have a heart as well as a head, and may surely cultivate one as well

as the other. Let me now ask you some questions, your answers will shew you my meaning.

"Ask.

"Have you a child? Yes. So have I. Let us then suppose my child more useful to society than yours, which we will call a very mischievous creature; but you love it, and it is a good child to you. Suppose one must die, and you had to decide which: you would grieve, but would kill mine? Yes, colonel. But that would be against reason, mine being of most use. I love mine best. Exactly so, but that is feeling, not reason. If your child died would you not be more sorry than if mine died? Yes. Feeling again. An impartial person would regret mine most as being the best. For children substitute religion, and say mine is the worst, the most offensive to all persons but myself; still it is a help and comfort to me; a thousand trifles, a thousand feelings make it all in all to me: your reasoning may be stronger than mine, but feeling overrules! My child is good to me, and as yours cannot supply its place, a higher reason says, Keep that which gives you comfort."

"March 1828. What have I done for Cephalonia in return for the four dollars a day she has given to me for six years? This question must be answered honestly if not satisfactorily, in a concise manner.

"1°. I have built two market-places and established two markets. Before my time she had none; the people knew not what a market meant: they opposed me, but the hand of power prevailed against the opinion of fools.

"2°. A mole from the bridge to the lazzaretto—one mile and a half: it was previously a dirty sea beach.

"3°. More than one hundred miles of road, forty miles blasted out of the solid rock.

"4°. Spacious streets constructed, instead of dirty narrow lanes which composed the town previous to my coming.

"5°. The little mud square fronting the house of George

Coidan, was by me flagged, surrounded with columns and chains, and so changed to a neat piazza.

"6°. I raised all that part of the town towards the bridge, which part was before mud; and then formed a pretty street on what was previously beach; the houses and the ground now between it and the sea were also my doing: that is, I filled the sea up and sold the ground for government at four times the cost of filling up. Moreover I am gradually forcing the neighbouring proprietors to fill up, being convinced that the low level of Argostoli on that side causes the illness constantly suffered, more even than the neighbouring marsh of Cranea which is so execrated.

"7°. All the narrow lanes have been paved, and the barrack at St. George's Castle restored.

"8°. I established Dickson's school for girls at the expence of the convents.

"9°. The Maltese colony at Pronos has been planted by me, and a barren waste without inhabitants, though naturally the most fertile district of Cephalonia, has thus been rendered the best cultivated of the island: my hope is this will go on, it is my best work.

"10°. My new prison, nearly completed, and the market-place at Luxuri, are magnificent structures. If the stone proves as good as Kennedy's architecture, they are immortal works, honourable to the projector and executor—myself and Kennedy: and neither of us *think small beer of ourselves* for the same.

"11°. The lighthouse is hardly claimable by me, the public cried out for one, and in my absence it was projected; but my return was exactly timed to stop a miserable work like a windmill, which ——— and ——— in the exuberance of their taste were going to place in a wrong position! I broke the contract and saved our credit; but not being an architect waited for Kennedy's arrival, when his genius erected the superb column now on Guardiani Island. It is mine so far, that without me it would not have been; but no jealousy

troubles me in such matters: my interest in useful things proposed by others is as great as if they were my own. The mole was not my project originally, yet I executed it under great difficulties; for all the world, except McLean and Kennedy, and a few who expected inordinate profit, opposed me. Now the whole city is in extacy with the work! But this is human nature: things pronounced beforehand foolish, bad, and even impracticable, are when done called useful, wise, and above all—*perfectly easy of execution!* My mountain roads were denounced as 'attempts bordering on madness.' Now, 'nothing could be less difficult; any one could have done the same.' Yes! any one could, but no one did. The truth is, most people are lazy and I am not so; and have enough of mathematics in me to execute what I conceive.

"12°. The quarry of Luxuri stone opened by me. If it stands all weather and time, which is more than I am at present sure of, it will be very valuable, and is very beautiful.

"13°. I have drawn Paul Valsamachi, Demetrio Delladecima, and Mignetti out of the cloud which hid them from favour; and pulled up the brothers Constantine and Spiro Valsamachi from the dust, to make them judges. I served McPhail and Maudesly, and brought Kennedy from Ireland, when he had nearly slipped through the fingers of fools. Primera also, and others of worth have been by me brought forward, and these things are, in my mind, amongst my best doings.

"14°. The money I saved for the public has been considerable, but of no use—it has been saved for fools to squander.

"15°. I have made rules to save the poor peasants from being cheated by the public agents in the weighing and taxing of their staple commodity, the currants; and those rules have been effectual.

"16°. I broke two vile judges high in rank for foul oppression of the poor; but the blow was not followed up at

Corfu: my part however had great effect. Were I lord high commissioner the villains should have been hung in chains like scarecrows and as scare judges!

"17°. I wrote a good book about Cephalonia.

"18°. The command of the Greek army was by me refused, except on conditions; it did not suit me to be commander in name not in fact, like Church, who calling himself *generalissimo*, is yet obliged to beg of his soldiers to do their duty as a personal favour! The Greek government tried to meet my terms but could not bring it about, save as regarding my personal interest, which was precisely what I least cared for, and would not accept without the others—yet I would have accepted the others without that. They were able and willing to advance my share, but had they assured me of the public money and arms I would have gone at all hazards. Kennedy, Muir, Stevens, and six other Englishmen would have gone under me; and twelve Greek gentlemen of weight and property, and looked up to in Greece, were prepared to follow, but I would have started with the Englishmen.

"19°. I introduced spinning-wheels to Cephalonia.

"20°. I opened the ports of Algo, Guiscardo, Samos and Pronos, proving to the Corfu government that the having shut up Asso and Guiscardo was a mistake, which lost money and distressed the people.

"For all these things, and some more, my pay was good, more than enough for my labour; for as to labouring for pay we are none of us ever better than we should be. On a conscientious examination of my six years' government, four may be called lost from dawdling; or rather two lost, and two that a more decided energetic man would have made more of. Yet I have seen others lose the whole six years! How idle men are! Two years ought to have sufficed for all my works; and yet I have a name for being active, and am so, compared with the drones around; but not when conscience is called in to witness, and when the sense of what

a man can do, if all his energies are put forth, is consulted. Man! man! thou art a beast in whose sides the spur should be ever plunged!"

These were noble works to be accomplished by a single man, harassed and restricted by ignorant and jealous superiors. More! yes, ten times as much would have been done by that energetic spirit, that original genius and unceasing activity, prompted by the unbounded benevolence of that great heart, if free action had been accorded by the narrow intellect of the man under whom he served. But more was done. His statement only notes the salient points of his government, and not all of those. He is silent upon the fisheries he established, and his well-conceived plan for draining the pestiferous marsh of Cranea; nor has he told of the days of labour and nights of sleepless care, of suffering and thought, austere and continued with a severity to waste the body and drive the mind to fatuity, if both had not been sustained by a spirit capable of surmounting any danger, and every difficulty. He has not noted either, the eternal thwarting, the foolish interference, the absurd orders and instructions, the silly plans, regulations and laws—all tending to public confusion, which emanated from the Corfu government and its parasites, and which he had to resist, or to palliate from his own inexhaustible resources of mind.

He has not noted that the greater portion of the Cephalonian revenue, which he was constantly augmenting and saving with a miser's care, was as constantly drawn away to Corfu, there to be squandered on palaces, and on fawning treasury leeches, and on ill-conceived and worse-executed public works: a few miles of road made by Sir F. Adam at Corfu, cost, in a level country, more than the hundred miles of mountain road at Cephalonia!

He has not noted, the thousand acts of private benevolence which endeared him to the islanders; nor the higher tone he gave to public feeling and patriotism; nor the purity he introduced into the administration of justice; nor the im-

provement of the laws; nor the great spring he gave to commerce, to internal traffic, to enterprise generally, and the expansion of the currant grape cultivation, by teaching the people how to support the earth with terraces along the mountain sides. Nor has he spoken out, of his unceasing vigilance for the protection of the peasants against feudal oppression, while he nourished their spirit of independence by a just administration, of which one example will suffice for illustration. A poor man bought a peculiarly fine fish in the market of Argostoli, but the intendant of a great feudal signor coming up insisted on having it for his lord. Peasant and salesman hesitated, the intendant menaced, but at that moment Charles Napier was seen on horseback at the farther end of the market, and the salesman instantly called out to the poor man—Take your fish! we have laws now, and here comes the man who will enforce them!

TENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

A MAN so pure and energetic in the public service as Charles Napier, was entitled at least to support from the governments whose credit and character he sustained by his integrity and talent: but these qualities were offensive to men devoid of them; and enmity, malignant and treacherous, being aroused, would not be appeased until he was driven into private life. His oppressors hoped indeed to suppress him altogether: but God who gave him the qualities so offensive to their mediocrity had destined him for fame.

"Miss Napier, April 14th. As your friend Lord Goderich, (Ripon,) by losing the premiership brings in the Duke of Wellington I rejoice, for we are in too bad a state for any man but *old Douro* to save us. Weak men do not suit these times, and orators least of all. Let me talk at random. Kennedy's lighthouse is beautiful. The column is eighty foot high, of cut stone, quite white and fluted; any architect will tell you what a fine thing it is. My Maltese colony also flourishes like flowers in May. Is Lady Georgina Bathurst married? My love to her. Wedded or single she is the prettiest person I know. Again let me say, that the duke being premier delights me; the best chance for England is having the greatest man of Europe for her ruler. He has done all he ever had to do well, and we are too far gone to care about Whig or Tory, it is an affair of existence. '*But he is a fool!*' Aye! but then how got he there? as Mrs. Siddons said of the French minister who died in his bureau, which she interpreted an *escritoire.*

"His brother William, April. Church has sent me an

account of his plans, which appear to me bad. He has spent money and food idly at Dragomestre, and now he has neither, nor discipline. He had but few men, yet has spread them on a chain of posts for fifty miles, and he is trying to stop the predatory excursions of the Greeks; but what else has he to look to? He threatens, he says, Lepanto and Missalonghi; that is, he sends ten or twenty thousand wild rascals to the neighbouring mountains, who come back when they have stolen all the sheep and goats of their friends. Fabvier has failed at Scio, as he has everywhere. He is superior as a general to Church; but they have both gone the wrong way to work, and shew that they neither knew the Greeks nor their own lesson. To attack fortified places or positions is not of the Greek character, troops or people, in their present state; nor would it be wise to do so if it were. They should take and fortify positions on the Turks' lines of operations, which are few, and unchangeable because they depend on certain strong towns. The Greeks are bad for assailing such positions, but the Turks are worse; they would wonderfully dislike the option of starving, or carrying a Greek position: the secret on both sides is, that neither expects quarter, and therefore both defend themselves lustily. All the Greek generals have been bent on assailing positions; but neither they, nor Fabvier, nor Church, have thought of assailing supplies: they must change this, or suffer defeat.

"As to these islands, would that Lord Bathurst were our master again! We are going fast. Sir F. Adam has spent all our money, fribbled it away, and has nothing to shew. He has no system, no general views; all is extravagance accompanied by mean savings, and the employing of too many people too highly paid. I gave him a plan for reduction, which would save at least a hundred thousand dollars yearly; he approved, yet no reduction has taken place. He has reappointed a body called *The Supreme Council of Justice*. Kirkpatrick is the head, having under him two clever Greeks who ride Adam roughshod, and Adam does

not perceive that they are tying his own power up in a sack, for they rule the islands. I proved to him two nefarious acts of theirs, for which I would have hanged them by special commission. Yet Adam will not strike! I would run any risk of offending him by telling the truth, if it would do good; but he thinks I talk nonsense, although the existing confusion is a source of public ridicule; and fear also, for fresh taxes are dreaded."

This generous feeling towards Sir Frederick, had been maintained despite of many mortifying crossings, which Charles Napier in his singleness of mind would only accept as well-meaning weaknesses; but he was now compelled to understand, that he had to do with a man in whom envy and duplicity strove on equal terms with folly: the proof came abruptly.

"His brother, July 24th. Sir Frederick Adam has suddenly passed an act through the Ionian parliament for taking the roads and other public works entirely out of my hands. If he liked to do this, and as he is said to have expressed himself—*tie up Napier's hands*, he had full right; but what hurts me is concealment of the whole until the act was prepared: this is what one gets by serving a fool! The act is not indeed directed against me by name, but there are scarcely any works going on in the other islands, except Cerigo; and the Resident there, who has followed my system, writes to me thus, *I feel that all my exertions have been so much crime, and I walk about like a detected felon.* Adam is jealous, is always courting popularity, and to gain it momentarily puts an end to my works. I did think him loyal, and that was a great counterweight to his folly: now I find him the reverse, his mind is too little to be honest. Capo D'Istria frightens him, yet Capo D'Istria can scarcely hold his own as president of Greece, while he menaces Adam. And lo! the latter's folly! We are hovering between war and peace with Russia, all the islanders are Russian, and he takes this moment to let the people arm, for the

sake of a pound yearly tax on their guns! They are of course arming themselves.

"Now for my tailor. He is a Daniel, and woe betide the lions who get into his den, if they wear breeches. Oh! I forgot that they were civil lions and did not tear, which his breeches do: also he eats me up. If a revolution happens in England off goes Daniel's head with his own shears, which will be but sheer justice," &c. The remainder of this letter is in the wildest Rabelais vein, such being his wont when moved by grief, anger or mortification: the two last were now prevalent and appear in the following remonstrance against the new act.

"Colonel Rudsdale. I have felt much on reading the new road act. That his excellency's authority is supreme, and that he cannot be troubled with Residents' opinions is unquestionable. At the same time, after six years' strenuous exertions to give his excellency's orders full effect; after having had his approbation, and that of Sir Thomas Mait land; I might have received some hint from you that a bill was being prepared, by which the works that had occupied my time and thoughts so many years were to be taken entirely out of my hands, and placed in those of a municipal body. I may also be allowed to feel hurt at your official letter telling me, tacitly, that I am not a judge of what is urgent and what is not. That the bridges were urgent, essentially so, could be proved, but I am not inclined to do so: I am now merely stating my feelings as a private gentleman. They certainly are not flattered by being told I am not capable of deciding upon the urgency of a trifling work of forty pounds, after having conducted the whole of the public works for six years; after saving fifty thousand dollars out of the sum allotted for the expence; and yet executing them in a way that excited repeated expressions of astonishment and admiration from your engineer, Mr. Fletcher.

"Personally the new act has relieved me from a world of very disagreeable and painful responsibility, of which I was

heartily sick; for whatever credit may attach to the initiative arrangement, and whatever approbation has been bestowed by his excellency and the public, much hatred has also arisen for my resolute perseverance in execution. Now my small share of credit will remain, and my unpopularity subside. To be lord high commissioner is not likely to be my lot; if it was I should rejoice at the delay in completing the works which will now occur, leaving for me the laurels. No, it is not the act which gives me concern; nor the manner of it; nor your letter that would do so, if the act and your letter were from Sir Thomas Maitland and Hankey: it is because it is *your* doing that I feel hurt. That feeling time will remove, and his excellency may rest assured it shall not interfere with the service; all my force shall be applied to give full effect to the new act, so far as that act will prevent my interfering."

It was with such gentle dignity he rebuked an ignoble breach of friendship; yet he was deeply pained to find this failure in a man to whom he had been sincerely attached. Meanwhile he treated the act with the severity it merited for its folly and malignity.

Sir F. Adam boasted that he had *tied up Napier's hands*, not perceiving that he had thereby tied up his own honour, and all claim to sense at the same time, and in a very dirty bundle. His act was however a result of fear as well as jealousy: for at this period war had commenced between Russia and Turkey; and Capo D'Istria, an Ionian, though president of Greece, was still the Czar's agent, seeking to stir the island Greeks to insurrection against England. Her government was represented by him as being in various ways tyrannical, and Adam, timid as all weak men are when danger is to be probed, thought Capo D'Istria formidable, and therefore sought to render his own government agreeable to the Ionians by lowering its just powers. This was a strange way to conciliate men who were aiming to destroy it altogether; but Cephalonia offered him the means of

combining the remedy for his fears with the gratification of malignant feelings towards its Resident. Pretending that the people were oppressed by the public works, he with the cunning of a fool, masked or rather marked his fear of Capo D'Istria, by depriving Charles Napier of all controul over the public works, transferring it to the regent and municipality, with many new and pernicious rules, but all directed to acquire that momentary shameful popularity which greets the bending of just power before insolent pretension. With this introduction the nature of the act will be learned from the following strictures written after experience of its working.

" Strictures. This act cannot bear examination in respect of foreign policy, internal policy, or island improvement. What care need the Ionian government have for any power, while protected by the strong arm of England? None, if its acts be just. Capo D'Istria can scarcely maintain his own power, and the government of these islands may despise him. When some one spoke to the French general Donzelot, during his government here, of danger from Capo D'Istria, he asked—How many soldiers has he in Corfu? None. Very well, I have a thousand! The point to consider is whether, being all-powerful, we are just? Whether we give to weakness and hostility the alliance of public opinion? Let us then consider the conduct of the Corfu government towards Cephalonia.

" It issued originally an act to form roads by corvée, but laid down nothing special, leaving all to the local government. Now, after six years' progress, taking no heed of such long experience by those engaged on the work, it issues a new act with minute details, which should clearly have been first issued, and the alterations called for by experience should have followed. Capo D'Istria of course says, with seeming truth, Oh ho! you avow a course of oppression for six years, and confirm the confession by an act of parliament: you can no longer call it an enemy's

aspersion! When I, who know your tricks, was in disgrace and obscurity you had no pity on the Ionians: now, being in power you fear me, and the people get from your fear what their groans could not get from your justice. What weakness! But Capo D'Istria knows not the full extent of this weakness. No oppression, no injustice, has been perpetrated in Cephalonia, and the people dare not complain openly of any without being instantly put to shame as liars. To say no man met with injustice in the course of six years' work on the roads none but an idiot would assert, but the whole in principle and practice has been thoroughly just. How weak then to change a good system from fear of Capo D'Istria; how weak to be bullied out of right, not into right, and thus avow that right was wrong from fear. If wrong has happened in the other islands, it should be corrected without this exhibition of mistrust in our own strength, and therefore for external policy this new act is silly and contemptible.

"As to internal policy, when blind men ride hard, and ignorance becomes vigorous in legislation, great is the danger. The Cephalonian peasant is idle, fond of shooting, gambling, and lawsuits; for these he sacrifices tillage, family and substance; yet from under population and the great demand for workmen, labour is so paid that two days' wages enables him to spend five on his pleasures: the indolence natural in a warm climate is thus fostered, and policy dictates the disarming of the peasants, and the stimulating their industry. The corvée did this. Had it admitted exemption for a privileged class it would have been an insufferable cruelty and injustice; but as it embraced all men, like that established in America, it was just, and being necessary was useful. Still this question remains, How far may forced labour be justly demanded by a government? My conviction was, that four days in each month is not too much for men who can in three months earn full subsistence for a year; the other nine months being

spent in idleness or worse. The general government decided that one day in a fortnight should be the rule, and so it was for six years. At first it caused great discontent, the people could not even see the use of roads: latterly they saw the advantage, and their displeasure so far abated as to last only while the day's work was being exacted.

"What has been the moral effect? Instead of thinking, as before, that labour was disgraceful, they are grown to be good workmen, cheerful workmen, and have no longer shame at working for themselves. Being deprived of guns, and seeing British officers work with them, the use of the spade is no longer a mark of extreme poverty; and it is beyond question, that the industry of the male peasants has increased and fewer women are put to the spade. Moreover the men, when working in common with the British soldiers for the public did not feel humbled in their own estimation. There was also another co-operating stimulus to industry. Those who know the Greek character are aware that for nothing save sensual indulgence will they disburse money. This is the case with all half-civilized nations; and is here so strong, that even the more educated enlightened classes will never speculate on future profit: many sound projects have been ruined because the projector would not advance capital. This feeling has caused numbers of men who abhorred labour even for their own advantage, to take up the spade: rather than lay down the shilling fine for absence from the corvée they threw off their jackets and turned to with spirit. The Resident worked, the engineer worked, British sergeants and soldiers worked: who then could laugh at or contemn work? No one did. Having worked for government they now in numbers work for themselves; and the women of several districts praise the corvée, saying—Our men do not leave all the digging to us, and we have time at home to spin.

"Another fact to be noted is, that the men on corvée do now three times as much labour in a day as they did at first;

and have acquired a quickness and industry and knowledge, apparent to every one, in their mode of extracting rocks, building dry stone walls, banking up ground; it is a source of admiration to themselves and to those who have witnessed their progress. They will now clear ground for cultivation that they would not have even looked at before; and the seeing fine roads carried through precipices and over rocks where only goats could pass previously, has awakened them to industry and enterprise: labour has thus become fashionable with the peasants instead of disreputable.

"The Cephalonian peasant had been idle because the government gave him no security for the fruit of industry; because high wages enabled him to live with little work; because he loved shooting, gambling and tending goats. The Resident of Cephalonia looked to these things when fixing the corvée at four days in a month; that was diminished by Sir F. Adam, influenced by cunning gentlemen, who seeing payments were regulated by the quantity of labour, looked to diminish their contributions in lieu thereof. But opening the fertile valleys of Cephalonia by roads has been declared *not useful* by some Grecian and English oracles. This I leave to men's opinion; it sufficed for me that the lord high commissioner and his parliament ordered roads to be made, and I made them: the public approved, and though the paradoxical assisted the coffee-house keepers' trade by their harangues, their doctrines vanished with the smoke of their own pipes.

"When the quota of labour to be demanded from the poorer classes was fixed, the payments by those who did not like work were to be regulated. My first idea was to fix it by the extent of property; but it was soon found that it would be more easy to fix it by classes, and would be as just: Cephalonia contains such variety of ground, flat, hilly, fertile, sterile, public, private, townships, commons, woods, and all with such uncertain boundaries, that to determine any man's property was difficult. Vast tracts were in dis-

pute; vast tracts usurped; there were great obstacles without proportional means for overcoming them: for to the difficulty of ascertaining ownership for rating the corvée, would be added enormous perjury and fraud, and the extent of property could not be a good rule. Count Carburi is perhaps the poorest gentleman of Cephalonia, yet possesses a vast, and rich territory if he had capital to work it up: it now produces nothing, yet must be taken at a fair value! The practical difficulties of this mode were enormous, but as no gentleman had to pay above five pounds yearly, by dividing them into six classes and taxing the highest five the lowest one pound, seemed a fair and not an onerous system: and to ease those who worked, instead of paying, a seventh class was established, permitted to buy off any particular day of labour at the cost of tenpence.

"The next point was to allow of no privileged class and no shirkers. The Resident voluntarily paid more than the richest gentleman; all other English gentlemen receiving island pay also gave their proportion: none were exempt save some extremely indigent priests, who had no just excuse for not working; but to have compelled them to do so in their religious costume would have rendered this priest-ridden community furious. These few were therefore exempt, but all others, priest and layman, paid or laboured. The measure thus established was just, and therefore rigorously enforced: and in two years the roads would have been finished and the corvée terminated, if an ignorant imbecile administration of the general finances for four years at Corfu had not interfered. Such was my road system, calculated to correct idle habits, if supported by just administration, and a disarmament. It was not oppressive, it was impartial, and finally extremely œconomical. Instead of borrowing from the public chest, as happened at Corfu to the amount of eighty thousand dollars, we saved above fifty thousand, half in hard dollars: the remainder was lent to make moles. And with all this saving we have made many more miles of road, over

rocky and stupendous mountains, than have been made in all the other islands together. The Cephalonian roads are good and great works, those in the other islands are ordinary roads, through flat ground generally, except at Cerigo, where the Cephalonian system was adopted, and with a like success!

"My mode of enforcing the road-work was by giving extra work to idle labourers; but for this offence, if it was repeated, a fortnight's extra tasks was the maximum: the law would have awarded six months' imprisonment, whereas my ordinary punishment was but two days extra. I personally examined all cases not of a trifling nature; for the corvée was unpopular, and perjury is so very common in Cephalonia, that fifty or sixty perjuries would be committed in the law courts in one day. It was clear, and frequent trials proved it, that the whole corvée party would deliberately swear that every word spoken by the overseer was false. By the courts of law therefore no misconduct could be punished, but the Resident having the power of the high police used it as above. The question was whether this should be, or the roads stopped; for the general government had made no law on the subject as it ought to have done. This system has been upset by the new act and the work is interminable; the men may come, but there is no punishment for not working: the labour applied decreases daily, and must come to an end from inanition. Meanwhile the expence is doubled, because everything, a gutter or a milestone, must be estimated for separately, and await confirmation from Corfu: that is, after approval by men whose ignorance regarding such matters is proved by the enormous expences of their own roads!

"Those who framed the act, by the act shew their ignorance: any but an Ionian legislator would know that estimates must be on a large scale; and the engineer ought to be made answerable for working within his estimate, as we did at Cephalonia. Now down come the new estimates

when they have been studied, and not comprehended by the senate, and when the working season has passed away. If approved it is bad; if not approved it is worse: bad, because instead of hiring men by the year at the cheapest time, we must double wages to get them for the job if we can, after the last season for work is gone! Worse, because time and money are both lost and no work is done!

"My personal mortification is not slight. For six years public works had been carried on with rapidity, œconomy and success. Everything is upset by this new act. No general act can suit all the islands, and common sense prescribed a previous consultation with those best acquainted with local interests. The act is, in this island, calculated to enfeeble government; giving the wild mountaineers licence for, and the habit of abusing and defying authority: to stop the works altogether would be better. The diminution of labour, which was too little before, will also encourage idleness and unsettle the habits of the people again. The not allowing of substitutes, in the old system, stopped oppression by the gentlemen; it was easier also to the peasant, who then paid a quarter dollar for a day's work: now he cannot get a substitute for less than a dollar. He complains, and the exemption to numerous strong, idle, rich fellows in Argostoli and Luxuri, gives just cause for discontent: numbers of peasants also go to Luxuri and say they are servants; thus a privileged class is re-established.

"Allowing the regent and municipal body to decide on works is a sure way to stop all improvement: they will never tax themselves. My mole and market-place, and other improvements of Argostoli, were effected in despite of that body, which moved heaven and earth to baffle me: had this act been passed seven years ago Argostoli would be now what it was then. And the mode of raising the funds by the new act leaves the country gentlemen to value their own property; consequently the greatest liar is least taxed, for the municipal body will not swear him to facts, unless from some

family feud, or because the lie is too outrageous: they do not want to call forth remarks on their own property. Suppose he is sworn, he perjures himself and gets a premium for his crime. Is this legislation? Laws should never be based on conscience, because bad men evade them of course. As to the points on which *the people justly complained* —using Colonel Rudsdell's words, I know not what they were, and therefore can say nothing; but well I know there were none in this island in principle; and as to practice none was designed, though some abuses must of course have happened unknown to the higher authorities."

These strictures shew that Sir F. Adam sought to cover his jealousy by imputing oppression, and assuming as the ground of that imputation the very measures which proved the excellence of the system he condemned. He sought also to depreciate it by a pretended commiseration for sufferings which did not exist, indirectly indicating the Resident as an oppressor, while he was himself negligently permitting the foulest cruelty to be perpetrated, as exhibited in the following notes.

"Notes. Here is Ionian justice! a man in prison for a year, and under sentence of death without even an accusation against him. Here is another condemned to eight months' imprisonment in irons: the Judge-Advocate Fiscal appeals, thinking him innocent; and at the end of thirteen months the appeal is decided against the prisoner, who has remained all that time in prison, and is now to endure in addition, the original sentence!" Again. "Four men are acquitted of murder, and the same judge-advocate appeals against the acquittal, thinking them guilty; they are kept waiting eleven months, and then the acquittal is confirmed: innocent, in the eyes of the supreme tribunal, they have been kept imprisoned nearly a year by that tribunal! And Sir Frederick Adam heaps honours on the perpetrators of these sins!"

Pass now to worse cruelty, as affecting numbers, and springing, not from feebleness and negligence but personal

jealousy, which Adam gratified at the expense of a whole people's welfare! All the islands were at this time trembling at an impending evil, vitally menacing their dawning prosperity, and the commercial men of Cephalonia bethought themselves of a petition to the king for relief. The Resident at their request framed one, some extracts from which will shew the nature of the evil and the remedy.

"Our mountainous and rocky island has been as it were transformed into a vast vineyard, at great cost of labour and money; rocks have been torn up and made to form the boundaries of those fields which they formerly covered, seemingly in defiance of man's industry. That this is not an exaggeration your majesty will believe when we humbly state a simple fact, which the custom-house books will verify, namely, that in the year 1820 our currants were but five millions pounds weight, and now are ten millions and annually augmenting. This has not been caused by abandoning other cultivation, or turning fruitful fields into more fruitful vineyards, but by reducing rocky ground to fertile land, effected by the energy of all ranks, whose money and personal qualities, would otherwise have been lost in the struggle on the continent of Greece. On this superb produce depends not only our happiness and tranquillity but our actual existence! The noble supports his house, the peasant his children by this rich gift of nature, which for some years has rendered us comfortable and happy: but unless your majesty will now protect us, Cephalonia must again fall into the state of misery from which your arms and subsequent policy relieved it.

"While the whole of our currants were consumed in England they were all purchased by English merchants; and your ministers justly said, that with such a demand they could not fairly to the revenue lower the enormous tax on the commodity levied in England: it was a luxury for which consumers were willing to pay, and they were numerous enough to take all our produce. Time has changed this.

Your English subjects buy a smaller quantity, while that produced has been doubled by our industry: of eight millions pounds weight of currants produced last year, six millions, as we are credibly informed by the English merchants, remain unsold in their magazines. A crop calculated at nearly ten millions now loads our vines, a crop such as never was before seen in the island. This beautiful sight, where the bounty of the Almighty has united with a just government and the people's industry to produce an enormous quantity of fruit, causes, strange to say, a general and justly-founded alarm. We can live by, but we cannot live upon our currants: and if we shall not find a sale in the season the misfortune will be direct immediate and terrible. Those who are in a better state will become poor, and the poor will starve.

"We do not speak of the rich for there are none such; there are no capitalists; the sale of our fruit in summer feeds us in winter; and if this resource fails, nought remains for the larger proprietors but misery, and for the rest emigration, which has already taken place to a great extent in all the islands. Much of this is undoubtedly to be attributed to the hallucination of adventure, excited by the present state of the Peloponnesus; but a sudden cessation of sale for our produce would go near to depopulate this island, for the whole of our peasants are proprietors, and if the returns of their land are not immediate they starve. Thus the objection of your majesty's ministers to a reduction of the duty no longer holds good: purchasers have disappeared from the market. It is true that we have not yet suffered, but we have the strongest reason to believe, that unless the duty is immediately lowered we shall suffer: and there will be evident loss also to your majesty's treasury. Such being the case the coming winter threatens to be one of woe to this island."

This enormous increase in the produce of Cephalonia, was the result of Charles Napier's government; of his road-

making, and teaching of the peasants how to prop their mountain terraces and bring rocky land into cultivation: in fine those very measures which Sir F. Adam was treating as oppressive from a base fear of Capo d'Istria. Let the fate of this petition speak for the protecting care of the two men. The copy of it was thus endorsed by Charles Napier in 1831. "This memorial was written by me for the people of Cephalonia at the request of the regent, and the large growers of fruit: they were much pleased, and it would have had the signatures of *every man in Cephalonia*, but it was stopped by Sir F. Adam, who told them *he would get the tax repealed*. This was in 1828, and now in 1831 the tax still continues! The truth is Sir Frederick well knew who was the author, and it gave too much satisfaction to the people to give any to him."

All this negligence and folly and foul government, caused great suffering and increased emigration: it cast a blight over the rising prosperity and the hopes of the islanders, which has rendered them, especially in Cephalonia, discontented ever since. Cephalonia has indeed been pronounced an essentially rebellious community, the Ireland of the Ionian states: it was not so under Charles Napier, nor when Lord Seaton ruled the islands. But deeply as the Resident felt his wrongs, it was for the public more than himself, and with all imaginable diligence and honest purpose, he strove to render the new system as little pernicious as possible. Those measures which he had still permission to controul he directed to good; where the system controuled him he sought to enlighten the Corfu government as to the true interests of the people, and with that view early in 1829 composed the subjoined state papers.

"MEMOIR ON THE FINANCES OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

"The vast resources of these islands compared with their financial difficulties has made me reflect upon the matter, that so far as my power extends I may not add to [illegible]

ties actually existing, and those rapidly approaching. These difficulties spring from two causes—the first being the extravagance of the Ionian government; the second the burthen laid on the island treasury by the British government.

"In considering the first the following distinct branches are presented.

"1°. The extravagant system arisen from the constitution established by Sir Thomas Maitland, and which no lord high commissioner can alter.

"2°. The extravagant mode in which Sir Thomas gave effect to his extravagant constitution: it was said to be necessary to his system, but in my opinion was not so. His œconomy was bad, positively bad in itself, though compared with Adam's it was admirable, but bad were the means employed to give it effect.

"3°. Sir F. Adam's greater extravagance, which is absolutely ruinous, and of incalculable evil to Zante and Cephalonia, by draining the specie from those islands to expend in Corfu. The people of the latter are thus supported by an act of injustice to the former; and yet without desirable advantages to the Corfiotes; for as they gain their money without enterprize or industry, so they continue idle and unprosperous, trusting to Cephalonia and Zante as Spain did to her Indian possessions.

"These three branches of the first cause, require each a distinct examination; they are of the rills which swell the torrent of expence now threatening ruin to the islands, and which Sir Frederick is vainly striving to oppose with acts of parliament, estimates, and other things equally futile. Amongst these are the proceedings in the courts of justice: a strange assertion, but to be proved in its proper place. It shall be shewn also, that Sir Frederick's ill success is to be wholly attributed to a mistaken view of the subject under consideration. He has been unable to trace effects to causes, and by trying to deal with the former instead of the latter, has been overwhelmed while striving for good.

"Sir Thomas Maitland's constitution stands first for investigation. The islands contain altogether a population about equal to a third class city of England, which is, or may be well ruled by a mayor and corporation; and surely this, not exceeding population of the islands divided into seven parts might be ruled by a small municipal body in each. But as these islands are torn by factions exactly as they were in ancient days, to this municipal body—here called the *Regent and Municipality*, has been added a commandant from the ruling nation, called by Sir Thomas Maitland *The Resident of the Lord High Commissioner*. So far indeed all was good, cheap and practical; but more was required to unite the seven states' governments, each supreme in its own island. Every paramount nation has always appointed its own chief, ours is called lord high commissioner, to combine check and overrule the local governments and commandants of each island. This also was wise cheap and simple, and in this state Maitland found the islands. He was certainly a man of talent, and it is difficult to understand why he altered the system. A change of name, from commandant to resident, signified nothing, and a better regulation of the local governments might have been necessary and good: but he altered the system of general government.

"Instead of retaining the old form of lord high commissioner, or what was better understood by these people, *general commanding*, with a council of seven—one from each island, with his military and civil secretaries, he made a constitution, with a senate, a legislative assembly, an ecclesiastical establishment, and a *temporary* judicial establishment. Names are nothing, and however ridiculous the pomposity of calling his council a senate might appear to the English, and to the acute satirical natives, there was no harm: but why give them enormous pay, exceeding the private fortunes of the richest inhabitants? Why appoint a legislative assembly also, with enormous pay; that is enormous for

a body which should have had no existence. A parliament for these states is expensive and mischievous; because it is not, and cannot be a representative body; because its cost is beyond what the revenue can afford, and it is ridiculed by the people. It cannot be a representative body either, because the population is small, divided into seven portions, and in each portion or island, every man woman and child is of some violent faction. These factions are both general and local, and the general takes two forms.

"1°. *The Political.* Always the Ionians have been adverse to the nation ruling them, whether French, English, Venetian, Turkish or Russian: our partizans are our bayonets, and people in office—we have no other. A Greek serves whoever pays him, and while you pay he may be trusted. But there are French, English, and Russian factions, and all violent. The English are most powerful because holding the treasury; for there are very few Greeks who would not assassinate the head of his own party for a dollar: they are to be pitied for this demoralization, but it is a fact to be guarded against, though not to be cast in their teeth.

"2°. *Island Factions.* The islands of Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia, detest each other: nothing would be more acceptable to each, than an expedition to destroy man, woman and child of the other islands. Then their several local factions, springing from ancient feuds between old families, or feuds between villages about boundaries: and there are minor feuds about lawsuits, and in all the violence is so great, that the presence of troops alone prevents bloodshed. Hardly a man exists who would not, if he dare, put his enemy to death; and as we prevent open violence they seek revenge by perjury when opportunity offers. Exceptions there are, but only three have come to my knowledge in a ten years' residence amongst them. How can such a population have a real representation? Moreover the parliament is virtually nominated by the lord high commis-

sioner—that is the only good part; but if he is to form it of his creatures why have it? Let him rule alone, or with a council: that would please the Greeks, for they know and say they cannot have a real representation, and ridicule the expensive mummery.

"*Ecclesiastical establishment.* This may be necessary, yet is on so bad a footing it would take volumes to expose its defects. I know how all ecclesiastic expence to the revenue could be saved, having had all convent affairs of this island in my hands for six years: yet in vain have I shewn to the government the loss it sustains under the present system.

"*Judicial establishment.* Ill regulated and expensive. A new system is threatened: will it be better? I suspect, reasoning from analogy, that it will be worse. However I am no advocate for saving here, but wish the vast sums expended should produce proportionate effect. Sir Frederick is completely lawyer-ridden by the supreme council of justice. Mr. Kirkpatrick is an honest man, and when he is present things go on with some safety; but when absent the bit is clapped into Adam's mouth, winkers on his eyes, and the Greek members ride their own pace. What safety can there be for men when their cases are judged from the examination, not of witnesses but reports of evidence? Is it not a strange justice to hang men on a judgment formed by reading a trial which acquits them! hang them on the verdict of judges who never even saw prisoners or witnesses! A system must be bad when a man may be hanged by judges in whose presence he never stood! There is also another strange part of our judicial system. Proceedings are carried on in the Italian language, and peasants, speaking only Greek, hear their lives or deaths discussed without comprehending a word. All the wretch knows is that his lawyer turns round at last and tells him he is to be hanged. The horror of this can only be fully estimated by those who know the virulence of faction in

these islands: but the evils are too numerous to state here, it is an Augean stable, and Adam is no Hercules.

"Sir Frederick multiplies checks upon small offenders, but spares the greater; and in two years we have had three complete changes of system in our judicial and executive police: the last by far the worst! Our smaller tribunals and police hardly know the details of one system when out comes another: acts of parliament are sent forth in such quantity as to be a public amusement. All this causes expense, no one fears punishment, and the supreme council secures injustice and extravagance. Mr. Kirkpatrick, the head, is exonerated; he is an upright man and said to be a good lawyer: but he cannot be always present, nor always prove malpractices when aware of them; moreover the power of punishing such practices is not with him but with Adam. It is not by exorbitant salaries to the supreme court that justice is to be obtained; nor is a check put to expence by the new system of referring all crimes to law: that increases cost by increasing the demand for people to carry on the law proceedings. I know what prejudices will rise up in fury, when I say the free use of despotic power is far preferable to law; nay! that it is absolutely necessary in these Grecian islands: yet I do say it. Foster all institutions which educate the people, schools, a free press, &c.; they are good, and they are compatible with the despotism I mean: but we have to deal with an ignorant demoralized people, whose occupation is to rob and injure each other:—one fact of a hundred shall be adduced in illustration. Sixty-five peasants perjured themselves in one day, to take the life of a prisoner, innocent but belonging to another faction! Often have the judges told me they are afraid to pass sentence upon direct testimony, however strong, unless supported by circumstantial evidence!

"In this state, amongst a people with whom perjury is a passion, Sir F. Adam's system of innumerable acts of parliament, composed with great ignorance and referring all

breaches of law to the tribunals, is bad; it creates criminals and increases law to a degree that produces idleness, debt, misery and expence to public and individual. A vigorous ruler, studying the Greek character and the general barbarism, would have no parliament for a community so small and factious. Few laws, well composed and vigorously executed, would be his system; but he would make every possible exertion to educate the people socially and politically. As to the last we are permitted to have one government press, where to print a book costs a far greater sum than to send it to Trieste or Venice or Malta: thus all opposition is offered to literature, for which these people thirst, and which might be made a source of revenue. But carried away by my reflections I have deviated in some degree from my subject. However, I repeat, that the judicial system is badly managed, and bad management is synonymous with expence. Our judicial system is a failure, and one without excuse, except the inebriate idleness of Maitland, who could perhaps have done better; and the zealous weakness of Adam, who cannot do better: he is a pilot who in a storm would abandon the helm to coil up a rope!"

This memoir was followed by another, extracts from which shew how all authority was being shaken in Cephalonia by the silly jealousy of Sir F. Adam.

"The mountain districts will soon become inaccessible to the civil power. The causes are four. 1°. Barbarism. 2°. Habits of perjury. 3°. The new road act. 4°. Foreign influence. The first is most important, but the measures taken for public instruction will produce good according to their wisdom, and great benefit will doubtless result from the recent establishment of schools. The last signifies little if dealt with wisely. The second and third demand investigation.

"Perjury flourishes so that social order is nearly destroyed: no person in authority can find protection from evil

men. The peasantry, being in clans, swear their clansmen through any difficulty; and the judge cannot sentence against evidence. Constables must be foreigners or natives. If the first all factions join against him and against the law. If the second, he is inevitably connected with some faction, and becomes a partizan with power instead of an executor of the law. This evil, which is one of the great supports of feudalism, has long existed; but the French and English governments have generally been too vigorous for the people to try the force of perjury against their officers until lately: they knew not their own force until the new road act taught them the secret. For previously there was the high police power to protect constables; now that power is, with respect to the roads, paralyzed by the new act, which expressly deprives the Resident of authority with respect to the corvée. An overseer is here considered of higher authority than a constable: many accept that office who would disdain the other. Yet, since this new act the overseers have been bullied and stoned; for that act does not provide against either process; and not only do the offenders escape, but the overseer who proceeds against one in any form is immediately accused of some grave crime, and a crowd of perjurers attest the fact!

"Thus taught, they are extending their experiments now to the constables. Should I in such cases use the power of the high police? I think not. That powerful engine should not remedy a defect in law, which law ought itself to remedy. Were it one solitary bold defiance of law, the police power could be wisely applied in correction: but here are men, not defying, but confiding in law to protect them unjustly against the agents of the law who act honestly in discharge of duty! Such an evil demands, not sudden unusual police interference but radical legislative cure. The evil is in the protection bad men find in the law for opposition to the law: there is more safety in the breach than in the observance of law. An overseer cannot do his duty without danger, and

if he neglects it the peasant is idle, and the public welfare suffers; but if he takes bribes he is safe: this is exactly what happens.

"Remedy. The first step against perjury is to abolish the thing called the *decree*, made by Theotoky under the French rule. It does no credit to those who composed it, and is not worth comment; yet, as guiding our judges, the abolition would be beneficial, seeing that a certain security is given to perjury by the foolish thing. Perhaps the new code now preparing will provide against this evil; but the framers should be told that power must be given to some man or body of men to act with a vigour beyond the ordinary form of law: for if power of that nature is not conferred the code will not put down the evil, the evil will put down the code! As to the road act, total repeal is the true remedy; but as that is not likely to be, those portions of it which produce resistance to authority should be amended. Road work is a temporary affair, and when completed done with for ever. Why then should the Resident not be trusted with power to enforce the work? Whether such authority as the Resident's should exist at all may be disputed: I however agree with Maitland, who established it, saying the state of society demanded such power. I told him it was freely used by me in the road affairs, as necessary until they were completed; for otherwise the torment of the corvée would last for years: he agreed and my opinion remains the same."

Can the picture painted in these memoirs, be regarded without indignation at the imbecility and wickedness of the man who, from personal jealousy, thus pulled down the noble social structure rising under a benevolent genius? Charles Napier had opened the springs of material prosperity for sixty thousand people and their descendants. He had in a great measure changed their morals by introducing industry, honesty, and useful knowledge, where idleness vio-

lence and falsehood had before prevailed; and just when the light of civilization was dawning on the land, Sir F. Adam interposed the dull cloud of folly, charged with malignity, to wither nascent virtues and revive sinking vices! Is the vengeance of history sufficient punishment for such a criminal arresting of human progress?

TENTH EPOCH.

FIFTH PERIOD.

SUCH expositions as the foregoing memoirs present were not calculated to obtain favour, and the machinations of their author's enemies were now in full activity, though not yet shewn in full dishonour: meanwhile, incapable of mean feelings, he thus wrote in August: "I still personally like Adam, he is only weak and misled, and under existing circumstances, as Pitt used to say, we may go on: but I can no longer do the good I did in Maitland's time." Thus treating the past, and expecting no more enmity, his correspondence was as lively and frank as ever.

"Miss Napier. I have begun a theatre with immense stones fallen from the ancient walls of Kranea; they were underground, could never be seen, and would have been destroyed by the peasants. Their origin shall be noted in an inscription on the theatre. So Seymour Bathurst is married: if he gets as good a wife as she does a husband he will be happy. Being my cousin, this is much to say. Generally I have not affection for my male cousins: on principle I hate them in a lump, but love a few female ones in practice. Seymour is as good as he looks, no small compliment to appearance or heart. No one can say so much for me; for though really a right good fellow; 'a moral well meaning man who wishes to do all for the best,' I am so thin, so sharp, so black, so Jewish, so rascally, so knavish a looking son of a gun, that mayhap nature never turned such a one before out of her lathe. She could not have turned me, the tools would have been blunted.

The north-east wind turns south-west when it meets me on the mountains; the thermometer falls to freezing point under my look; and while shaving I admire my own courage in trusting a razor in the hands of such an ill-looking rascal as the glass reflects. Well God send I may not be hanged, for unless more fat and less modesty comes, it will be impossible for me to assert my innocence at the gibbet. My horse kicked me yesterday for no apparent reason; he must have thought I was going to steal his shoes. Give my best love to lady Georgina Bathurst. Is she as beautiful as ever?"

"Jan. 1830. I am glad you mean to live a hundred years, my wish is for all I love to outlive me; yet I think my life will last until unable to walk without treading on the tombstone of some one dear to me: one thing is however certain, I shall never waste away, until mummies perspire, and skeletons grow greasy. What makes you think I overwork myself? When I reflect how well England pays us, my feeling is that the account cannot be fairly balanced; much less that more has been done for it than there ought to be. If those who employ me are satisfied that my work is enough, well and good; at the same time I hope they won't ask my own opinion on the subject."

He felt now that his career of usefulness was ended, and though his strong spirit would not yield outwardly, his private notes indicate that he took leave of his great works as a father of his children; and a noble family they were both as to stature and propriety: their cost would be incredible if not proved by authentic documents as follows. One hundred and thirty-four miles of road had been constructed over mountains as high and rugged as the Cenis; and only twenty-one miles were incomplete, though passable for mules, when the control was taken from his hands. One hundred and thirteen therefore were fit for carriages, ninety-six having been cut or blasted through the living rock. On their course many bridges had been cast, some of cut stone; milestones and guarding parapets had been raised, and the

whole cost of this stupendous operation was—the Angheria being set aside, but seventeen thousand, eight hundred and forty-nine pounds! This gave for the carriage portion an average of only one hundred and fifty pounds a mile, including bridges, and small dwellings of refuge for the overseers in wild parts. And to his own unceasing vigilance and arrangement the œconomy was due; for labour and materials were not cheaper than in England, and the difficulty of procuring them was greater. His other works, of great utility and beauty, are thus noticed.

"1829. The lighthouse on the Guardiani Island, and that of St. Theodoro are completed, and do honour to Kennedy's architectural taste: and this year will be completed the road up the Black Mountain. It is a bold and magnificent undertaking, and if I don't carry it on who will? No one! My Maltese colony goes on admirably, though everybody was against it except myself, Curling, and Kennedy—and Cambici, an island gentleman of talent high honour and large property. My two market-places cost, together, less than five thousand pounds; and in the first year revenue was received, much of the capital paid off, and the unredeemed portion now yields 8 per cent. Had my general plan not been rendered abortive by the Corfu government, a pier would also have been made at Luxuri where shipping could have rode in safety; and as the rents of shops would then have doubled, the revenue would have been immense. Kennedy thinks that laying out many projects at once will induce government to finish them: but the mass of men do not comprehend works until their full effect is produced, and meanwhile deem the labour thrown away. Much work is lost by tardy completion, we cannot command the future; and incomplete works are generally failures in the end, because new men from vanity prefer their own projects to finishing other men's conceptions."

Noticing a transfer of the Custom-house and sanitary office, which he had effected, and the establishment of a

public bakery to bring the private bread traders to reason, he then shews,—that the first had produced a yearly saving of more than sixteen hundred dollars; and the latter, organized early in 1827 had in 1830 yielded a profit of nearly five hundred dollars, besides reducing very considerably and permanently the price of bread. But the manner in which this last improvement was effected, in violation of the dogmas of political economy, with a beneficial result, was afterwards made by Sir F. Adam matter of charge against him, as oppression; wherefore the answer shall be given here rather than in its chronological order.

"1830. Sir F. Adam, Kennedy tells me you were annoyed at hearing I had quartered soldiers on the bakers at Cephalonia in 1826: — that you said it was hard such things could be done without your knowledge. But so doing was only what the constitution empowered me to do: you were not then in the islands, and if you had been there was not time for reference. Under Sir Thos. Maitland I always acted on my own responsibility, because he told me to do so: under Ponsonby also, because his system was the same; but with you only on emergence, because you did not like it. The constitution permitted my action on this occasion, because the Resident is charged to preserve the public peace, which was on the point of being broken, the bakers having refused to supply bread. Two days had thus passed, when the *regent* proposed to me the casting of the bakers into prison, according to former custom on such occasions. The populace was justly indignant against them; but to put men in gaol to force them to bake was ridiculous, and would have failed, as it had often done before. It was at best a bad expedient, and a severe one, whereas we wanted a sure means to check the evil at the moment, and provide against its recurrence. The permanent remedy was the establishment of the convent bakery without any privilege: the expedient of the moment was to quarter a soldier on each baker.

"By this two objects were gained:—the baker was protected from violence, and the angry people were supplied with bread. Had constables been employed, they would have been bribed, been in fear of the baker's feudal protector, or had some relationship to him: thus the whole plan would have been defeated, and the people without bread at a moment of great political discontent. The putting bakers in prison being severe and ineffectual, while the quartering of soldiers was effectual and lenient, and both being constitutional and at the moment justifiable, it was right that I should choose the least severe and most effectual measure, for vigour means effect, not severity. I reported the transaction to General Ponsonby, I never have concealed any of my acts; and always doing what appears to me right, I am never afraid of responsibility: when the public sees that no private ends influence a man's conduct, it sooner or later bears him through everything."

It may now be comprehended that his great works were not the only difficulties he overcame, nor the only benefits he conferred, and designed for Cephalonia. But one of his great projects remains to be noticed, namely, an attempt to drain the historically pestilent marsh of Kranea near Argostoli. Lying between the foot of a mountain and the sea, it offered no sufficient fall for ordinary draining; and Charles Napier, applying his own theory of malaria, judged that the peculiar malignancy sprung from the meeting of the salt water with the decayed matters brought down by the fresh water pouring over the marsh. Hence to bar this junction and fill up the rotten ground, he projected a catch-water ditch, crescent-shaped, to cut off the marsh from the mountain waters. At each end was to be a tank, so contrived with sluices and aqueducts, that the intercepted waters should deposit their earthy spoils in the tanks, and then run clear off by the aqueducts into the sea, *beyond* the meeting of the salt and fresh waters. This deposit, with other materials, was then to be applied to the filling up of the marsh,

which, when cut off from the mountain drains, would soon dry up under the Ionian sun. This noble project was for years continually opposed by the Corfu government, but on his departure was adopted in all the details, and the merit of originality assumed by those who had so long retarded the execution: it is not however yet completed.

In 1830 Adam projected a new code of taxation so entirely unsuitable that the Resident of Cephalonia again felt it a duty to point out the defects as bearing on that island, and by an unsparing dissection increased the hatred then fermenting in secret. Indeed Sir Frederick's jealousy was so malignant that he would willingly have destroyed all the Cephalonian works; and being compelled to leave that to time and neglect resolved to ruin their author. His course of proceeding was very base, and founded on false accusations of misgovernment; wherefore, previous to entering upon that subject, it is fitting that his own system of government should be known from Charles Napier's notes, drawn up after long consideration and experience.

Notes on the Ionian Islands.

"Faults run so through all the intricacies of this government that its frame is like that of a man broken on the wheel. A lord high commissioner, and a president of the senate, having higher pay than the American president, are not necessary for two hundred thousand souls. A legislature of two houses, all paid, is not necessary. A host of secretaries, all paid at the highest English rates are not necessary: a general sanita, a general custom-house office, and a general treasury, are not necessary.

"Why this word general? Take the sanita. All that touches the public health depends on the local offices in each island; they cannot wait for orders from Corfu, which are also incredibly foolish. Two men died of plague, and long after they were buried came an order directing a peculiar treatment for cure! Answer, dead. Some weeks later

came full instructions for burying them! Answer, Bodies of plague victims are not kept as curiosities, they are buried at once. This general office costs enormous sums: so do the others but the name serves as an excuse for high pay.

"The supreme council of justice is immoderately costly, and its decisions proverbially the result of bribery and faction.

"Another unnecessary expence is having a major-general and a commandant of the citadel. Their duties could be done by the lieutenant-general; or rather, a lieutenant-general should not be here, a major-general could do the duties of all three. The lieutenant-general, who is also lord high commissioner, has not much to do: Adam indeed makes business, but does not do business. The commandant of the citadel is a farce, every one knows it was made for Ponsonby: there is no duty. Nor are a quartermaster and adjutant-general with large salaries required; a brigade-major is sufficient.

"Now comes a mountain of destruction—the *engineer establishments civil and military*. The extravagance, the waste of this department, is the subject of general criticism. I will not here touch on their works, although those give much discontent; and it seems to me, we need no greater works than satisfied the French when they had no fleet, while we command the seas.

"As to the civil engineer, to show the knavery and folly pervading all the civil public works at Corfu, let a comparison be made between the cost of the temple on the esplanade of Corfu, with that of a similar edifice for a light-house at Point Theodore in Cephalonia; the cost of an ugly market-place, at Corfu, with a beautiful one at Luxuri; the cost of roads per mile in Corfu and Cephalonia.

"Now let the principles of action in each island be compared.

"Sir F. Adam has adopted, it is said by the advice of Mr. Baynes secretary to the senate, the imbecile principle,

that the government is to examine and decide upon and direct all things, all details. This is an old stupid theory of all weak heads: *maintaining the chain of authority.* This maxim has been bandied down from fool to fool for hundreds of years; and for the same time ridiculed by men of sense, because a more complete fallacy never danced a maze in a wittol's brains. Everything is to emanate from the head, like rays from the sun, quere, the fool's face at the top? The chain of responsibility is to be preserved. But if the head is bad? Eh! Then the emanations will be bad. The head should controul on general principles, not direct everything in detail.

"The local governments are not extravagant, that of Cephalonia does not take more than four shillings a head, but the general government adds ten shillings more, and unnecessarily. Lately also the parliament has thrown the convent funds into the general treasury; yet these funds are the private property of the island, an accumulation of religious gifts and legacies! Sir Thomas Maitland would not suffer this when it was proposed; Sir Frederick has done so, to the great discontent of the Cephalonian people. Those funds were previously left to the disposal of the Resident and the regent. I was able to do much good with them, having first so regulated the collection of convent rents as to increase the funds very greatly. They are now taken away.

"No state can avoid ruin that, from a revenue of one hundred and forty thousand pounds, appropriates fifty thousand for troops, ships, and fortifications; and fifty-seven thousand pounds for a civil list: and be it borne in mind that the taxes cannot be increased in the islands, because the population would emigrate to Greece. The poor man goes to get work; the rich man because labour would become too costly for him at home, in consequence of the emigration of the labourer. Why should they be taxed to pay a lord high commissioner six thousand a year, and twelve hundred to a

coadjutor with the title of highness; a thousand to a major-general; three hundred to a commandant of the citadel; to the senators seven hundred a year; and to members of parliament one hundred and nineteen pounds a year, when there is no necessity for any parliament? Why should they pay for two magnificent palaces for the lord high commissioner, within gun-shot of each other? Why pay for the lodgings of his highness the coadjutor, and of the senators? The construction of these palaces cost:—the one about forty thousand pounds, the other about twelve thousand: and they are expensive in repairs, furniture, &c.

"Corfu is filled with paid idlers. The police costs four thousand a year; that of Cephalonia two thousand six hundred. Corfu is the smaller island, with a population of only forty thousand, half of which are concentrated in the capital under the eye of the police, which has a large garrison to aid: Cephalonia has a population of sixty thousand dispersed in mountains, and has two cities so divided by a vast harbour that two complete police establishments are absolutely necessary. All other departments of the general governments are in the same proportion, and the government at Corfu is feeble as well as extravagant, and is unpopular in the two islands of Cephalonia and Zante. Reductions are wanted, and there can be no personal hardship, because all places are given for five years only.

"In Argostoli I tried to draw the population from the unhealthy parts towards better air, by opening new streets and gradually removing all public offices to the healthy parts: this has been stopped by Adam. I planted avenues of trees, and the general government objected to the expence of watering them: it was about £30 and never came out of the treasury. By removing the custom-house and sanita from hired houses to public buildings I made large savings: this also has been stopped!" Such were Charles Napier's notes: and now it shall be shown that Sir Frederick has not been accused of treachery unjustly.

Mrs. Napier became ill, and her husband was forced to take her to England so suddenly that he left his children behind. He touched at Corfu, and was received by the lord high commissioner with all demonstrations of friendship, his lodging being the palace. A passage in the government steamer was offered. Sir Frederick went with them to the sea-side and took leave with these words, *Good bye, Napier. Stay as long as you please, but remember that the longer you stay the worse for us.* Thus saying he turned to render it the kiss of Judas. For first he stopped all the works of Cephalonia, and then removed the Maltese colony, planted with such care, to Corfu, where it was not wanted, and that when final success in Cephalonia was certain: thus stamping out the glowing spark of agricultural knowledge! Mr. Curling offered to continue it at no more cost than one hundred pounds yearly, with the certainty that in four years it would make enormous returns, besides the moral advantages of increased comforts and improvement in the character and habits of the poorer classes: in vain he held up this magic mirror to jealousy directed by folly. Worse remained behind.

Five months after Charles Napier's departure a disturbance in Cephalonia brought Sir Frederick to that island. It had arisen from a belief, propagated by Russian agents, that Adam's new and foolish code was designed against their religion; and one mode of showing their discontent was refusing to sign an address to the king on his accession. Sir Frederick publicly acknowledged in the island, that this religious fear was the cause, and he sought to remove it; but to the secretary of state he said it arose from what he called Colonel Napier's oppressive and illegal conduct, and his means were base as his end to give that charge plausibility. Functionaries of the general government used his name to stimulate the people to accusations; Sir Frederick himself in a public address expressed his *surprize* that charges had not been before made against the absent Resident; and to

give assurance of his real design, embodied in a letter to the secretary of state specific accusations, saying the absent Resident had previously completely deceived him, and concealed his misdeeds! This done he seized his public papers, and would have seized his private papers also, if Captain Kennedy, anticipating his design, had not secured them on board a merchant vessel.

Having thus, as he thought, deprived his intended victim of means to repel his accusations by reference to orders and reports, he told the secretary of state that *seventy* serious charges had been presented; and that the people were so exasperated that he could not let Colonel Napier return. To give this monstrous accusation weight he had recourse to a despicable deception. On first arriving he made a public speech, expressing such approbation of the Resident's conduct as to call forth an acknowledgment from Captain Kennedy; afterwards, when Kennedy was not present, he inveighed against the Resident's acts; and then told the secretary of state that Colonel Napier's bosom friend had thanked him with emotion for fair dealing: as if there *had* been but one speech!

When the accused man heard of the second speech he was only prevented from going to Cephalonia by tidings that Adam was coming home; and when that happened he called for a specification of the offences alluded to. An insolent reply, through a secretary, denied a right to question Sir Frederick's conduct. Lord Goderich was appealed to, but after much shuffling was forced to call officially on Adam for the charges. Nineteen were selected, the rest acknowledged to be false! and those adopted so ridiculous as to require no answer, though they received one: three specimens will show their nature. In the eight years of road-making one man's tree had been cut down on the Black Mountain without compensation; another had some stones placed in his field; a third had some stones taken from his field without permission: Sir Frederick was not ashamed to

adduce these as proofs of Charles Napier's tyranny! They were not even true: they had come forth, because Sir Frederick had in person invited charges against an absent man! they had never been before complained of, and belonged to the magistrates not the Resident.

To the secretary of state Sir Frederick had declared that he would not suffer the Resident to return, because of his past tyranny; that he was so odious his presence would lead to insurrection. To the notables of Cephalonia he said Colonel Napier's rule had enabled the poor man to obtain justice; he said also that the only satisfaction he derived from his visit was the finding how few persons' minds had been poisoned by the discontented: it was therefore no satisfaction to find the poor protected, that was tyranny! The declaration was an epitome of his government, which was thus described by Charles Napier when defending himself from the foul charge.

"I have ruled Cephalonia for nine years, changed the face of the island, encreased the revenue and established justice. All I did was approved by Sir Thomas Maitland, and all has since been gradually, but effectually overset by Sir F. Adam, and this speech is my reward! Yet I have neither done myself nor permitted others to do any job. Columns and inscriptions have been offered in abundance by the people, but were stopped at once by me: the only honours ever accepted were, some public dinners and balls, given by the towns of Argostoli and Luxuri, on my return from every temporary departure. As to errors, that many have been committed during nine years' ruling, is as certain, as that night follows day. Sir Frederick Adam has also committed a multitude; but where is there one great or useful measure of his, effected during his six years of despotic rule? The system of foreign judges in each island was my proposal to Maitland. Adam found the islands prosperous, and an enormous sum in the treasury; they are not now prosperous, and the poverty of the treasury is entire. Yet this

man calls upon the Cephalonians to complain of my rule; and he expresses his *surprize* that they have not done so before. When uttering that word, he knew there were not half a dozen of the large assembly he was addressing, who were not ready for any nefarious act dictated by the interest of the moment. He knew also, that most of them were the very tyrants whose oppressions I had suppressed, and therefore he stimulated them to complain. There were, it has been told to me, some twenty charges immediately made, but they fell even before him, from their gross, self-evident falsehood. When I heard of this, my observation was, Would that there had been ten times as many, for each would prove an act of justice on my part for the protection of some oppressed person, or for the public interest.

"Sir F. Adam has not behaved honestly or wisely, towards me or the public at any time. He had undoubtedly a right to alter my system of ruling, of road-making, of building, &c. I might regret the best years of my life consumed, the vast sums of public money uselessly expended, but could not justly take personal offence at the responsible chief's correcting what he deemed the errors of my system. But when my conduct had drawn from him every kind of approbation:—bestowed at the very moment he was preparing to overthrow my system and publicly proclaim me an oppressor, his wrong is apparent. There are many things to quote, shewing my want of support from Sir F. Adam, especially in the administration of justice; but enough has been said to prove that his object was to crush me, not to serve the public. The œconomy of my government was in mortifying contrast to his extravagance; its integrity also, for he used the corvée to build his own house. To hold office therefore at his pleasure now would be a fraud on the public and dangerous to myself.

"The Residents should depend on the secretary of state, or the commander in chief, not on the pleasure of a lord high commissioner, swayed by Greek and English intrigues.

The Resident who acts with zeal and honesty is exposed to the secret assaults of every scoundrel whose knavery he exposes, or punishes, or even baffles. In my absence Sir F. Adam blames my conduct, removes me from command after ten years' service, and I am quite ignorant why! This is power not to be given to any man so far from the influence of the English government; the more honest an officer is, the greater his danger under a weak vindictive character like Adam. He is perfectly despotic, his will is law, there is no appeal, his character is feeble, his disposition jealous and insidious: he is a tool in the hands of Greek knaves who excite his passions.

"If at the mercy of Adam I will not go back. I never gained money there, the expences equalled the salary, and that salary is to be reduced; loss will therefore follow, because I cannot disgrace myself and my station by levying contributions on the people for my table, as has been more than once done by Residents: and will be done again if the pay is reduced below six hundred a year. The Residents will then become consuls, and live like consuls, by presents, mercantile speculations, and other shifts, which turn such posts to profit, but are not becoming, not honest for the representatives of the king or his lord high commissioner."

His appeal thus pressed on Lord Goderich could no longer be neglected, when in addition he asserted, what was true, that the regent of Cephalonia, a Greek, had been menaced with loss of his high office if he did not *get up accusations against the late Resident!* Sir Frederick's reply to the secretary of state was so shamelessly absurd, that no man, unless sure of his judge, could so recklessly have perilled his cause.

He said "The people had been nearly driven to rebellion by oppressions which had been hidden from the government." This was impossible, seeing that the highest offices at Corfu were filled by Cephalonians; and Sir Frederick had visited Cephalonia frequently during the Resident's absence,

as well as when he was present: but in fact every occurrence had been constantly reported, he had as constantly accorded his approbation, and it was to stifle that proof that he had seized the Resident's papers.

He said "That he found the people in a dangerous state of exasperation when he reached Cephalonia, because of the late Resident's tyranny!" Strange that an impulsive vehement people like the Greeks, who had before, on every return of this tyrant from temporary absence greeted him with tumultuous joy, should reserve their exasperation until five months after his final departure! The proof adduced of this exasperation was, that they had refused to sign a loyal address to the king on his accession to the throne; the fact being, that their refusal was founded on a belief that Sir Frederick's new code was designed to change their religion.

He said "He had *learned* that the late Resident suspended the act abolishing the corvée." The answer was, Colonel Napier had left the island before that act was even promulgated!

He said that "Priests had been made to work on the roads in their religious vestments." Answered, "It is not true."

He said "He had called on Captain Kennedy to defend Colonel Napier's conduct, and had given him full opportunity; that he was present when the speech imputing offences to the latter had been delivered, and had with much emotion expressed his satisfaction." Answered thus, "Not Kennedy but the man accused should have been called upon." Kennedy however declared, that he himself was never called upon, was not present at the delivery of that speech, never expressed satisfaction; and the only emotion he experienced was indignation at the injustice of Sir F. Adam!"

He said "That sixty or seventy complaints had been made though only nineteen were transmitted, several of which shewed a total deviation from the law to the great detriment of private individuals." These were proved by

public documents to be false, and so ridiculously flimsy as to be harmless if true.

He said "The corvée had been so oppressively enforced as to produce dangerous discontent." The answer was "Enforced on the rich as well as on the poor, and the former are the discontented complainants; they were made to pay, the poor were made to work: what the rich wanted was to evade both work and payment, according to previous custom. Why," it was asked by the accused man, "did he with these opinions continue to express the warmest approval up to the moment of my departure, even at Corfu?" But were the people discontented? Formerly, said a peasant, it took me two days to go to Argostoli, now I go and return in one! Was this discontent?

He said "*He* had made no charge against the Resident, it was the people who had done so; they were on the point of insurrection from oppressions, and he could not wait!" Could not wait to inquire and act with justice! Yet this extreme exasperation of a whole people, who were by him publicly stimulated to complain, condensed itself like steam under cold to the nineteen ridiculous cases already exposed, which were in fact against overseers and clerks, not against the Resident!

He said "No man could have had a stronger desire than himself to justify Colonel Napier." Yet he had invited charges, and in an official communication embodied all these self-evident falsehoods!

He said "That to reappoint Colonel Napier Resident of Cephalonia would, from his unpopularity, produce serious consequences." The answer was He had mistaken the whoop of a faction for the voice of the people—the howl of the wolves for the bleating of the sheep. Had testimonies of popularity been valued by Charles Napier, he could "*have obtained abundance of such Liliputian honours, such Corinthian brass, more precious than gold.*" Nevertheless he had some. Crowds of all ranks had at-

tended him on his departure to the shore with every demonstration of regard: and the Cephalonians in the Greek army had sent, when expecting him to take the command, an offer to become his body-guard. To this may be added the remarkable fact, that when he had quitted Cephalonia for ever, the Greek peasants voluntarily cultivated a small piece of land left by him uncared for, and transmitted yearly the value of the produce, their names and numbers being kept secret! With a just scorn therefore he repelled the calumny of unpopularity.

Such were the leading points of this injustice, but it was in vain that redress was demanded from Lord Goderich. The Residency of Zante was proposed as an amend. No. Zante was indeed considered the higher command, but his character was to be vindicated; he would have nothing but a restoration to Cephalonia under the authority of the secretary of state, and demanded that. Lord Goderich did not even notice this demand, and Charles Napier was driven from public life. It was designed also that he should languish in poverty, obscurity and insignificance, during the rest of his life; for whispered calumnies were continued from powerful quarters long afterwards, and with effect. And for ten years he remained unemployed, wasting on slight matters that powerful genius which God had formed for the support and augmentation of a great empire. But there is a tardy, mysterious and awful justice pervading human affairs. This Adam, then so high in station, so arrogant and disdainful of equity; he who thought to push his victim down into the darkness of obscurity, was himself tottering on the verge of that gloomy descent. Transferred to an Indian government, he there so exposed his shallow intellect, that contempt surrounded him in command and his departure was felt as the removal of a weight on the community: his services were never more required by government or people; he lived without notice, and his cessation of existence was entirely unmarked by the

public. Not so with Charles Napier. Drawn again into active life, and though pursued to his latest hour by malignant enmity which was again countenanced by the same Lord Goderich, his glorious deeds have been stamped for posterity with the applause of admiring nations: and when his hour for the narrow resting-place struck, sixty thousand voluntary attendants, with a solemn reverence more impressive than the most elaborate pomp, displayed their veneration for a hero.

ELEVENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

WITH a sick wife, two children, and a mortified though unyielding spirit, Charles Napier now found himself at the age of fifty cast loose from public employment, to live or die as he could: but a few letters, going somewhat back in date, will exhibit his vigorous spirit during the struggle for justice, and shew his character.

"His brother William. March. Kennedy has arrived: the new Resident, Colonel Conyers, was full charged to undo all he can of my works and could not conceal his zeal.

"May. What the end of my dispute will be God knows. Meanwhile my pocket is nearly empty, and I have eight mouths to feed here, and four in Cephalonia, besides two horses and two cows; having also a journey of two thousand miles before me, with a reduction of three hundred a year in my pay: that, or half-pay at home, with a journey out and back to fetch my children. Worse than all, I have no home. Verily this furnishes food for thought.

"June. From Cephalonia I hear that Adam has sent Baynes and Condosi to fish out matter against me: these practices don't disturb me; I was yesterday on board a China ship playing with a large good-humoured tyger, and so I can with ill-tempered beasts. Not liking to affront him, I could not refuse his civilities, and he took a great fancy to my umbrella. He is very beautiful and good-tempered; but they thrash him when he shews sulk and keep his nails pared. A good example.

"Holme is doing Paul. He told me that when he

delayed, I should say, Why persecutest thou me? My answer was, If the flash of lightning were mine also, Yes! but without that it was doubtful if even the original interrogation would move him; and that it was added in Paul's case proves that, then as now, there was *malgré* as well as *bongré* wanted to manage men: pure reason won't reach the mark even from divine lips!" This Bryan Holme was the eminent attorney, a man of imperturbable good temper, unbounded liberality and purest integrity, but somewhat dilatory.

"July. Much obliged to you for the old usquebagh. I remember my father getting it from Colonel Staples, called Tacitus: it was then supposed to be what Noah left when he got drunk on landing:"—it was one hundred and eighty-five years old! "What are ministers about for Ireland? It is nonsense to leave a whole people to private charity. In Cephalonia a hard winter caused great distress; I at once sent two magistrates to each district with mules laden with corn, for which each village gave a receipt, and a list of persons relieved. A promise of repayment in labour or kind was exacted from those who had means, but nothing from the destitute. Now what has been done in one place could be done in another; but as the Irish are patient and obedient to the laws of man, instead of adopting God's law of self-preservation, no exertion is made to help them: pretty encouragement to be good subjects! There are plenty of ways to help Ireland and they will not try. I would willingly, no, unwillingly subscribe, if there was any certainty of the money filling the bellies of the hungry creatures. I would subscribe because the accounts of suffering put me in a fever; but my predominant feeling is to stamp on Lord Grey's full belly until he does something decisive. Charitable gifts do harm. It is scarcely possible to reconcile oneself to this expression; but they turn men's minds from the real sources of relief, and then those who have power don't hurry them-

selves, and trust to charity and the patience of the poor suffering creatures."—He gave largely.

"September. We may say the least blunder of the ministers is their best deed. We are here starving nearly, and in Ireland a whole nation starves as a matter of course! An old woman dies of cholic in Sunderland and the world is wild with anxiety to know whether she ought to have had a blister or—something else. Thousands are dying of hunger in Ireland for every one dying of cholera in Sunderland, because what might be done is not done! and a little corner of a newspaper is all the notice taken of the wide-spreading tragedy! Why is this? Because the ministers know the famine there is their fault. They are in their own way good men! Yes, but they adopt the way of wholesale assassination. Burke and Bishop were very good men in their way, but not to the Italian boy. Nations want results, not motives; Lord Grey has destroyed more subjects than all the Burkes and Bishops in England: it is dreadful! I have just seen Digby Macworth's bulletin of the Bristol battle; and of his own *Anabasis* through the roof of the mansion-house with the warlike mayor: it is hard to say whether Xenophon or Harlequin has the right to claim them. I hear nothing from that *what-in-the-world-can-I-do?* Lord Goderich. Edward Curling, who has brought home my children, tells me, that when he left Cephalonia the peasants had got up a memorial to the king to have me back; above two thousand had signed before he came away and it was going on fast. Adam's satellites will soon crush this."—They did crush it.

"Miss Napier. October. Lord Goderich tries my patience. He said Adam's speech was very favourable to me, and proved it by reading it aloud, with emphasis on the laudatory parts and muttering over the animadversions! I said, Lord Goderich, emphasis does not change the meaning of words. He is frightened by Adam.

"George Jones, R.A. December. I saw Lord Goderich,

and he obligingly assured me that Adam loved me: whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. He said I ought to return to Zante, or some other island; that he was a common friend and would make up the quarrel; that I was too stiff: very stiff with rheumatism in my knee while he was speaking. In short, there was this great man, descending to coax a poor colonel to be friends with a lord high commissioner! Now, when you consider that I had, in an old threadbare coat, cut my way through three pompous messengers and a prig of a secretary, you may think my courage was cooled. No. After a fruitless attack in the morning—being defeated by My lord is engaged the cabinet is assembled, I waited till my lord came from the cabinet, then stormed his castle, and after standing a full hour of nonsense said, My lord very much obliged to you, but no power shall make me put myself again under Sir F. Adam, or reconcile me to him. My great man has been played upon by cunning. Sir Frederick Adam will not meet me: Lord Goderich replied to my request on that point. No! in the present temper you are both in it would only make matters worse. If ever you paint the picture of a secretary of state, make him pay double and return half when he tells you he likes his picture! Generals are sufficiently knavish, but they can come to a point. Adam said No! but Goody Goderich will not say Yea! or Nay!"

His loss of public position followed, and his subsequent letters relate only to his private life; but ill-usage did not abate his desire to serve the public. Being applied to by Sir James McDonald, Adam's successor in the islands, for information as to the character of the leading men and the real state of affairs, he sent him an elaborate memoir from which the following observations are extracted. The advice and information were however thrown away upon Sir James, who was one of those goose politicians that the Whigs have always been ready to foist upon the public as swans, and who are considered so until they swim alone.

"Memoir. The following persons are in my belief honest or clever, or both; but being of a race with whom intrigue is deep and habitual I vouch only for talent. I trusted no man, and kept incessant watch on all, and they knew it; no spying however with anything but my own senses. To hear of, or to suspect an abuse, made me employ all my faculties to discover and remedy the evil: thus fear balanced temptation. As these men were found by me so I speak of them; under a person of greater ability they will be better public servants; under one of less zeal they will certainly be worse. I am told Colonel Conyers gives up two hours a day to public business; fourteen hours a day did not satisfy my sense of what was necessary. Colonel Conyers may have ability to do in two hours what cost me fourteen; but if he possesses ten times that talent, and yet attends but two hours, the men I now think useful public servants will become the contrary. With a Resident of *two-hours-a-day power*, there is no saying what they may prove."—Here followed the characters of all the leading men of the islands, given with racy humour and keen perception, but finishing thus. "My object is however to draw your attention to the miserable system going on, and you will soon discover whether my judgment is true or false, for you are placed behind the scenes at once, and no talent could do without long experience. You will be able to obtain proofs of my statements in a week.

"Miss Napier. The duke has reason to be low, for he is the cause of all the troubles which may fall on this land. Had he understood the English people, he would have known that they may be led even to absolute starving, but if bullied will hardly endure a look of taunt or defiance. Had he spontaneously given a fair reform England would have been at his feet. He was, before that blunder, popular beyond any man in the country: now God knows what will happen. I hate to think of our state altogether, and if my wife were young would go to New South Wales to

get out of the way, and rear young kangaroos to play with Susan and Emily.

"Yes! I did read Grattan's speech, and an admirable one it was: Cobbett says it was the best speech made in the house, but that Grattan spoke it so rapidly the reporters could not do justice. Oh the Whigs! oh that Stanley! oh that Lord Grey! They are the men who are sending more bayonets and bullets to Ireland, justice halting a long way after military execution! God forgive me, but if one did not know the king is a good fellow himself this is enough to shake loyalty! Reform tithes, establish poor laws, and drive absentees home to do their duty to starving labourers; and then if outrage continues send your bayonets and welcome: but then they would never go, for Ireland would be quiet and happy. I am of no party, but when I see people starving in the midst of abundance, my blood first runs cold with horror, and then boils with indignation. It is said there is over-population. Mr. Nimmo, the government engineer affirms that he has surveyed five millions of acres, which he will engage to put into complete cultivation for nine guineas an acre, and the first crop shall sell for ten guineas an acre! Sir Humphrey Davy said every acre of this ground could be made a *mass of manure!* These five millions of acres could support fifteen millions of people, and all Ireland has but eight millions. Yet they are left barren, and the Almighty who has sent such means is accused of over-populating! Grant me patience oh God! Fifty millions could be well fed and happy in Ireland!

"I have had ten years' experience in governing, which is something, and I would stake my life to make every sixpence of tithes be paid up to the parsons without the aid of a soldier or policeman: and in six months not a man should starve. Stanley would make blood flow to produce love! Coercion! damnable coercion! What has been the ruin of Ireland but this accursed coercion, which these Whigs have been crying down for forty years, and now cry up, being in

office! Had Stanley said, every parish that pays up its arrears to the parson shall be relieved from tithes, he being at the same time prepared with another church establishment for the future, all would have paid at once. O'Connell is called a devil, but he is doing an angel's duty. Fools that the Whigs are! Can they put down famine with bayonets? Starve my wife and children and see if bayonets will put me down, except by death."

During his fruitless efforts to raise Lord Goderich's mind to the dignity of comprehending justice, he had lived at one time in Berkshire, at another in Hampshire, in each devoting himself to gardening and the care of the poor. Finally he settled close to Bath, and continued there until late in 1833. His wife was then very ill, his mind harassed, and he narrowly escaped death by the cholera, but triumphed over that terrible disease. His correspondence was naturally scant under this mental and bodily pressure, and the great political convulsion of reform was only watched by him at first as it were askance; his own affairs, and the composition of his book exposing Adam's conduct prevented him from mixing in politics. And soon a shock, the most terrible, nearly overset his enduring mind: on the 31st of July his wife died, and one extract from his secret, written meditations, discloses the internal struggle with terrible power.

"Oh God! merciful, inscrutable Being, give me power to bear this thy behest! Hitherto I had life and light, but now all is as a dream and I am in darkness: the darkness of death, the loneliness of the desert! I see life and movement and affection around me, but I am as marble. Oh God defend me for the spirit of evil has struck a terrible blow. I too can die, but thus my own deed may give the dreadful spirit power over me, and I may in my haste to join my adored Elisabeth divide myself for ever from her! My head, my head seems to burst. Oh mercy! mercy! for this seems past endurance!"

He was not destined so to sink, and his stern resistance to affliction is again displayed in a letter to his sister Louisa.

"September 25th. You were quite right not to marry, it does not do for old people to begin a new way of life; and this dreadful separation! Merciful God! it is indeed fearful. Emily says she knows well what I feel: she thinks of the loss of her aunt. That loss was to her what the loss of my mother was to me, but how different is this! She has my prayers for dying before her husband, or she will find how much more severe her grief will be. This is a selfishness I wish to throw off but cannot, and grieve with weak unavailing tears! I have just pulled away the bullet that at Busaco went through my head. How little we can judge for ourselves; then I rejoiced at my escape, and now regret it! We know nothing! but we are to act as our consciences dictate, and take what God sends: even my angel's death, the word chokes me! is better as it is. May my dear girls be happy, but I do not expect it, nor feel sure that it is good for us to be so: we forget death in the enjoyment of life!"

He now settled at Caen in Normandy, from whence his next letter is addressed to the same sister.

"December 21st. Poor Amelia Lockart, is she a widow? What is life? We have here Bourrienne, mad; Brummel living on charity! What a world it is! yet it is a beautiful world, though to me a hateful one. I am not of Dr. Johnson's opinion now: I was so, but have now no hate. Still an honest man should not let himself be crushed wrongfully, and I will defend myself. At all times however I loved those who loved what I loved, and was conscious that I hated my enemies till the cup was full enough. Johnson had a base mind, he loved and hated from personal feelings; my hate has always been against villainy, whether practised on myself or others: to be sure I was no niggard of it, but most surely it is now softened down. I am sorry you will quarrel with Lord Ripon for my sake. However I shall treat him myself with little ceremony. If

called on to answer an attack, said to be preparing by Adam's friends in London and Corfu for the Edinburgh Review, I will assail in turn, and am so cool, so out of the power of being ruffled by danger that my fighting will be hard. The fear of being taken from my Elisabeth to a gaol made me something fearful when I wrote before; now I defy prosecution, and every other kind of contest. Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset behaved so kindly to me that they are the only people in power I will not ridicule, as far as my talent in that way goes.

"I have been reading Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise. It is very good. If you read it you may pass all the scientific part, which might have been plainer; but he argues well the greatness and goodness of God: I like to see scientific men meet the attack of science upon religion."

The menaced review was not published, Adam and his friends judged it safer to buy up than to answer an exposition, true and capable of expansion without loss of sharpness. Meanwhile Charles Napier remained at Caen, but not in quiet, being obliged to direct part of a family lawsuit, conducted principally by his cousin Mr. Charles Beauclerk against the Duke of Richmond, for the French estate of D'Aubigny. This seignory, granted by Louis XIV. to the Duchess of Portsmouth, had descended of right to the Dukes of Richmond as Dukes of D'Aubigny, until the French revolution swept away that title and changed the law of succession. Overlooked at the peace, this was now remembered by the collateral descendants of the third duke, and a lawsuit resulted with the usual concomitants: for though, thanks to Napoleon's code, the delays were not inordinate, there was chicane, and greedy and negligent lawyers; Louis Philippe also exacted the personal claims of the sovereign to share in the spoil with miserly avidity; and when the decision in favour of the claimants was made, the duke lost a great deal and his opponents gained very little. The affair took Charles Napier to Paris.

"Miss Napier, January 13th, Paris. I am here on the Aubigny business. You say well that changes in life are good for us; but alas I know of no change now that is not sad for me except dying, the hope of which comes across my mind like bursts of light on showery days. Yes changes are good to wean us from life, for we must die and death is terrible to the happy. It was terrible to me five months ago, and came in the most terrible form; but the silver chord has snapped and my wish is now for what then was dreaded. However my children make a home, not what it was but containing beings to whom I am all in all: formerly, when looking down from Portsdown Hill on Broomfield which contained my wife and children, how great was my gratitude to God! My heart was on its knees if my body was not. You recommend Charles Bell's treatise on the hand, it will be a pleasure; Whewell's science alarmed many persons and they would not read. I am entirely of your opinion however, that God's goodness, with events, are the best studies: they are his books and far beyond Bridgewater treatises."

Some efforts were now made to restore him to public life.

"January 18th. Lord Hill's offer to me of something in Canada I refused; but it was made handsomely in time and manner, not to be forgotten; and therefore I will never ask anything from him and Lord Fitzroy, beset as they are. Moreover, though willing to accept a favour from Lord Hill, my admiration of him being great, a favour from the Whigs I will not accept: they are all that is infamous and stupid in politics, all that is contemptible and incapable in governing; and have generally no feeling but love of lucre, no ambition beyond making a speech in parliament. I should be sorry to say there are amongst them no men honest or good, but in mass they are despicable. To do good I would take anything, though ambition and desire of life have passed from me, and my only wish is death; the country might indeed be well served by me in the Ionian Islands,

but the thought of serving under imbeciles like the present ministers is hateful. To serve under the duke would be agreeable, but he has opposed himself to every just feeling of the age, and a man who tries to stem the feeling of the world acts like a madman. He who might, and who ought to lead the nation is overwhelmed by that nation. I detest these men for being in office, and the duke himself for being out of it. John Kennedy has been all over Ireland, and found that Lord Gosport and Colonel Close have adopted the plan he is raving about, for ameliorating the condition of the poor and improving agriculture, and their success is beyond even his sanguine expectation. This is owing to an admirable agent of theirs, a Mr. Blacker, who has been beforehand with Kennedy's plans. Their tenants pay regularly, their labourers are happy and well fed: in fine all Kennedy's plans have been realized by Mr. Blacker. He, Kennedy, tells me of praise bestowed on me by Lord Byron, in Blackwood, No. 217: praise has no longer the charms for me, yet is gratifying coming from Lord Byron.

"January 29th, Caen. In educating my children my unfitness comes home to me; but I bear in mind this rule of my beloved wife. Whatever faults a child has, it has also plenty of reason for its age; therefore reason with a child, and exercise and strengthen its reason, and you will teach it to govern itself: a little firmness and good examples in your own habits will do the rest. E—— tells me she makes it a rule never to reason with a child; but reason acts powerfully within children, and is not given for nothing: wherefore my reason tells me my wife was right. Unsparing self-examination is however necessary to this system, and that with me is neither a trivial nor an agreeable task: my fault is acting from impulses of temper, and a worse fault with children can scarcely be. I am well aware my fate might be much worse, as you say, but all my energy cannot destroy memory: this morning my eyes fell on the account of Napoleon's bursting into tears

when meeting the doctor who attended Josephine at her death. What he felt at that moment I feel hourly. Yet I am cheerful with others, my grief breaks out when alone; at no other time do I let it have its way: but when tears are too much checked, comes a terrible feel on the top of my head, which though not real pain distracts me and my lowness then seems past endurance.

"That you gave Ripon a dose pleases me, for he deserved it; but it grieves me also that my quarrel should spoil the least pleasure for you, much more a portion of the greatest; for society is a great, and natural, and the best of pleasures. We may differ as to what constitutes pleasant society, but all who have common sense must admit the principle. Lord Ripon will not like your behaviour. Moral cowardice made him flinch from deciding between me and Adam, and that same feeling will make him worried with your rebuke.

"I will teach my girls only useful things. French for example, because it will be of real use and it would be painful to them not to know what so many fools know. But my object will be to teach only one thing at a time, and useful things first: you remember my father always saying the advantage of Scotch education was that it taught but one thing at a time. By useful I mean

"1°. Religion as the foundation; to this I trust for steadiness.

"2°. Accounts, to teach the value of money and how to regulate a house.

"3°. Work, that spare hours may not be lost if rich; and if poor that they may make their own things.

"4°. Cooking to a certain extent, that they may not be at a loss if a revolution throws them on their own resources; and also to guard against servants' waste.

"5°. French, that they may not be dumb in a foreign land, which would kill them! These things I can teach them, if I live until they are fourteen; then they shall learn anything to which their tastes incline.

. " They begin to make out French when they like. Walking in the street, a French lady made an observation not intelligible to me, but Susan whispered, Papa I know what that lady said. What my dear? What two pretty children those are; then after a while added, I think that was a very pretty woman—she being very like an ourang outang. As long as I live my aim will be to make them religious, and at my death they will be with those who will do the same; so they have as fair a chance as girls can have. And as to money, I don't want them to have a shilling more than a hundred a year each, with a house, and I have saved that for them. My hope is that they will not marry brutes or fools, but that is their affair, and the future does not trouble me. He that sent them will take care of them. My desire is to live well while I do live, and to make those about me as happy as possible: but for myself death is my prayer, wishing it to come while welcome, rather than delay until time and rekindling affections make it less so.

" Paris. June. Thinking it right to be at Sancerre about the lawsuit, though feeling ill, I exerted myself; but between Paris and Fontainbleau, in the night, was forced to stop at an inn and get a doctor. With cataplasms he subdued the pain, and it was no trifle that made me stop at night in a French inn: thinking however that it was neither agreeable nor gentlemanlike to have my soul jerked out by a French diligence, without springs on a bad road, I gave in. The doctors don't seem to know if it was inflammation of liver or lungs, or passing of a gall stone; but it was sharp pain and my pulse was *affreusement concentré et bien irregulier*. The nurse near Fontainbleau treated me as she would her own child.

" Caen. June. Beauclerc is very angry with the duke for going to Sancerre and calling on the judges; but I am never angry with a man for fighting his battle as he can. So the Canning folk are enraged with William's history. As to Canning's character not belonging to the history, I

am not sure it does, more than Hamlet belongs to the play. It would certainly have been better had he confined himself to his work, and said nothing about Wellington, Napoleon and Soult; or the ambassadors and ministers; they are extraneous to his subject! What necessity would there be in writing Hannibal's wars to say the senate and Hanno refused him supplies? William would have done better to have described the war as one in Australia between kangaroos."

Time and an increasing interest in his children were now doing their work as consolers; and meanwhile his public reputation opened the prospect of a new career of usefulness.

"July 1834. There is an idea of offering me the government of a new colony in Australia, but there are many candidates who ask, which I will not, though I should like the thing much. The salary is a thousand yearly. Well done book, if it gets this government. How delightfully we are governed at home. People abuse me for violence in my book. Take a debate in the dignified house of lords and compare their sayings and my writing; but dukes and chancellors may steal horses when ill-treated half-pay colonels must not look over the hedge!—I will though! So we are such a stupid nation that if Lord Althorpe resigns we are lost! Oh dear! Oh dear! as Punch squeaks. Yes! Punch it is, Punch, all Punch, only not half so funny as the old fellow!

"August. The death of Lord Bathurst, so nearly at the anniversary of my own loss, brings home all the wretchedness of life. Lady Bathurst has much to suffer, for until the best beloved is gone life is not a burthen; it has its rough days, its sorrows, but they are shared by one who is all in all to us, and while that one remains we have shelter in the rudest storms: when gone we are wrecked indeed! And reckless too, for grief may subside, pleasure may again come, but life can never be what it was. To a

man whose fortunes had been ruined, as mine have been by that wretch Adam, a beloved wife was all that was left to give an interest in life, and while I had her I was content, —and now I am so, for time keeps on its steady course! Poor Lady Bathurst's trial is equally severe, though different. She had all that fortune could give to make life agreeable; now all is useless, all vain, and the result, as with me, must be a contempt for all things. She cannot feel otherwise; but she has *his* children, good and amiable and worthy of her affection; in them she will find support, for God ever gives comfort when He gives affliction: not comfort which attaches us to life, but which renders us able to bear it. Among the rest is the conviction that the lost ones are at rest and can defy the world and its troubles: for even if there is no future state death still brings peace. But for those who, like me, have a full conviction of another life, there is assurance of reunion which supports us and calms the heat that makes one long even for death.

"Lord Bathurst was sensible to the last. That was a trial for her at the moment, but now consoling to think she heard his last wishes and knew his last thoughts; this was a comfort denied to me, but all things are as they should be in this world: our greatest and our least wants are ruled by destiny; the hairs of our head are numbered we are told by Him whose words are not to be disputed. Lady Bathurst will feel she has been a good wife, and I feel that I was a good husband, for certainly I adored my Elisabeth: yet every impatient word ever uttered rose up in bitterness against me and well nigh distracted me. Few men were ever less cross perhaps to their wives than myself; and whatever temper I shewed was seen by the world, for being alone with her made me so happy I was always in good-humour. Sure I am therefore that Lady Bathurst, good and gentle as she is, will reproach herself with things that she will rake up to her own annoyance; time will soften this, but the pain is very great. I am at this moment par-

ticularly alive to all she suffers, for her heart is a kind and feeling one: may God bless her in this hour of trial, which is indeed one almost beyond human endurance, yet we must endure. Give her my love dearest Louisa, and tell her I feel for her deeply, and so doing I feel for myself, our sorrows are alike."

ELEVENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE most sorrowful and inert portion of Charles Napier's life had now passed away, and the Australian offer revived his master passion, that of being useful in his generation. He was however soon troubled, and finally baffled by personal intrigues, without which nothing affecting the public interest can be conducted in England: it was a complicated affair, but a simple outline will suffice.

In August 1834, an act was passed, declaring that certain parts of Australia were waste and unoccupied, the natives' existence being ignored: wherefore a company was chartered to settle there, under certain conditions as to government. Amongst the chief parliamentary promoters of this enterprize was Mr. Charles Buller, who proposed that Charles Napier should ask for the governorship. The answer was, that from the Whig government he would seek no favour, deeming that government to be at once tyrannical and imbecile. Mr. Buller replied, "that the secretary of state, Mr. Spring Rice, could not relinquish the nomination, yet would feel bound by the wishes of the colonists; wherefore Colonel Napier would do well to engage their suffrages. Colonel Torrens, who had been active to form the company, was indeed canvassing for himself; but the most earnest and influential persons interested, were nowise disposed towards him, and were so towards Colonel Napier." The latter still refused to solicit, and as to canvassing for personal favour, *it was revolting—he would not do so.*

"Mr. Buller, Caen, July 28th. The French papers say

Colonel Torrens has been appointed, which puts an end to my being the man; had it been otherwise, my intent was to have conferred with you on the subject in London. If you think my notes on colonization, sent to you, will be of service to Colonel Torrens he is welcome to them: he has not, probably, been so much in the habit of supplying large bodies, as I have; and will perhaps believe me when saying, that foreseen difficulties bear no proportion to the unforeseen."

Being undeceived about Torrens he went to London in August, and there received an address from fifteen of the most influential colonists, again urging him to solicit the government and promising their support. He answered again that it was contrary to his principles to seek favour from government; but if a great body of colonists thought him worth asking for, and so got him appointed he was ready to go. This did not check their zeal and he remained several months awaiting the result; but finding much folly and intrigue afloat, without progress, he settled at Portsmouth, with a mind restored to public life.

"November 30th. Black Charles"—Admiral Napier,—"is canvassing Portsmouth, and is to have a public meeting. My going is uncertain, as I have refused to attend and be silent if called on to speak. I told him not to expect me to speak aught but my honest convictions, whether suitable for his interests or not. He has Tories Whigs and Radicals to deal with, and wishes to affront none; but I am dead Wellingtonian, and for addressing his majesty in congratulation at having turned out the Whigs. The duke opposed reform while it was only a bill under discussion; now it is the law, and we have no reason to distrust him because he was honest enough to sacrifice his power and popularity to his opinions. Always holding those opinions to be wrong, I still say his very opposition to reform demands the confidence of the country. If the duke does not lead the reformers, if he is guided by those friends who seek to make him a thorough Tory, we shall have mischief. The vile

Globe says he will be a renegade: stuff! A renegade from what? He thought reform bad and opposed it; now, being law, if he has to execute it he will act honestly for his country. The Whigs know this, they dread his being a reformer and are trying to bully him from that course, which they feel would destroy them for ever: yet I own to being afraid of him; afraid of his Tory habits: if he tries to hark back there will be a row, it cannot be done; if he confides in the troops he is wrong, and even victory would be ruin. Certainly the nation takes this view, whether from conscience or passion."

The uncertainty of the Australian appointment continued a long time, yet the colonists were so earnest to have him, that Mr. Spring Rice finally acceded to their wishes; but then a change of administration placed Lord Glenelg in the colonial office, and though Mr. Rice left a note of his intention, practically the work was to be gone over again. Meanwhile commissioners to supervise and control certain points of arrangement were appointed, and immediately, following the custom of all official boards in England, assumed powers not belonging to them, and displayed a remarkable arrogance and ignorance. Nothing advanced, and the time thus lost was employed by Charles Napier in composing a work upon *Colonization*, in which he explicitly declared his resolution to protect the rights of the Aborigines in property and life; and that the usual Anglo-Saxon process of planting civilization by robbery, oppression, murder and extermination of natives should not take place under him. His general plan was thus sketched to his brother.

"You will like to hear of the Australian matter. The scheme for securing labour is to sell land and pay for the passage of labourers with the price. One hundred acres will fetch sixty pounds, which will take out two men and two women. My objection is, that two men cannot cultivate sixty acres and labour will diminish in proportion as land is

sold until its value will become too great to be paid for: there will then be a standstill, except where men and their sons go on by their own work. The society will not believe this, but it is true, and they will fall down to where they ought to begin, namely, with a few hard-working labourers and artificers. To remedy this, my design is to send for Chinese labourers; they are capital fellows though with a serious objection, they bring no women. I know not why, but suspect some foul play and that the women can be got: that is to be seen. The natives have remonstrated against our shooting their kangaroos; wherefore, if I go, their property shall be respected, and we must buy kangaroo meat from them, elevating monsieur kangaroo to the dignity of monsieur sheep.

"All the colonists and the framers of the colony, including Mr. Mill the younger, are too sanguine, thinking a fine flourishing town can be established at once. All the small capitalists will be ruined in two years by the high prices of labour, and want of a market; large capital may stand the battle, so will labourers who rely on their own work, which, if wages stop, will procure them food. It is long before a wilderness can produce, long before a market can be found for that produce; especially as Sydney and Van Dieman's Land are already overstocked with produce of the same nature. I am told the sale of land will compress the population, and combination of labour will create at once produce and demand: we shall see. Not I though, probably, for it is told to me that the hatred of the colonial office towards me is great on account of my book. A commissioner is to go out, with great powers, besides the governor, and I have told them that if Kennedy is not the man they cannot have me; the colonial office would surely send some tool to thwart, and then cast failure on me. Kennedy and myself could get over the inevitable difficulties, but I alone could not, if opposed by enemies at home and an adverse commissioner on the spot. Government is

quite hostile to the whole scheme; the act was carried by members of parliament whom government feared to offend."

Notwithstanding these delays and changes of ministers, all difficulties seemed to be overcome in April; and so certain did he then deem his nomination that, reflecting on the age of his girls, the society they must be cast into and his own loneliness, he resolved to give them by another marriage a protectress, and himself a companion whom he had long known and esteemed as a friend. It took place in that month with the widow of Captain Alcock, R.N. She had three children, two grown up; and there was a previous family connection, she being niece to Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, Nelson's leading captain at the Nile, who had married Charles Napier's cousin-german, Lady Lucy Fitzgerald.

Scarcely had he taken this step when an insurmountable bar to his colonial projects was interposed. He was in May officially informed that his nomination was ready, but his terms would not be complied with by the commissioners: these were, the right to draw for a hundred thousand pounds in case of distress for the colonists, two hundred soldiers and a ship of war. This meddling of the commissioners was beyond their legitimate power, and as Lord Glenelg would not overrule them Charles Napier refused the government on their terms. He told the commissioners, that while there was sufficient security for, and even a forcing of the supply of labour, there was none for supply of capital to employ that labour; and if not employed the consequences must be disastrous. That to provide against that, and other unforeseen but inevitable dangers, there must be a reserve of money and soldiers; for he would not attempt to govern a large population in a wilderness, where much inconvenience must be suffered, without a force to protect the good against the bad: the colony would be as an army without discipline, suffering privations, yet with plenty of liquor: danger might not arise but he would only go prepared.

Unmoved by this reasoning, the committee quoted in op-

position the establishment of the American colonies, but with such plenitude of historical ignorance as to be astounding, coming from men pretending to govern a distant colony on philosophical principles. They designated their scheme as founded on a *self-supporting principle:*—a fine phrase which Charles Napier instantly demolished by shewing it to be *a loan-supporting principle.* The whole of this controversy has been exposed in his work on Colonization, but the commissioners had their way. They chose a new governor, expended actually more money than had been asked for as a reserve, and finally were compelled to send soldiers. But the unforeseen difficulties abounded, governor after governor went out, and the self-supporting colony floundered on amidst debt and discontent, and distress, until the discovery of gold changed the aspect of the whole community. The commissioners certainly had not prepared themselves for their task; but some extracts from the private notes of the rejected man will shew how deeply he had meditated on the details as well as the general principles.

"Memoranda. Sailing in spring is bad, because you reach the Cape in bad weather and Australia in winter, and to bivouac with women and children in winter would kill half. The Australian coast is very dangerous in winter. August is the best time to sail, it takes you to Australia in the middle of summer: this is the more desirable, as in summer only can we judge of the supply of water, and without knowing that how are we to fix on a spot for a town? To know where water is good, certain and plentiful, is a vital point; one very difficult to be well ascertained but a matter of far more importance than all others. We hear that eighteen months have been known to pass without a drop of rain; how then are we to know if the rivers, springs and wells, will bear this without drying up? I find no satisfactory information on this point." Omitting some calculations as to cost and profits he continues.

"Soldiers are necessary on account of both savages and colonists, the latter most troublesome I suspect, as spirits are cheap: we shall also find that the escaped prisoners from Sydney will in a few years become very formidable as banditti; we already hear of their defeating police in bands. My hope is to form a guard of savages, who, if warlike, will be much more easily civilized than if a peaceable race.

"I will introduce the decimal coinage of France and have farthings current; all however stamped with our arms and date of landing. A smaller money even might be coined, like mites: the smaller the tangible money the cheaper will be the necessaries of life. To have New Zealand women brought over will be a good thing. Major Cruize describes them as handsome, gentle, and so captivating to our sailors as to keep them in the island; and so fond of our men in return that great difficulty occurred in separating them: they can be bought for musquets, a New Zealander will sell anything for a musquet. Bargains made with masters of vessels should bear, that if man woman or child dies on the voyage, only so much of the passage money shall be paid: this is necessary to prevent the people being destroyed by ill-usage for gain. As to government, colonial and all discontent springs from unjust treatment; idiots talk of agitators, there is but one in existence:—*injustice!* The cure for discontent in a colony is to find out where the shoe pinches and ease it. If you hang an agitator and leave the injustice, instead of punishing a villain you murder a patriot."

Having refused this government he was again cast adrift on the ocean of life. Sink he could not, he had a mission: but he was to struggle for a long time with an augmented family and diminished means; for having placed the savings of his life in the Philadelphian funds, he was temporarily, in common with so many others, made the victim of a national dishonesty which at once disgraced and bewildered civiliza-

tion. Meanwhile he returned to Caen and his family correspondence was revived.

"Caen. The diligence run away with us from Honfleur, it was ugly enough; the maids were crying, Minnie and myself trying to comfort her mother, the children delighted and fearless." Here it may be remarked how constantly he was exposed to personal dangers. During his former stay, having occasion to go back to Portsmouth he was on his return all but shipwrecked, the escape being marvellous.

"August. Two attacks have been made on my book, in the Spectator and Atlas. One says I am vulgar and stupid; the other that I am inconsistent: both quote me falsely. Richard objects to my laying so much stress on having money to employ labour, as capital will circulate. His reasons will be good when the colony is established: but he also says there will be produce after the first ten months, thus passing over the period in which the whole difficulty is contained. At the Swan River colony, after nine years, they cannot yet supply themselves, and meat is from two shillings to half-a-crown a pound! Moreover Spring Rice told me, the sums government has poured into that colony are *beyond their power to avow*. Hume should pull out this: it would support my views.

"Your politics are nearly mine. A Tory well chastised and taught that he is like other people, is well enough; but Whigs have all the Tory faults and their own besides. A Tory is a bold open bandit who avows his trade and takes all chances, doing at times handsome and generous things. The Whig is a sneaking pickpocket, pretending to elegance and honesty while he commits every dirty trick recorded in the Newgate Calendar:—so far as it is safe. Tories by birth are not to be hated, Tories from subserviency are. The institutions of the country make the first, he has no choice, unless he be a man of extraordinary talent and character. A high-born Whig who has not courage or talent to be Radical or Tory is hateful. As to your violent

she politicians, they draw largely on one's indulgence by asking credit for common sense.

"My girls' next acquirement shall be arithmetic, one not sufficiently attended to in women's education. If they are taught French, dancing, needle-work, and to be good accountants at twelve years old, they will have enough learning and accomplishment. Knowing two languages they can teach themselves any other, and be at home in any country. My object is to give them means to work, and then they may become as *blue* as burning brandy. Not with my will, I don't like it: my taste is for women who read as much as life requires, and what is applicable to life. If a woman is a Mrs. Somerville well and good; but the attempt to be such is very bad: it is like jumping over a ditch, all right if you do not fall short, for that is to flounder in mud."

At this time died the wife of a valued friend, Lord Mark Kerr, an event which awakened all his own dormant sorrows.

"November. I will not say how Mark Kerr's loss calls up my own, for that is a black sun that never sets. He was away, I was present: there is not much to choose, the result is equally terrible; life is broken to pieces without being lost, and we must patch up the fragments as we can until our own hour comes to put an end to memory. We then cease altogether, which will be perfect peace; or we go to those we had lost, which will be perfect happiness. I am not well and will change the subject.

"December. So Richard is star-gazing for Mrs. Somerville. Mighty cowld work in November jewel; I'd rather he nor I. Yet that is not true, for I would do it for him to save his eyes"—they were apparently failing. "Nothing is more destructive to sight than looking through telescopes, sailors say. It is to me strange that a man whose own sight is already in danger should thus endanger it more: we pity those whose sustenance depends on doing what is injurious to the eyes; but to volunteer such work is to me

unaccountable. A man's sight is his own to do what he likes with it, but those to whom his welfare and happiness are dear must regret the danger he thus needlessly runs.

"March 1836. I have written a book on Military Law which treats of flogging, and if published at all should be so at once. I condemn flogging in peace, not in war, and the matter is treated, in my opinion, in a better way than they do in their speeches on either side; so far at least as those speeches are given in the papers. Flogging is odious and unnecessary in peace. Our father was always against it, and he was right. The feeling of the country is now too strong to bear it longer, and the Horse Guards may as well give way at once as be forced to do so by parliament. Sir F. Adam has resigned Madras. The papers speak positively, and Indian people tell me their letters coincide, that he has been forced to resign from *absolute incapacity*. I have no ill-will against him when he is out of power!

"I had before written for the information you sent me about the United States' Bank. I don't like the name of *Nick Biddle the Yankee*, it smells keen and conscientiousless. Sorry to hear you have a lawsuit on hand, for my belief is that honour and conscience have little weight with juries; they seldom give honest verdicts, except when bullied by mobs on political questions. George and Henry tell me the new Poor Law Bill has done wonders; so does a fallen horse when a fire is lighted under his belly: I suppose the demand for railroads has given a momentary help to the people. These railroads! The world seems tending to the likeness of a man on a gibbet, all bound with iron! How small it will be when we can travel sixty miles an hour: one-fifth of the size when we travelled only twelve miles an hour!"

In the latter end of 1836 he once more settled at Bath, and in January 1837, he and his brother George became major-generals by brevet. George was soon afterwards appointed governor of the Cape, where he displayed the same

activity for good that Charles had done in Cephalonia, and his governing may be thus succinctly described. He had no recourse to the sword against the Kaffres because he would not appeal to arms without an absolute necessity; and because he judged that one month of war would be more injurious than ten years of Kaffre depredations to the colonists :—always excepting the knaves who clamoured for hostilities with a view to fatten on public calamities. But he always sought, and generally obtained redress for real injuries by peaceful means, and often found the savage more reasonable and just than the, so called, civilized man. But while thus staving off war he was most industrious in peaceable legislation. He enforced the abolition of slavery without commotion, reduced the colonial paper debt from two hundred thousand pounds to almost nothing, and, coincidently, abolished all taxes, relying for revenue on import duties only. He gave municipal government to all towns and considerable villages, and urged very earnestly upon the ministers the policy of granting a general representation.

He found the public schools languishing from neglect or bad management, with but a few hundred scholars ill-taught; he revived, reformed, nourished and protected them, obtained good masters from England, and left them flourishing with more than *twelve thousand* attendant pupils of all creeds and colours! To this may be added some public works. He was constantly troubled by an active opposition discontented with the home government, yet, when he resigned, men of all political opinions united to give him a public dinner, where the most energetic of the opposition were warmest in testifying to his political integrity and the purity of his government, acknowledging its entire freedom from jobs or favouritism. When he embarked the humbler classes followed him in crowds to the shore, and even in boats to the ship with loud and grateful demonstrations of attachment.

Scarcely had this notice of George Napier's govern-

ment been written, when he suddenly passed from this life. He died at Geneva, a General and Knight Commander of the Bath; and many mourning friends he left behind, in foreign countries as well as in his own; for he lived much abroad and everywhere gained friends in a remarkable manner by his frank generous warmth of heart and manner, and his active benevolence. Twice he rejected extraordinary advancement, on principle. Once when the gallant King of Sardinia offered him the command of his army before the battle of Novarra; he would not make war except for his own country. Again: when the battle of Chillianwallah created a panic in England he refused the command of the Indian armies, thinking, in common with the nation, that the post belonged of right and policy to his brother Charles. Enemies he must have had, it is the fate of all men, but his friends were so numerous that open hatred none ever shewed.

At Bath Charles Napier entered warmly into the politics of the day, which were perilous; and Bath was at that time the most vigorous reforming city of the empire, being then unsurpassed in generous patriotism. He attended public meetings and dinners, aided the formation of reforming associations, and avowed himself a Radical. Yet always he endeavoured to repress a tendency to public violence which, for their own party purposes, was so much encouraged by the Whigs. On one occasion, animadverting on Mr. O'Connell's conduct, he said "Ireland requires a poor law and Mr. O'Connell sets himself against it, because the poorest Irishman, such is their generosity, will always divide his last potatoe with a distressed countryman. He is thus willing to sacrifice the poor to the Irish landlords; saying they shall be left to starve, because they are generous enough to give one-half of their potatoes to suffering creatures at their doors, and the other half—to Mr. O'Connell!" The agitator was stung, and at a great Irish meeting commented, not on the speech but the man, with more vehemence

than good taste and less than his ordinary felicity of sarcasm. He had however a dangerous opponent. Charles Napier replied in a public letter of force to command general attention; it was even quoted and remarked upon in France. O'Connell could not answer it and made no attempt at the time: but the battle did not thus end.

At a later period O'Connell, with great inconsistency, supported an Irish poor law and Charles Napier again assailed him in a letter so damaging that the agitator's mortification was evinced in such unguarded abuse as to lay himself open to the most biting taunts. "You Mr. O'Connell" said Charles Napier in reply, "call me a 'ridiculous blockhead' and accuse me of heaping 'filthy vituperation' on you. Possibly a blockhead I may be; and as I am forced by conviction to go along with you on the subject of a poor law for Ireland I confess alarm, knowing the danger which attends a blockhead when he travels with a consummate knave: but as to vituperation I have not used it, nor would it be wise to do so against so perfect a master of the art. I once asked a dirty fellow, black as a chimney-sweep, if a coal-pit could be descended without soiling my clothes? Lord bless you I goes down ten times a day and never minds my clothes was his answer. Do you Mr. O'Connell make the application!" The thrust went home, and O'Connell, flying to that vulgar refuge for imbecility, personal abuse, vented his mortification at a subsequent meeting thus. "That Napier was a short time ago a colonel, he is now a general; that is what I call a *doldrum general*." Doldrum is an Irish expletive for a lazy, incapable, do-nothing fellow, which certainly was not very applicable to Charles Napier; and in sarcasm ranked with the *stunted corporal* and the *one-armed miscreant*, expletives launched from the same quarter against the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge.

A few private letters will now carry the reader through 1837. The earliest were written to the author of this bio-

graphy, who had been much mixed with Bath politics, and being then at Barege seeking health was anxious to know the cause of a temporary election defeat sustained by Mr. Roebuck.

"August 7th. Roebuck was cast 1°. By bribery. 2°. By the dissenters, who split on account of his speech about the Sabbath. 3°. The Whigs set up Captain Scobell, which drew votes from Roebuck and made another split; Scobell then resigned, having done the mischief which his set designed in setting him up. 4°. Intimidation to a furious length, which made many tradesmen vote against their opinions and a still greater number refuse to vote at all. To these causes of failure, one party says, may be added mismanagement of his committee, directed by Tutton the auctioneer. This I do not believe had any influence whatever, my belief is that it was all well done. That not very wise man H——, is at the head of the accusing party; but if men choose to vote, no mismanagement of the committee could have hindered them.

"To describe the rage and grief of the people is difficult, the chairing was a funeral procession amidst groans and hisses; and since the election many Whigs even have expressed their regret for Roebuck's failure. Hobhouse worked hard for him, and voted for him; Roebuck and he are friends now, and Tom Falconer told me, as did Roebuck, that nothing could be more handsome than Hobhouse's conduct. The reasons thus given to you for Roebuck's failure are those generally ascribed, and truly; yet I am myself of opinion that his support of the new poor law was a fifth: neither he nor Falconer will admit this, but it had some effect, though not much. The noise was so immense that speaking was out of the question, or I would have tested this. Roebuck did not attempt to speak on the hustings; the others did, but though almost touching Lord Powerscourt I could not even hear his voice, much less catch the words: he seemed like one making faces! They may flatter themselves that their advocacy of the

new poor law does them no harm, but it does: had the sun been a political œconomist Joshua could never have stopped him! They are now proposing subscriptions to give Roebuck a piece of plate, no one to subscribe more than ten shillings: I shall subscribe. The address to be presented with it is not to pledge one to any particular opinions, but merely to express approbation of his general conduct and detestation of the personal abuse heaped on him by a certain set at Bath.

"With regard to the elections generally I am in hopes they will turn out the Whigs, and that the Tories will give us something as a gratuity, an instalment, to get in; then the Whigs, being out, will be of some use as curs to bark at the Tories; when we have done with them they may be hanged, as all curs should be. All things considered, matters seem favourable to the people. But the state of Bath is pitiable. The Tories, especially the women, are making a run against all the Radical shops; it is a hateful system, yet I have been driven to adopt it in justice to the Radical tradesmen; and the tradesmen have amongst themselves begun a system of exclusive dealing: this is very disgusting and barbarous, but what can be done? Can we let a poor devil be ruined by the Tories because he honestly resisted intimidation and bribery? Nothing can exceed the fury of the old Tory ladies. Old Barry swears he knows an old lady who subscribed three hundred pounds to assist in bribing voters.

"Roebuck was going to be very violent with Lord Powerscourt, but I stopped him and would not let him push it to a duel as he wished. He accused Lord Powerscourt of bribing, who denied it, and I believe he did not bribe or personally know of bribery, but he certainly treated. Roebuck called him a 'barbarian of weak intellect' and therefore, if any challenge was necessary it ought to have come from the other side, and I think I did right in quashing the quarrel. A letter came here for you, having the Bath post-

mark. I opened it and found the most abusive anonymous attack you ever read: very amusing though. The writer calls himself *Anti-jacobin*. You are hiding your head at Freshford. Roebuck is shirtless, the spawn of a gipsey: you are only Catiline, malicious against British officers, with a due portion of treason.

"August 11th. The Tories have made a desperate rally, carrying by force of money all before them. At Devizes Sir F. Burdett was elected and the riot was tremendous: several were killed we hear. At York also, Feargus O'Connor says there were fifty thousand combatants, pretty equal on each side: some were killed report says. The result is that the Tories have the majority, and it seems to be the general opinion that Lord Melbourne will resign. So far as I can judge the Tory reaction is all humbug; it is money and the people's apathy about Whiggism that has caused the defeat of the latter, for the Radicals are stronger and more determined than ever. I am however afraid there is one bad effect springing from the success of the Tories, namely, that the Radicals are ready to believe all the Whigs say, and in this town they are resolved to unite: Crisp and Tutton fight like dogs, yet agree on this. That they are right I do not believe, yet they know their own game best. I have advised them if they coalesce, to do so on the condition that the members they take up shall pledge themselves to the ballot, short parliaments, extended suffrage and protection for the factory children: if the Whigs will not join in this to cut them.

"12th. I went to a private meeting. The question was—shall the Radicals join the Whig association?—the latter being secretly against Roebuck. I and one or two others were averse to a junction, but all the rest in favour of it. Crisp said, that unless it takes place a mass of timid citizens will join the Whig association from fear of our supposed violence; but if the Radicals join the Whigs those timid people will adhere to the former on all important occasions.

We finally voted that a deputation of Radicals should meet the Whig committee and offer a union, on condition that they should not take part in any election against Roebuck, and that half the committee of management should be named by Radicals. I demanded that a test of Radicalism should be established, and it was agreed that these committee men should be such as were pledged to vote for Roebuck at the next election.

"The deputation met a Mr. Wilson, spokesman for the association. We had a good deal of conversation, in which he said the association wished to exclude two classes, extreme Tories and extreme Radicals and Republicans, which he seemed to consider the same. I objected to all exclusion: and as to extreme Radicals, it would exclude our members and the deputation who had the honour to meet him. Republicanism and Radicalism were not one. I was an ultra-Radical and not a Republican. The others expressed like opinions, saying, that at all the meetings they had attended at Bath for many years no man had ever heard a wish to establish a republic. Mr. Wilson said he would submit our resolutions to the society, and appoint a day for our further proceedings. The discussion lasted until past nine o'clock. I asked Crisp why we should not form a Radical society and let the Whigs join us if they chose? He said we were not strong enough.

"All things in Ireland look threatening, but whether the storm will burst in our time God knows. Would to God I had been a farmer, thick-skinned and without a thought beyond my plough, and that always going in the same track; interests, habits, feelings all in one furrow, going on. You and I and George are broken off like worms chopped by the spade, we twist about, heads and tails separated and not knowing where to look for each other. Yet we are better off than many and so must jog on till the hour of peace arrives. The anxieties of life press closer as we grow old, and we are less able to bear them; but with me, the strong con-

viction of a future state gives me a philosophy to bear that I should not possess without it: this conviction is never shaken, though I confess we are so *bepreached* sometimes, that it provokes me almost out of my opinions. However religion supports the sincere and is a maintenance to the hypocritical; so for both it is a pursuit in this life which helps a man through trouble one way or another. I have fallen into a sermon, which is natural when one is low-spirited; for finding little that is pleasant in this world one looks anxiously for another.

"King Bill is gracious, so he was to George at the levée. Parson Brock is a trump of a priest. Had he seen your speech he would have seen the remedy for one thing he complains of so justly, namely, that the poor have no tribunal to which they can appeal; if they are wronged they have no means of redress: he is not correct literally, but practically he is and the last was the footing you put it on. If I recollect right, you proposed a guardian for the poor to balance the guardian for the ratepayers. Ever since the Bath dinner, and from what I see daily, my thoughts are strangely inclined to a good tough despotic government, *sufficiently bloody*, as the best of all possible forms of ruling. I would rather be cut down by O'Connell's guards in a rage, than be constitutionally strangled after a long speech from '*The Mandarin*,' Lord John Russell. Depend upon it Tiberius was a model for all that is good virtuous and useful, to say nothing of pleasure."

So passed 1837. Charles Napier was then deep in his fifty-sixth year, after eight of inactivity when his mind, fortified by long experience, was equal to the most difficult and glorious services; and while thus fretted in spirit he was oppressed by congestion of blood in the eye-lids, causing a painful depression and leading him to fear the loss of sight with poverty and an existence at once obscure and suffering. His time was however to come, and his unyielding temper was, early in 1838, excited by hearing that a junior general

was appointed to a command in Ireland. Then addressing Lord Fitzroy Somerset, he urged his claim, his services and his wrongs, so succinctly and impressively as to justify the insertion of his letter here, though touching on things already made known.

"March 20th. Seeing by the papers that Sir Leonard Greenwell expects to be appointed to a district in Ireland, allow me to hope that my services will not be forgotten. Sir Leonard is my junior and if he be given a district in Ireland it will, I think, be using me hardly. The governments of Portsmouth and Plymouth, and Irish districts, are things which those who have served long hope to succeed to in turn. Exclusive of services in the Peninsula during 1808–9–10 and 11, my claims are for services in the West Indies, North America, and the Mediterranean; and also those which arise from having been on three occasions very ill-used. First, after the battle of Coruña I was the only major commanding a regiment that did not receive the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Gough, Atcheson, and others at Barrosa, got that step though only commanding detachments in that single action, whereas I had commanded a regiment during a whole campaign in winter. At last I got my lieutenant-colonelcy in 1811, and left the Peninsula towards the end of that year, proceeding in command of the 102nd Regiment to the West Indies, and thence in 1813 to form part of a floating expedition against the coast of the United States of America, where we were engaged in several actions with the enemy.

"Peace then came, and seeing that some lieutenant-colonels had their commissions ante-dated I, having been so hardly treated about Coruña, asked to have mine ante-dated, but the answer I received was, *No! That it was impossible.* Two months after I saw Lieutenant-Colonel Duffy's commission ante-dated! What Lieutenant-Colonel Duffy had done that I had not done is a secret I have not yet discovered. Again: I was second in command, not acci-

dentally but by direct appointment from home, to Sir Sydney Beckwith when he commanded the floating force above mentioned on the coast of America. Now my lord, I hope you will not think me boastful when I say, that all Sir Sydney Beckwith did not do himself he entrusted to me, and I did not fail on those occasions, but received that excellent officer's approbation. I commanded a brigade—my own regiment and two battalions of marines, which were under two majors, one of them a brevet lieutenant-colonel but junior to me. I received the thanks of Sir Sydney in his public dispatches, and in the orders of the day, for my conduct at Little Hampton, where I commanded the attack; and also for some operations by a force detached under my command to South Carolina conjointly with Sir George Cockburn. This was beside the unfortunate affair at Craney Island, where however I executed all that I was ordered to do, the failure having occurred amongst the boats in another part of the attack. The Order of the Bath soon after came out on a new arrangement. Sir Sydney Beckwith was gazetted a knight commander; but I was only made a companion, while the two majors of marines under my immediate orders were made knights commanders. They had no gold medals as I had, having previously commanded a regiment in a general action; they had never even commanded a battalion, except under my orders!

"When a full colonel and next in rank to the lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands, as employed in a civil capacity, I saw young lieutenant-colonels, and even a commissary clerk made knights commanders of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for service in the Ionian Islands; services which I may venture to say were neither so arduous, so severe, so successful, nor continued for so long a period as my own. My not receiving that order of knighthood was indeed owing to the private pique of Sir F. Adam, but Sir Frederick was only a channel: he was not the source from whence such honours flow, and to the sovereign as

the source of honour I naturally looked for reward. With all these things in my mind I did hope, and hope still that I may expect employment on the Irish staff before a junior officer. I never asked nor wish to supersede a senior, but trust that above forty years' service will not be passed over to favour a junior general officer."

He was told in answer that a senior, not a junior general, was going to Ireland; but that the commander in chief was not bound by seniority in placing generals on the staff, and that Lord Hill had nothing to say to former wrongs. This was all undeniable; yet did not precisely touch the point in question, save as to the seniority of the general chosen: the gist of Charles Napier's letter was to remonstrate against a continuance of former wrong by new men. He therefore replied.

"April 3rd. I assure you I do not think the commander in chief bound to consider seniority exclusively in the selection of general officers for employment; nor did I ever imagine myself hardly dealt with by Lord Hill. The things I complained of were not his lordship's doings, and I mentioned them because I did not think either you or Lord Hill had cognizance of them, and it seemed fair to myself to state such matters. Allow me also to say, that there is in your lordship's office the copy of a letter from Lord William Bentinck, declaring, that from what Sir John Moore expressed to him, he, Lord William Bentinck, had no doubt of that general's intention to apply for my promotion in consequence of my conduct during the retreat *before* the battle of Coruña; declaring also Lord William Bentinck's own opinion, that the 50th Regiment under my command was the immediate cause of the victory. Yet Major Williams of the 60th Regiment, I speak from memory, was immediately made a lieutenant-colonel and I was not promoted until two years and a half after. The whole of that time, I was either a prisoner—I did not surrender my sword until disabled by numerous wounds and contusions, being singly

engaged against eight or ten Frenchmen—or serving in the Peninsula, being there again wounded, yet junior majors at Barrosa were promoted before me. I am aware that the principle of the Order of the Bath was not adopted to exclude individuals, and it was for that reason I thought, and Sir Sydney Beckwith thought also, that I was ill-used. However I merely stated this circumstance as thinking it might have weight with Lord Hill in the consideration of my long services; services which at fifty-six years of age cannot be much longer available."

Thus baffled, he with his usual philosophy, though resolute still to assert his claims on all fitting occasions, accepted the obscurity which seemed now to be his fate. He turned his thoughts on literature, and a letter to one of his publishers will shew the humorous turn of his mind in bargaining.

"Mr. Boone. You have been studying Cæsar's Commentaries and there find that nothing should be trusted to fortune. This is very correct as a general, very incorrect as a publisher: the one seeks to ill-treat his enemies, the other to well-treat his friends. The same maxim cannot apply to both; yet under the warlike impression you shrink from enterprize! You trust nothing to the chapter of accidents. A publisher should continually cry *Venture! venture! venture!* and treat his authors magnificently. Pay and puff until your lungs and your credit account are consumptive. I abhor half-and-half, from grog to publishing: take all the cost and all the profit if you will; but venture! venture! venture! let that be your motto, and give me a good sum for the copyright and I am your man. I will call you Boone the magnificent, and send your praises through the land. Ney was the valiant of the valiant, and I will dub you the *Boone* of *Boones*. But no half-and-half as you propose; no half-dressed beefsteak, burnt without and raw within! I know your Cæsar-like qualities will not lead you to buy the copyright like a man of enterprize: the idea of

pulling the golden sovereigns out of the till would make you shrink and crumple like a withered apple, so I will take my whole case into my own hands. I will buy my paper, agree with a printer here—as I cannot go to London for two months—advertise my book and deliver the copies to you to publish at 7½ per cent, which I believe is the usual thing when all the rest of the risk and trouble is taken by the author: therefore, if you like to make me an offer for my copyright let me have your proposal by return of post; but do not let it be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, for I will have nothing to do with that ancient cut-throat and his caution! On the contrary, read the Life of Robert the Magnificent Duke of Normandy—as I have been doing—who shod his ass with gold: treat me in the same way and I will put up with the affront, and wish I had four feet instead of two!"

He now wrote a dialogue on the poor laws, to which he was stimulated by his dispute with O'Connell; he also published his *Military Law*, and edited Count Alfred De Vigny's and Elzèar Blase's *Lights and Shadows of Military Life*. In this last he introduced original essays, combating the French author's notions of the military character obligations and feelings, as false if applied to the British army. This work had and continues to have a considerable circulation: not so the *Military Law*, because of its ill-chosen title; for it is no dry disquisition, but an interesting and entertaining exposition of the moral defects of the military code then existing, diversified with curiously instructive anecdotes of soldiers in peace and war. But his principal work was a historical romance, suggested during his residence at Caen by the many vestiges of William the Conqueror in that country: the manuscript of this work has strangely disappeared; certainly it was never destroyed by him, yet has been vainly sought for since his death. Entitled *Harold*, it was offered to Mr. Colburn for publication, and with the author's name would have been

purchased, but Charles Napier would not accede to that condition and demanded back his MS.: Mr. Colburn was however so tenacious of it, that only by a vigorous correspondence and many months' delay could it be recovered.

Years afterwards, when Charles Napier was in India, Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance of the same title appeared with several remarkable resemblances to the manuscript work:—such as the introduction of Harold's warfare against the Welsh; of a knight who plays a conspicuous part, though in a different way, from one of the same name in Napier's romance;—a peculiar trial of skill between William and Harold in the play of their distinctive weapons, the spear and the long-bow;—lastly and most curiously, the creation of a half-mad half-supernatural prophetess, called in both works the *Vala*, who is related to Harold and watches over his fortunes. The stories are indeed differently constructed, but it is no partial criticism to say, that if the lost manuscript shall be ever recovered for publication, it will be found, in racy biting dialogue, in variety of incident, and in fiery poetic description, as far above what may be called its rival, as that rival is below its author's best productions; and not the least so in the creation of the *Vala*. But the soldier described heroic adventures with the like of which he had been familiar in early life, and foreshadowed scenes of sanguinary battle, conquest and government, which he realized afterwards as a conqueror and ruler: scenes which Sir Bulwer could only guess at.

Turning his attention now to Ireland as the best field for beneficent exertions in private life, he removed to Pater near Milford Haven, and his intention was to stop there until he could, through his friend Captain Kennedy, hear of a suitable place in Ireland. Unexpected circumstances detained him many months and his family correspondence must again tell his story.

"March 24th. I propose to go to Ireland by Milford Haven; and, as it is a cheap place, to stay there and finish

my romance in quiet. I am always fearful of making myself of more value than is just; but still forty-two years' service and my wounds, without ever avoiding a single duty, and more than fourteen of those years in the colonies, makes it hard to be passed over in my profession. Nothing however shall make me abuse Lord Hill, or Lord Fitzroy; if they are unjust it will be from some cause they cannot control. That I shall be ill-used is certain, it is my fate.

"April 4th. Lord Fitzroy's answer has come. It says in a civil way that I have no claims, and they cannot employ me. As Lady Edward Fitzgerald used to say, They want a man to be their valet, and if he resists they will cast him off: it is their service, not the public service they look to. However it don't much matter and it shall not worry me.

"Lord Elliot said in the House of Commons that Gurwood commanded the stormers at Ciudad Rodrigo! I have written to his lordship about this. I will not see George's fame thus put aside in his absence without resistance.

"April 9th. Richard will tell you of my correspondence with Lord Elliot, who has behaved admirably: pray say so if you know and come across any of his friends. I am low, life is a wet day to all and lucky are they who have their daily bread, the shelter of a house and a home. I feel ashamed to grieve when looking on my girls, knowing how many see their children perish before their eyes from want of food and raiment! How many parents whom starvation without any fault of their own has cast into the accursed bastiles of the new poor-law, their infants torn from them to perish in another bastile far away, where they can never know the treatment they receive from strangers, nor if they be sick or well! Lord Stanhope has had sent to him the means of obtaining proof that numbers of infants have been killed: I did not send it to him, but know who did. When thinking of these woes and tortures inflicted on the poor I feel fortunate, and that God demands from me labour to save others rather than complain of my own

lot. Yet sickness and vexations do make me often discontented."

At this time the author of this work had an opportunity of speaking to Lord Fitzroy Somerset upon the neglect of Charles Napier's services. He was told frankly that he had been represented to the Horse Guards as an impracticable man who quarrelled with every one! The source of that calumny could not be mistaken. The answer was, that he would ever be quarrelsome if resistance of oppression was so termed; and if foul whisperings were to bar his being employed, one of the best officers in the army would be cast from the service. Lord Fitzroy did not reply, but the final result proved that he was satisfied; yet he was unable then to act, for the Lieutenant-Governorship of Jersey having become vacant Charles Napier applied for it and after long suspense was refused.

"May. A large sample of my romance of Harold has gone to Bentley, who will purchase if he likes it: should he do so my writings will serve my brats, for I could easily write two a-year.

"July. George and I have been made K.C.B. by Lord Hill's recommendation. I do feel proud of this, and wish my father had lived to see two of his sons Knights of the Bath, and to know that a third will also be one. Have I a right to supporters? If so, one shall be a French drummer for poor Guibert's sake.

"Miss Napier, July 27th. Our fate is decreed and none can change it; nor does it signify what that fate be for a coffin is always at the apex of the triangle. All we have to do is to conquer ourselves so far as to travel agreeably and without unavailing regrets for deprivations which are trivial: trivial are the greatest. My object is to have few wants, but passions disturb philosophy. I however really tell you truth when I say want of occupation oppresses me. The delay and expectation of the Jersey government, unsettles and disturbs me, and we have been in this pot-

house a quarter of a year, worn out with daily expectation of a letter from Lord Fitzroy. There is no exaggeration, it is a mere pot-house, where the dockyard men smoke sing and drink every night till 12 o'clock; and every day we are driven by their pipes from one room to another: no lodging can be got. Your picture of Wellington is sad, but such is human grandeur: Napoleon is in his tomb! In God's name, of what avail is it to us to care for such things? I have more pleasure in having my children on my knee than in all this government could give me. After all if I am unjustly treated what then? Who was ever justly treated but a sycophant? Was our father? and when I compare myself to him I feel quite easy at any treatment: in short I have nothing to complain of when I see others better than me get nothing, not even the empty title of knight."

Now came the refusal of Jersey and he proceeded to Dublin, intent to devote his energies in furtherance of Captain Kennedy's project for raising the scale of civilization in Ireland, by combining useful education with an improved system of agriculture. It was as great and comprehensive a scheme for the regeneration of a whole people as ever private man contemplated; and so well reasoned and urged that the government partially adopted it, and permitted him to form a model farm at Glasnevin near Dublin as a commencement. The immediate results justified the project, the success being greater than even the theory promised; but it was not a faction-begotten scheme and as a matter of course it was by faction opposed.

"October 29th. Hardly had I sent my last letter to you when the intrigues against John Kennedy began to shew: the Education Board seems resolved to destroy all that he has accomplished. The leaders are Blake, and a Scotch Mr. Kennedy, said to be *genus, caput porcinum*, and horribly virtuous. Henry thinks me unjust towards him: however the devil was an angel before he fell from heaven, and Mr. Kennedy, having left heavenly Scotland, is come to play the

devil in Ireland so far as John Kennedy is concerned. This plan is a matter of devotion with him; he has sacrificed for it the government of Australia, which he might have had with eight hundred a year, and an agency of four hundred a year. If he now quarrels his hopes fall to the ground, and these men work so insidiously that it is almost impossible to fix an overt act. They call his plan visionary and labour to make it so: yet Loch Ash, where it had fair play for experiment, proves the glaring falseness of this assertion, and not one of them have gone there to ascertain that his plan is real, not visionary. Yesterday he shewed me a dozen surveys, made, and neatly laid down on paper by a lad who had been only three weeks in his school at Glasnevin. When a man has laboured as he has done to realize a great plan for saving a whole people from misery, it is heartbreaking to have it thus upset; rather than see this, he bears all with clinging hope. I have endeavoured to do him good by a small work shewing the value of the man and his plan. It is of fourteen sheets foolscap. Blake is however a very clever fellow, he rules Ireland, and what is curious does it well.

"My Australian prophecy has come to pass. The runaway fellows have already formed bands of robbers near Adelaide in the South Australia colony! I am less of a noodle than the commissioner took me for in these matters."

The small work mentioned above, was an "Essay addressed to Irish Absentees on the State of Ireland," published early in 1839; it shewed that from misapplied industry or entire neglect, three-fourths of the country was absolutely lost to production and rental:—that the remaining fourth, badly cultivated, was unable to support the eight millions of people cumbering it: — hence the supply of labour was beyond the demand, and the rate of wages too low to support the labourer. The cause was general ignorance, the result general distress. Captain Kennedy was prepared with a remedy thus noticed in the work.

"He travelled through all those parts of Europe where

education and agriculture were best understood, selecting in each for his system what he found suited to Ireland, for he is eminently a practical man and not a visionary. He put his theory into practice on his nephew's estate at Loch Ash in the county of Tyrone, and after several years, finding it entirely successful, published a small book on the subject with a title extracted from the writings of the celebrated Arthur Young, viz. *instruct, employ, don't hang them.* These words were an abstract of the matter, but unfortunately for this powerful little work some folks quarrelled with the title. There is no accounting for fashionable antipathies; but Captain Kennnedy might have known, that there is something so revolting to society in the idea of *not hanging Irishmen*—habit being second nature, that such an injunction was imprudent.

"Under the auspices of the Education Board, to which he is attached with the title but not the power of Superintendent-general of Agricultural Education, he proposes to divide Ireland into twenty-five districts of about thirty-five miles square, and attach to each a principal model farm of forty acres; another farm of five acres he gives to each secondary educational school; and to each primary school a farm of one acre. For the instruction of the directors of these farms, he has already formed a central school and model farm of seventy-five acres at Glasnevin, where many directors are in training for the subordinate farms. They are taught not only to be schoolmasters, but overseers of public works in aid of the new poor laws, by preparing estimates and organizing employment; and they are also rendered capable of becoming bailiffs to large estates, being instructed in draining, road-making, building, and farming scientifically."

This magnificent scheme, fraught with such promise of national prosperity, after being commenced with excellent success at Glasnevin, was finally starved though not absolutely stifled by faction: had it been supported and fairly put in practice, the terrible famine which a few years later

wasted Ireland to a ghastly skeleton, would probably have been prevented; it would certainly have been abated to a common scarcity, for the potato would no longer have been the staple produce, and more than double the ordinary extent of land would have been cultivated on a good system: folly and faction paved a way for death!

This publication terminated Charles Napier's dreary years of inaction. The spell of foul play was suddenly broken by Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the road to fame was opened again, and instantly he strode along it with a giant's step.

END OF VOL. I.

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